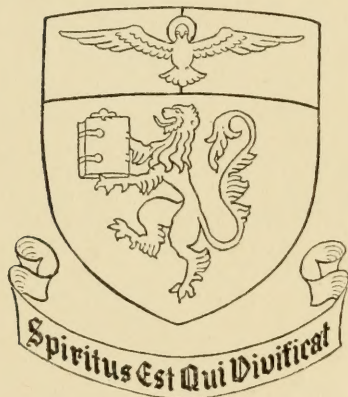


Memoir of

Richard Allen

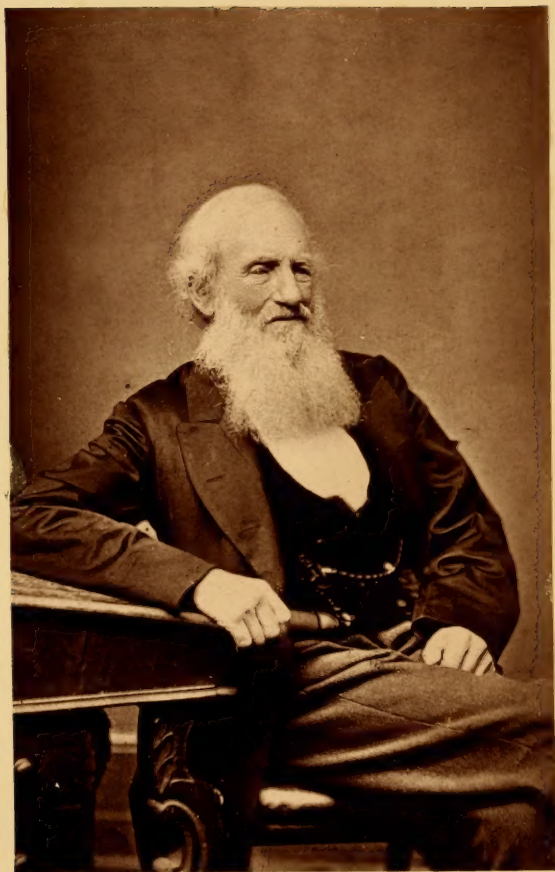


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A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST
OF DUBLIN.



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Richard Allen

A CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST OF DUBLIN.

A Memoir of
RICHARD ALLEN.

BY
HANNAH MARIA WIGHAM.

With Portrait, and Illustrations by J. Finnemore.

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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P R E F A C E.

IT has been a pleasant task to trace the course of the long and beneficent life of our dear friend Richard Allen.

And now it only remains to acknowledge the kindness of those who have assisted me in this labour of love, by counsel and otherwise.

The selections from memoranda and letters have been chiefly made by M. A. M. Allen.

Henry J. Allen and Alfred Webb have been kind, helping in many ways.

Warm thanks are due to those friends who have so greatly added to the value of the book by contributing their recollections of the earlier life of Richard Allen.

Extracts have been freely made from the "Life of Joseph Sturge," by Henry Richard, the "Life of James Haughton," by his son, and from a

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pamphlet by John Bellows of Gloucester, entitled, "The Track of the War round Metz (1870)."

And now the little book goes forth, accompanied by earnest desires that it may not only interest those who knew and loved Richard Allen, but that, by the Divine blessing, it may stir up all who read its unpretending pages to a more faithful use of every gift, and a more living desire to be as he was, "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

H. M. W.

KILLINEY, CO. DUBLIN,

August 14th, 1886.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
PARENTAGE AND REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH,—QUAKER "SWEETNESS AND LIGHT" . . .	I

CHAPTER II.

FRIENDS IN DUBLIN AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CEN- TURY,—TRADE GUILDS.—PHILANTHROPIC EFFORTS. —"A FOREIGN INCENDIARY"	9
---	---

CHAPTER III.

EARLY TEMPERANCE WORK.—ANTI-SLAVERY.—PARLIAMEN- TARY VOTE AGAINST THE APPRENTICESHIP IN THE WEST INDIES	18
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.—IRISH WOMEN'S PETITION TO THE QUEEN.—ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—HAY- DON'S PICTURE.—SKETCH BY ANNE ALLEN . . .	25
--	----

CHAPTER V.

N. P. ROGERS.—KINDRED SPIRITS.—DEFEAT OF EMIGRA- TION SCHEME	38
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE

- FATHER MATHEW.—HIS LETTER TO RICHARD ALLEN.—
 NOTES WRITTEN FOR "ERIN'S TEMPERANCE JUBILEE" 42

CHAPTER VII.

- LETTER TO THOMAS MOORE.—THE POET'S REPLY.—EFFORTS
 FOR BRITISH INDIA 53

CHAPTER VIII.

- LETTER FROM W. L. GARRISON.—IRISH FAMINE AND
 AMERICAN SLAVEHOLDERS 59

CHAPTER IX.

- VISITORS AT DE VESCI LODGE.—REMOVAL TO BROOK-
 LAWN.—LETTER TO COBDEN.—HOPES FOR IRELAND . 69

CHAPTER X.

- CONTINENTAL TOURS.—ASCENT OF VESUVIUS BY TORCH-
 LIGHT.—VISIT TO ISLE OF ISCHIA.—PASS OF ST.
 GOTHARD.—PARIS IN 1853 75

CHAPTER XI.

- HIGHER ASPIRATIONS.—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.—ELIHU
 BURRITT.—REFLECTIONS IN SPRING.—VISITS AMONG
 THE POOR IN DUBLIN 86

CHAPTER XII.

- RELIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP.—REST OF SOUL.—THE CONTI-
 NENT AGAIN.—ITALIAN PEASANTRY 96

CHAPTER XIII.

	PAGE
FLORENCE.—ART TREASURIES.—DOING THE GALLERIES .	107

CHAPTER XIV.

DRIVE TO LAUTERBRUNNEN.—THOUGHTS ON REVELATION AND NATURE.—LUCERNE.—INTRUSION OF PAINFUL THOUGHTS	115
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—REMINISCENCES DURING A WET DAY IN SWITZERLAND.—THE RHINE.—HUMAN BROTHERHOOD	127
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS.—PRINNY.—EXTRACTS FROM JOUR- NAL.—REFLECTIONS DURING PASSAGE TO ENGLAND .	134
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

MINISTRY IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—DEATH OF ANNE ALLEN.—EASTERN JOURNEY	141
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NILE.—CAIRO.—THE PYRAMIDS.—RED SEA . . .	150
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOLY LAND.—IN TENTS ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES. —WILD FLOWERS. — BETHLEHEM. — RAMALLAH. — WASHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES	156
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

	PAGE
TOUR THROUGH THE COUNTRY.—TROUBLESOME COMPANIONS.—NAIN.—ENDOR.—NAZARETH.—BEYROUT.—EFFORTS FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE.—SLEEPING ON THE HOUSETOPS	164

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.—INNOCENT SUFFERERS.—THE GRAVE IN A FOREIGN LAND	170
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.—SECOND MARRIAGE.—VISIT TO THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.—MISSION WORK	177
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

SECOND VISIT TO THE EAST.—JERICHO.—TENT LIFE.—BETHEL.—SHILOH.—DRAWING WATER FROM JACOB'S WELL.—OLDEST MANUSCRIPT IN THE WORLD.—NO ONE ABLE TO READ AT NAIN	182
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

NAZARETH.—LETTERS FROM THE ORPHANAGE.—THE SEA OF GALILEE	190
--	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

BAALBEC.—LEBANON.—THE COAST OF ASIA MINOR.—ATHENS.—CONSTANTINOPLE	199
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT HOME.—SWITZERLAND AND ITALY AGAIN	206
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

PAGE

VISIT TO AMERICA.—AMONG THE FREED COLOURED PEOPLE. — PLANTATION MELODIES. — THE JUBILEE SINGERS	212
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COLOURED SCHOOL IN THE WOODS.—A NOVEL SIGHT. —FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—WELCOME HOME	221
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOME LIFE.—GARDEN.—LETTER TO “THE FRIEND” ON GIVING TO THE LORD’S WORK	232
---	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.—THOUGHTS ON LOVE AND SER- VICE ABOVE.—GOD’S DESIRE FOR MAN’S HAPPINESS .	239
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOVING SERVICE.—HIS EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY.—LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS.—THE CELESTIAL CITY	247
--	-----



CHAPTER I.

The child is father to the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

THE year 1798 was a dark one for Ireland.

Years of injustice and misrule had driven her people into open rebellion. The breaking out of the French Revolution some years before had seemed to many like the dawn of a better day for oppressed nations. Hands were held out for sympathy and help. England was alarmed when the news reached her that a French fleet was nearing the coast of Ireland, and she poured her soldiery, 80,000 strong, into the heart of the devoted country. Thus history substantiates the family tradition, that in the year 1798, when a quiet Quaker wedding passed along the streets of Dublin to the meeting-house in Sycamore Alley, the streets were thronged with English soldiers. The sight of the youthful bride in her pure white robes seems to have been like "the touch of nature

that makes the whole world kin," and the soldiers stood aside to let the procession pass. It was a stormy time for the commencement of the wedded life of Edward and Ellen Allen. It would need an "historic imagination" to call up a picture of the scenes that surrounded the quiet meeting-house, where, after the simple and solemn fashion of their people, they took each other to be man and wife, "promising, by Divine assistance," to be "loving and faithful until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." Their home was within a stone's throw of the places where some of the saddest scenes of those terrible years were enacted, but the history of the "Friends" of that period, both in town and country, was the converse of the words, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Faithful to their ancient belief that war is contrary to the commands of Christ, they literally obeyed the precept, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," and this irrespective of parties, regarding all alike as the children of one common Father, erring, indeed, but not beyond the pale of pity and charity.

Richard Allen, the subject of our memoir, was the fourth child, and second son of a family of fifteen, the children of Edward and Ellen Allen.

He was born in the year 1803, in a large old-fashioned house (now used as an orphanage) in the ancient village of Harold's Cross, near Dublin.

Harold's Cross is not now considered country, but it still boasts a village green, though the cross has long disappeared. This was the residence occupied in the summer by the Allens, while the real home of business and family life continued to be at No. 22, Upper Bridge Street, not far from the ancient cathedral of Christ Church. Richard was a loving and tender-hearted little boy, and in this respect "the child was father to the man." He was devotedly attached to his parents, perhaps especially to his mother, whose health was delicate, and who died when he was about sixteen years of age. His conscientiousness as a child was almost morbid, and as it was not the fashion in those days to encourage children to speak out their difficulties on religious subjects, he brooded over his anxieties and fears, and often felt very unhappy. He used to relate in after-life how he once confided to a grown person that he had come to the conclusion it was of no use to pray, hoping, no doubt, for help and encouragement, and how his heart sank within him when no answer was returned. In these days of free intercourse between children and their older friends, it is difficult to understand the reticence that then prevailed on religious subjects. It sprang, no doubt, in part from the deep reverence with which such matters were regarded, a reverence that is sometimes felt to be a little lacking now; but there is no doubt many suffered in consequence.

The doctrine that "speech is silver and silence golden," if not then enunciated in so many words, was much believed in, especially by the Society of Friends. Little Richard Allen wanted to be good, tried very hard, and often failed ; his nurse told him that unless he repeated twelve Paternosters after he went to bed at night, something dreadful would happen to him, and for fear of having missed one he often repeated a great many more than the required number. One cannot but think that a fuller teaching of the infinite love of God manifested in Jesus Christ would have made the early life of the little child much happier ; but God knows the discipline needed for each individual soul in educating it for Himself, and certainly the peace of his later years after he had "seen the great light" was not less because there were some clouds in the morning sky. Meantime the child grew up, loving and beloved, in the midst of an increasing family of brothers and sisters, with whom he was a great favourite, then, as in after-life, caring for others rather than himself.

He never left home to go to school, but was taught, along with some of the older ones, by a tutor, of whom he retained a very unsatisfactory recollection, as of one who imparted little, and performed his duty very imperfectly indeed. Some of the younger brothers were sent to the celebrated school kept by James White at Ballitore, but Richard only knew

that centre of Quaker "sweetness and light" when he went occasionally to visit his cousin Betsy Barrington, whose house was open to her young relatives when they were delicate and needed change of air. Betsy Barrington's is described as "a venerable old house, a very temple of comfort, kindness, and hospitality, the resort of Friends travelling in the ministry. Many of the old Ballitore boys, of whom not a few are now beyond sixty,* have delightful recollections of the cordial welcome, the snug little parlour, the well-spread tea-table, the piles of alphabet cards, and the enjoyment they had in seeking their destiny in a time-worn copy of 'Withers' Emblems' (printed in 1635), in which their kind hostess took such innocent pride, and of which she told so many stories of predictions in its pages having been wonderfully fulfilled." Among the recollections of Richard Allen's boyhood was the sight from Harold's Cross of the great comet of 1811. He also distinctly remembered in 1815 his father reading out to his mother, as he stood by listening, an account of the battle of Waterloo, and as one name after another was read of those who were killed, the cold, shuddering feeling that came over him. As has been said, his mother died when he was about sixteen, and this must have been a sore trial to so affectionate a boy. Her place was

* This was written not later than 1862.

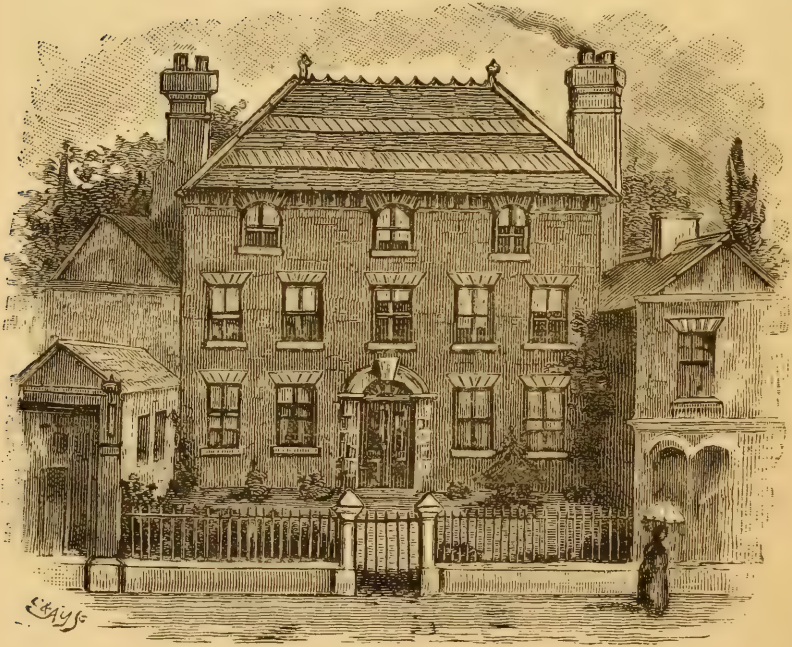
supplied, as far as it was possible, by her half-sister, Rachel Burton, lovingly remembered as a most devoted caretaker, spending most of her time in the duties connected with her charge, and in visiting the poor and afflicted around her. If we desire to form any conception of the mode of life among Friends and others in those days, we must remember how different were the social conditions that then prevailed. The period of which we are speaking (about the year 1818) was long previous to the time when so many of the upper and middle classes went to reside in the country and suburbs. Hundreds of the large, old-fashioned houses now let in tenements to the poorest of the population were then inhabited by Friends; their shops were close at hand, and various members of the family, not only the father, but sometimes also the mother, and young people took their turn in the business. Railways were unknown, and although a few Friends, like the Allens, might have country houses where some part of the year was spent, the greater number lived in the city, their journeys to their monthly and quarterly meetings, when held at a distance, being performed on horseback, or a little later by coach or canal.

This condition of things, and the somewhat exclusive spirit that actuated the Society, induced a kind of hearty fellowship and sociability amongst its members, which has since been sacrificed to the

pleasures of residence by the seaside or in the country. A letter from a friend still living, whose memory goes back to those times, illustrates what has been said, and throws a pleasant light on the life of the Allen family. Adam Woods writes: "During the years 1828 and 1829 Alexander* Allen and I were school companions, and were very intimate with each other, and I was occasionally invited to spend an evening at Edward Allen's, in Upper Bridge Street. The family were all living there at the time, with the exception of Henry Allen, who resided at Ballitore. The impression left on my memory of these visits was the love and harmony that characterised the family; there was nothing of lightness or frivolity, but a happy cheerfulness that contributed to the enjoyment of all who were present, and I have heard those who had lived in the family as apprentices or assistants speak of the kindness they experienced, and the happiness they enjoyed in their employment. One little incident that occurred at this time may be taken as an indication of Richard Allen's Christian principles in early life. I had been repeating to his brother Alexander some story that I had heard about a minister having misquoted a passage of Scripture, which turned the subject into ridicule. Alexander repeated the story again to Richard, who, in the most loving and kind manner, advised us not to mention the subject again, as it

* A younger brother of Richard.

was probably some mistake of the person who heard it, and that it was better not to speak disparagingly of others. His advice, and the way in which it was given, made a deep impression on my young mind, that has never been effaced."



THE HOME AT HAROLD'S CROSS, 1803.

CHAPTER II.

The Quaker of the olden time!—
How calm, and firm, and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.

WHITTIER.

THE residence of so many of "The Friends" in the city naturally brought them into close contact with their poorer neighbours, and in various ways they worked for their good, and though we have spoken of their social exclusiveness, yet they did not fear to labour along with members of other denominations with the same object in view. In particular, they worked cheerfully with Roman Catholics, and a belief survives to this day that the Quakers form a third party, not quite the same as either Catholics or Protestants.

The mode of doing business in those times was as different from the present as the social conditions. The worthy substantial Friend, under the shadow of his broad brim, whose name was another word for honesty, standing behind his counter, gave a guarantee for the excellence of the article sold ; and

probably instances frequently occurred, as is related in at least one case, of the shopkeeper carefully fingering the material, lest any little defect should escape the eye of the customer, with the remark, if found, "We must make an allowance for that." Women Friends, too, with their gentle, kindly ways, and their quaint and simple dress, must have had a humanising effect on their neighbours.

One of these "lady Friends," it is said, had her spectacles stolen from her nose as she sat behind the counter, which indicates either a full exemplification of the principle of non-resistance, or perhaps a certain depression in trade which allowed an occasional nap in the hum of a drowsy afternoon in the city. An anecdote, however, is told of Edward Allen which proves that he, at least, thought it well that the guilty should not go altogether unpunished. Shop-lifting had become exceedingly prevalent, and as the Quaker affirmation in place of the oath was not then accepted in a court of justice in Ireland, he took the law into his own hands, and prepared a very objectionable mixture of treacle, tar, assafœtida, etc., and when any culprit was seen in the act of carrying away goods with no apparent intention of paying for them, a pretty free application of the mixture internally and externally was found to have an excellent effect in preventing a recurrence of the mischief.

Edward Allen was famed for the beauty of his

linens and muslins—the cambrics that were used in those days for shirt ruffles often selling for twenty or thirty shillings a yard. Richard assisted his father in the business from about his seventeenth year, and very soon showed signs of the strong sense and energy which marked his transactions through life. When a little older he was the means of very greatly resuscitating the business, which, from one cause or other, had got into rather low water. In 1828 he married Anne Webb, a lady of culture and intellect, and a hearty sympathiser in the various philanthropic movements which were already dear to the heart of Richard Allen. Her proclivities, too, were strongly literary and artistic, and she had fine taste in these matters. They lived for two years after their marriage at Ellis's Quay, Richard Allen continuing with his father in business till 1830, when he commenced for himself at No. 52, High Street, adding to cottons and muslins the woollen and tailoring trade, and subsequently putting up a large signboard over the door with the words "Free Trade Hall" in conspicuous letters.

The trade guilds at that time exercised a very tyrannical influence in Dublin, one of their laws being that no one could adopt any trade to which he had not served an apprenticeship of seven years. Richard Allen accordingly received legal notice to quit the trade, or join the guild. He told them, with characteristic energy, that if they did "not let him

alone," he would get the guilds swept from the statute book, and as they continued troublesome, he induced other leading houses in Dublin to unite with him, engaged counsel, and had the matter brought before Parliament. O'Connell assisted them, and the result was, that a bill for the abolition of the guilds was brought in and carried. It seems like "the irony of fate" that the "Tailors' Hall," a handsome building in Back Lane, dating from 1770, originally used as the meeting place of the Tailors' Guild, was afterwards secured by Richard Allen and others for the purpose of holding meetings on temperance and anti-slavery, and later on, and down to the present day, the house is used for evangelistic purposes, mothers' meetings, and Sunday-schools. The Hall is a handsome one, with massive marble chimney-piece, etc. In the large drawing-room of the house No. 52, High Street, pleasant reunions used to take place of literary and philanthropic people, of whom but few remain to tell the story. Strangers from America and England were frequently found under the hospitable roof of the Allens, where the genial courtesy of the host and the brilliant conversation of the hostess made the home a very attractive one, and where many and varying subjects were discussed, tending either to intellectual enjoyment, or to the help and elevation of mankind.

The period of which we are speaking (1828-9) beheld the dawn of various efforts in this direction.

The disappointment and gloom that had followed the extinction of the hopes formed by many on the breaking out of the French Revolution were passing away. People had begun to feel that in the loss of some of the ideals that were quenched in that sea of blood, all was not lost, that Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity had a foundation in the everlasting truth of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and they rejoiced to obey the summons that called them forth to do bloodless battle in the cause of universal humanity.

Richard Allen was one of the earliest of the little band in the city of Dublin who at that time obeyed the call, and along with his, there is a long roll of names that ought to be held in lasting remembrance. Differing widely in religious and political opinions, they were united in the strongest bonds of sympathy for their suffering fellow-men, and in the earnest desire to devote their lives to their help. Amongst these were O'Connell, Father Mathew, Father Spratt, James Haughton, the three brothers Webb,* Charles Cockran, Dr. Madden, and others.

A letter from one who has proved himself an inheritor of the traditions of those grand old times throws considerable light on the period. Alfred Webb† says: "From about 1834 until the Irish

* Richard, James Henry, and Thomas.

† Son of Richard D. Webb, and author of "Compendium of Irish Biography," etc.

famine of 1845, and the political events that followed, my father, Richard Allen, James Haughton, Uncles James and Thomas Webb, and others in Dublin were the centre of a general movement for reform, and the amelioration of the ills of humanity in every direction. The atmosphere was decidedly anti-evangelical. This was caused mainly by the then opposition of the orthodox in America to the abolition movement, and by the unblushing use which was made by them of the Bible to defend slavery. They pressed this so hard, that at length numbers of anti-slavery people were led to say, 'Well, if the Bible supports slavery, we give up the Bible.' Slavery, temperance, British India, anti-opium, anti-capital punishment, anti-corn law, mesmerism, cold-water cure—everything was taken up. I remember they were called by a jocose newspaper editor, 'Anti-everythingarians.' But temperance and slavery were the central interests. At one time Richard Allen gave up so much of his time to these reforms that his business was almost going to ruin. I suppose it was about 1844 that he 'eased off' in his attention to them, and devoted himself more to the development of his business. His success was immediate on account of his ability. I remember in those times we children playing with our dolls, and saying, 'Now thee's going to a slavery meeting; now thee's going to a temperance meeting.' "

In accordance with the above, we give the follow-

ing description of Richard Allen, which, though it professes to be a rough and hasty outline (and he himself would probably have said it was grossly exaggerated), those who knew him at that time felt to be truly descriptive.

It is taken from the *Liberty Bell*, an anti-slavery annual published in Boston 1842. The copy from which this is taken is inscribed—

“RICHARD ALLEN,

“With the high regards of the friends of Freedom, in whose behalf this book is sent by

“MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.”

Such was the state of public feeling in America at that time, that anti-slavery workers were styled “incendiaries,” and it is headed—

“A FOREIGN INCENDIARY.”

“Richard Allen, of Dublin, has been heard of in America and almost everywhere else. Would you wish to know something more of him? As a philanthropist he is second to none in Ireland but Father Mathew himself. Never lawyer had so many clients as Richard Allen; he has more than half the world to plead for. Atlas supported only as much of the Old World as was known in his time; Richard Allen shoulders both New and Old together. The prisoned, plundered Chinese, whom the English are warring against, in the hope of making them swallow opium and ‘the blessings of a purer religion’ together; the Hindoos, who are forced to grow the opium, and taxed for the support of Juggernaut, and

made to worship 'the books' of the 'Honourable Company' once a year; the German Lutherans, who are banished, and plundered, and oppressed by the Protestant king of Prussia; galled horses, over-driven cows and sheep, little chimney-sweeps, American slaves, and slaves everywhere; the criminal trembling under the anticipation of legal slaughter; the unhappy drunkard; every one of the innumerable forms of suffering humanity, are sure of his prompt, active sympathy. You would think he feared a violent death, he labours with such energy to abolish the office of the hangman; and that 'all the ills that flesh is heir to' were his in prospect, his life is such an incessant struggle for their overthrow. He is in business, and his time is fully occupied, as time is wont to be with business men. But he defies time. I never knew any one else who so completely sets at defiance the spectre with the scythe and hourglass. Nine-tenths of all that is written in the Irish papers, on all the subjects that I have hinted at, are from his pen. He is a rare instance of what perseverance can do. In a few minutes he will pen a newspaper article on anything. In half an hour he will draw up a report for an anti-slavery society that will take you half an hour to read. He corresponds with all sorts of people. Joseph Sturge is his intimate and attached friend, so is William Lloyd Garrison, so is Wendell Phillips, so is Thomas Clarkson. Ever so many among the great and powerful are his correspondents, some from choice, some because they cannot help it, for he lets nobody alone whom he can enlist. He will stop you in the street 'for half a minute.' Heaven help you! it will prove to be half an hour or more. He has the affairs of 'this visible, diurnal sphere' to lay before you, and this cannot be done in half a minute, say what he will. He is always ready, night, noon, and morning, 'always at leisure for the

promotion of any good thing. He is about seven-and-thirty, in manners kind and courteous, with an innocent boldness and confidence, which carry him through where less hopeful people would fail.

“He is secretary to the Hibernian Anti-slavery Society, and to the Hibernian British India Society. Though his heart is Irish, it beats for all the world. Though a staunch orthodox Quaker, he has a good word for every good man; and neither sect, party, nor geographical boundary confines the sphere of his efforts for the happiness and welfare of his fellow-men.

“Amongst the great men of this age and nation, there are few so deserving of the approbation of the Christian and the citizen of the world as the subject of this rough and hasty outline.”

This graphic, though somewhat humorous description, represents a phase of feeling which is not uncommon with ardent souls, especially in youth. It is pathetically described in the “Light of Asia”—

“The woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world.”

CHAPTER III.

Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing.

COWPER.

RICHARD ALLEN was one of the earliest members of the Temperance Society in Ireland, a society which at first had reference only to abstinence from spirits, no one at that time probably dreaming of its later development into total abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating drinks. A short extract from the memoir of James Haughton is interesting in connection with this period.

“The Rev. George W. Carr, of New Ross, founded the first Temperance Society in the United Kingdom in 1829; the Rev. Dr. Edgar founded a Society in Belfast immediately afterwards; later in the same year Dr. Harvey and Dr. Cheyne, two esteemed physicians, set on foot the Dublin Temperance Society, in William Street. In 1830 the name was changed to the Hibernian Temperance Society, Mr. Crampton (then Solicitor-General for Ireland, afterwards Judge Crampton), Sir Philip Crampton,

Bart., Rev. Dr. Sadleir (afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin), and Lord Cloncurry taking part in the movement, which so far was merely to encourage abstinence from ardent spirits," etc.

Many other men of high standing then gave their support and patronage. The Bishop of London was president at one of the early public meetings in that city, but as the agitation grew to teetotalism in 1832 to 1834, and at last to the prohibitory laws of the State of Maine in 1846 and 1851, it became less attractive to men of wealth and education; and with the exception of the few years of excitement during Father Mathew's active crusade against intoxicating liquor, the teetotal movement remained for many years in the hands of poor and hard-working people, aided by a few energetic and persevering minds."

Another glimpse of the Dublin Temperance Society of those days is given in some recollections by R. D. Webb. He speaks of Dr. Adam's new Society in Hatch Street school-house. "This was the first distinct auxiliary society established in Dublin, and at first began its operations in a stable in Leeson Lane. There were no forms or chairs, and the only seat that could be procured was an empty whisky keg for the chairman. An old oat-bin served as a table on which business was transacted and the resolutions of that infant society passed, which numbered (in 1861) between three and four hundred members."

Richard Allen's name occurs again and again as taking part in some of these primitive proceedings. The anti-slavery subject, however, at that time probably enlisted the most intense and passionate enthusiasm in the hearts of the gallant band of Dublin reformers. In the latter part of the previous century the wrongs and sufferings of the slave had been laid on the hearts of earnest men, such as Wilberforce, Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, and others who had laboured unremittingly in and out of Parliament to bring about the abolition of the slave trade. This was accomplished in the year 1807 so far as legislation was concerned, but the horrors of colonial and American slavery continued unabated. The war with France, and the internal troubles that followed, in some degree prevented the sympathies of the people of England from going out to the negro race under the oppression of their cruel taskmasters; for, as the biographer of Joseph Sturge remarks, "this is one among many other miserable fruits of war, that it tends to make nations selfish, and to withdraw their thoughts from all measures of domestic improvement or philanthropic reform, to the one absorbing and passionate care for their own safety and glory." A large number of English people also were pecuniarily interested in the maintenance of slavery, so that it was not till the year 1823 that Mr. (afterwards Sir) T. Fowell Buxton submitted to the House of Commons the first resolu-

tion ever moved in that assembly which brought in the question (and that in a very cautious form) of the lawfulness of negro slavery. And it was not till the public mind was relieved from the tension that preceded the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 that the advocates of the slave resumed their efforts with all the fresh impulse which they derived from the consciousness that they had now the means of bringing popular opinion to bear far more effectually on the legislature than under the old parliamentary system. Boards of correspondence were formed in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and pointed questions on the subject of slavery were put to the new candidates for parliamentary honours, which resulted for the first time in an anti-slavery House of Commons.

It began, however, to be apparent that the Government were not likely to take any steps towards the abolition of colonial slavery, and the souls of the friends of freedom were stirred within them; they saw they must educate public sentiment, and awaken the public conscience, so that the voice of the people might be unmistakably heard within the walls of Parliament. To ensure this end, some earnest friends of the cause divided the country into districts, and undertook to visit them personally. Joseph Sturge chose Ireland and part of Scotland. The result was that delegates from all parts of the country met in Exeter Hall April 19th, and adopted

an address to the Prime Minister, which they carried in procession to Downing Street. It contained the following paragraph: "We feel bound publicly and emphatically to declare, that while slavery obtains in any form, however modified or however sanctioned, we will never relax our efforts, nor swerve from our purpose, to exert that influence which we may collectively or individually possess to effect, by all legitimate means, its immediate and entire abolition." The result of all this, however, was a Government measure very insufficient and extremely unsatisfactory to the friends of abolition. Not only did the British nation undertake to pay an enormous sum, which finally amounted to £20,000,000, as compensation to slave-holders, but they also doomed the poor slaves to twelve years (afterwards reduced to seven) continuance in slavery, under the name of apprenticeship.* Public sentiment was thoroughly aroused. The next few years were those in which the little circle in Dublin laboured so strenuously for entire abolition. One conference after another was held in London, three in the course of half a year, at the last of which, in May 1838, Richard Allen and his wife were present. We have a lively description from the pen of the latter:—

"Sailed in May 1838 for Liverpool, from which we proceeded post-haste to London, my lord and master

* See H. Richard's "Life of Sturge."

being one of the band of delegates appointed by the different anti-slavery societies throughout Britain which formed that memorable reunion in London, which did not separate until the voice of the people, through their representatives in Parliament assembled, declared that the fetters should be knocked off the limbs of the miscalled negro apprentices on the 1st August, and that from that moment our coloured brother should have free and independent power over his life and limbs. All who have read the interesting details of the proceedings of this noble band of men know how completely a weak and corrupt Ministry were caught in the meshes of the net laid by themselves on the memorable night of the 22nd May, when Parliament met to discuss the merits of this momentous question. The division was called for by the Ministerial party at an early period of the debate, while they thought the strength of the anti-slavery party was not yet arrived in the House, and they were right, it had not arrived, but there were enough right-minded men present to turn the balance in the scale of mercy and justice, and to give the Ministry a signal defeat, unheard of before on such a question, and in truth amazing when we consider the comparatively small numbers engaged and interested in this question of emancipation. So much did the men in office despise this handful of missionaries that they were heard to declare they would never grant the boon thus attempted to be wrung from them. Nay, one of them, a most unworthy descendant of a hitherto popular and truly Catholic house, declared that he would go to the stake first. Well, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand has prevailed, and my Lord John is not yet a martyr. It was a spirit-stirring time. We, the wives who accompanied our husbands on this interesting occasion, will not soon forget it; at least, we shall long and well

remember the particular night of the division in Parliament. Several of us, wives of those taking an active part in the struggle, were seated quietly at supper, not expecting a division, nor probably the arrival of our respective husbands until morning, when loud huzzaing in the hall and ringing at the bell aroused us, and amid clapping, shouting, and huzzaing the words, 'A glorious majority of three; we have gained our cause,' were at length distinguishable, and amongst them stood the negro's champion—George Thompson. Scarcely able to believe the work indeed achieved, and while our spirits were thus elated, and we were as noisy and uproarious and as confused as Babel, in glided one who may well be called the apostle of the negro, Captain Charles Stuart, and calmly said, 'Let us kneel down and return thanks to God for having thus inclined the hearts of our representatives to the side of mercy.' All was hushed in a moment. The Christian knelt and prayed; he prayed for the oppressor and the oppressed fervently and impressively. Soon after we all retired. There were many such scenes witnessed in London on that night."

CHAPTER IV.

Where'er a wind is rushing,
Where'er a stream is gushing,
The swelling sounds are heard
Of man to freedom calling,
Of broken fetters falling,
And, like the carol of a cageless bird,
The bursting shouts of freedom's rallying word.

ANON.

THE following memoranda are taken from a sketch written by Richard Allen many years after our present date, called "Random Recollections of the Anti-slavery Struggle."

"Soon after the passing of the Apprenticeship Act of 1834 relative to the West India slaves, by which in four years the non-predial, and in six years the predial slaves were to be free, it was found by reports from disinterested parties that the apprenticeship system, so far from working well, was telling fearfully on the apprenticed population; that the masters, having for only a limited time absolute control over the apprentices, were working them more severely than ever; that the children were greatly neglected and dying off; the planters, having no interest in them, worked the mothers more constantly in the plantation; and that the new law, so far from in any way improving their position, made it more suffering

than before ; that the stipendiary magistrates, even when anxious to do their duty in protecting the people, were overborne by the influence the planters were able to exercise. In the van of the struggle on the side of freedom was my dear and valued friend Joseph Sturge. While his Christian principle and diffidence kept him in some measure in the background, he was in reality the moving centre. Keenly alive to the continuous reports of the suffering of the slave population, he determined to see for himself the actual state of things ; and with this view he organised a party, consisting of Thomas Harvey, of Leeds, John Scoble (Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society), and Dr. Lloyd, of Birmingham, who proceeded to the West Indies, making, I think, the island of Jamaica their central visiting place. (It must be remembered that I am writing entirely from memory.) In the published life of Joseph Sturge a much more full and reliable account of the whole anti-slavery struggle will be found. Thomas Harvey and Joseph Sturge appear to have had the general object of seeing how matters went on in the plantations, and to John Scoble was committed the examination of the prisons. They, Joseph Sturge and Thomas Harvey, soon found that the reports of the additional suffering were but too true, and that a system was going on which, if allowed to continue for the six years, would occasion great suffering, and would fearfully thin the population. After a thorough investigation they returned, Thomas Harvey by way of America ; and in crossing the Atlantic had as one of the company on board the future Emperor Napoleon III. On arriving in London Joseph Sturge speedily communicated with the leading members of the Anti-slavery Society, and several meetings were held, largely with a view of obtaining the valuable assistance of Lord Brougham, whose advocacy of freedom had been

so powerful in drawing public attention to the atrocious system. It would be well worth while for some of the rising generation to seek out and study some of his public utterances on the subject of slavery. One of his speeches was somewhat as follows, after describing the horrors of the slave trade and slavery: 'Such, then, is the painted charnel-house over which the free flag of Britain triumphantly waves, which British valour supports, and the roar of British cannon protects.' And on another occasion: 'The day *will* come—it may not be far distant—when men will fling to the winds the wild fantasy, that man can hold property in man.' I have said that several meetings were held at which Lord Brougham was present, as well as private interviews of Joseph Sturge with him. I remember being present at one of these private interviews, and I admired the deference of the peer to the worth of the unassuming civilian. Lord Brougham knew the worth of Joseph Sturge, and appreciated it. But all attempts to get Lord Brougham to help in the new crusade seemed hopeless. His language was in substance this: 'Sturge, I would go as far with you or further than any other man, but I will not embark in a hopeless cause. The public mind was thoroughly aroused, and the apprenticeship was carried. The work is considered to be completed, and the nation has gone to sleep. I fully believe in what you state as regards the suffering of the apprentices, but it would be impossible to stir up the public mind again. I cannot embark with you in a sinking boat.'

"At what appeared to be the final interview with Lord Brougham, John Scoble, who had remained longer in Jamaica than the others, and had just returned, was also present, and hearing Brougham's decision, whispered to Joseph Sturge, 'Do you think Lord Brougham would give me an interview?' 'Possibly he might,'

said he ; ‘but I fear the agitation, as regards his advocacy, is hopeless. However, I will ask him.’ He then approached Lord Brougham and said to him, ‘John Scoble has just returned. His mission was to visit the prisons ; he wishes much for an interview with thee.’ ‘By all means,’ said Lord Brougham. ‘Monday, at three o’clock, at my house.’ John Scoble accordingly was there at the appointed time. On entering his study Lord Brougham pointed to a seat. ‘I am ready to hear you, Mr. Scoble.’ John Scoble then proceeded with his narrative, relating the cruelty he had seen practised. ‘In one prison, my lord, which I visited, I saw two women taken dead off the treadmill.’ Here Lord Brougham became aroused ; he rose from his seat, and walked about the room. ‘A coroner’s inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of ——’ ‘Wilful murder,’ ejaculated Lord Brougham. ‘No, my lord—died by the visitation of God.’ ‘That’s a libel ; that’s blasphemy!’ exclaimed Lord Brougham, adding in an undertone, ‘The House shall hear it to-night.’ After John Scoble’s narrative was finished he said to Lord Brougham cautiously, ‘May I ask your lordship what course you intend to pursue?’ ‘*What* course could I pursue but one?’ said Lord Brougham—‘go down to the House to-night, and denounce the whole system.’ This he did, and to a House of seven peers made a speech that stirred the whole country. In the early part he made some allusion to the horrors of the slave trade, and understated some remarkable instances of crowding. Lord Sligo rose and corrected him, telling the House that the facts were much worse. It told on the assembly. The speech was circulated to tens of thousands, and speedily the country was aroused. There were upwards of four hundred delegates assembled at the convention shortly afterwards held ; petitions were presented to the Queen from the women of

England, signed by 500,000, and from the women of Scotland, by 150,000. On arriving in London, it was arranged that a number of the delegates should divide themselves into pairs, and call on all the members, both of the Upper and Lower House, for the purpose of urging on them to support the motion which Sir Eardley Wilmot was about to bring forward for the abolition of the apprenticeship. Forming ourselves into sixty pairs, we divided the M.P.'s amongst us, James H. Webb being my companion. We were young and earnest, and set about our work with vigour. Amongst those allotted to us were Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister ; Labouchere, President of the Board of Trade ; Lord Sligo ; the others I forget. Lord John declined to see us. From Labouchere we met with a very courteous reception, he listening patiently to our urgent representations. With the Marquis of Sligo we had a long and friendly interview. Knowing that the Government would decidedly oppose the motion, we earnestly urged the Marquis to use his privilege as a peer of the realm to obtain a private interview with the Queen, and state to her what was the real feeling of the people, and urge her to call on her Ministers to support the measure of abolition. He wrote us a long letter, which is still in my autograph-book, in which he gave us reasons for believing it would be best not to accede to our request. Meanwhile the English and Scotch women's petitions had been presented, but we found the Irish one had been overlooked, and on searching for it we found it in the box in which it came unopened. We accordingly dislodged it from its prison-house, and made arrangements for its presentation.

“The day after Sir Eardley Wilmot's motion was made in the House, the deputation consisted of Edward Baldwin (Secretary to the Hibernian Anti-slavery Society), James

H. Webb, and myself. If I remember right, Dr. Edgar did not arrive in time, and was disappointed at not being one of the number. Our headquarters were at Brown's Hotel, opposite to the House. There we met daily four or five hundred strong, making all due arrangements, having constituted the *Sun* newspaper our organ, of which we took one thousand copies, which were sent broadcast to different parts of the country. The day for Sir Eardley Wilmot's motion arrived. The delegates assembled in full force in the galleries of the House, Joseph Sturge and a few others being admitted by special favour below the bar (downstairs). I remember James H. Webb and I, determining to be in time, took our places in the front seat of the gallery at two o'clock. At an early hour in the afternoon Sir Eardley Wilmot, in a clear, impressive speech, moved that a Bill be brought into Parliament declaring the abolition of the apprenticeship on the 1st August, 1838. The motion was seconded by Sir Lytton Bulwer. It was generally expected the debate would continue for two or three nights; therefore it was with a feeling of surprise that about eleven o'clock p.m. a cry of 'Divide,' 'Divide,' came from the Government side of the House. It grew louder and louder, but the delegates kept their places, supposing the debate would doubtless go on, but the doorkeepers told us we *must* withdraw. The gallery was at length cleared, we two going out last, so as to be in again first. After a considerable time of waiting we heard a loud cheer in the House, the gallery doors were opened, and the delegates tumbled in over the seats 'pell-mell,' each struggling for a good place. We regained our old position close to the doorkeeper, and on eagerly questioning him he said, 'The House divided with a majority of three in favour of the abolition of the apprenticeship.' We were in perfect amazement, for it was well known the Govern-

ment had a large majority on their side. 'What next?' was the first thought of all. Second, 'We have no business any longer here.' And forthwith we went in a body to our large room in Brown's Hotel. There the same question arose, 'What next?' It was moved that William Dilworth Crewdson should take the chair, and he, a fine portly Quaker, expressed the sense of the assembled company of devout thankfulness to God for the unexpected success of the cause of right and justice. We learned that the loud huzzas were led by O'Connell, who was described as pressing through the crowd, his full face expressing his pleasure, and his hat crushed into twenty shapes. He came direct to Brown's Hotel. In about half an hour Joseph Pease, M.P., entered, and in a clear, impressive speech said in purport, 'I knew how excited all would be at the unexpected success we have attained, and I thought it best that one should be calm, and with that feeling I remained in the House to hear what the Government would do under the unexpected defeat, and I regret to state that the Minister (Lord John Russell) has declared that on the earliest day consistent with the rules of the House he will move the rescinding of the vote of this evening. He had hardly concluded, when O'Connell, in all his commanding portliness, arose, and in passionate earnestness spoke in substance as follows: 'Gentlemen, it is generally known this Ministry is the first to whom I have given my support, because I saw in them some intention of doing justice to my unfortunate country, but perish the Ministry who should dare to attempt such an unrighteous course! and I declare that I shall give it the most determined opposition.' We separated, our mission being to present the address or petition of the women of Ireland to the Queen. Equipped in our Quaker garb (I in Joseph Sturge's silk stockings and a pair of black knee-breeches, James H. Webb likewise in

borrowed or hired lower garments), we appeared in the large ante-room of the *levée*, our hats having been removed by the attendants, bearing with us the monster petition signed by 75,000 Irish women.

"The *levée* was a very crowded one, and we were naturally the objects of much attention, and our mission courteously inquired of by several, so that it became generally known. Our turn came nearly last, and we moved to the audience-room, Edward Baldwin, as the strongest, carrying the massive petition, I close behind him, supporting it, lest it should come unrolled. I am not clear that, had I thought of it, I would not have let this mischance happen; it would have made such a stir. However, the petition was duly laid at the Queen's feet. We kissed her hand, the soft, warm hand of a young lady of nineteen; but, contrary to custom, I raised her hand to my lips, standing erect myself. We had of course to back out of her presence, my companion, I thought, somewhat awkwardly, but perhaps I did not carry myself much better.

"I have often said—and I can speak from a little experience—that ten honest and true men leading the van would in the long run influence any Government, and I think the result in the present case proves it. While the delegates were waiting (not very patiently) to see what would arise next, a whisper was spread, that an unobserved advocate was quietly working a powerful lever. This was Dr. Palmer, one of the stipendiary magistrates, who had been sent out to see that the apprenticeship laws were properly carried out. He soon fell under the opprobrium of the planters for endeavouring to administer justice to the oppressed, and was recalled. Immediately on the successful vote being taken, he decided on the following course: it was near the time of the despatch of the monthly Jamaica mail,

which should start on the 31st; he felt sure it would be detained until the adverse vote was carried, and, acting on this conviction, he sat up all night preparing despatches for Jamaica announcing the majority in the House of Commons, and sent them by express to every port from which a vessel for the West Indies was likely to sail, and said he: 'I have reason to believe these despatches are already on their way to Jamaica.' And the event proved he was right. The mail *was detained* until the adverse vote was carried. But the evil news arrived too late. The Jamaica House of Assembly, always jealous of English interference, received the announcement that the British Parliament had passed by majority a resolution that 'A Bill was to be brought in abolishing the apprenticeship, and declaring all free.' In their pride and vexation, they declared they would not be coerced by the British Parliament, but would do the work themselves, and accordingly at once introduced a Bill abolishing the apprenticeship, and ere the adverse vote reached them, the Jamaica House was irrevocably committed to the complete emancipation of their so-called apprentices."

Sir T. Fowell Buxton (not then in the House) thus describes the scene: "A resolution for the immediate abolition of the apprenticeship was carried by a majority last night. The intelligence was received with such a shout by the Quakers (myself among the number), that we strangers were all turned out for rioting. I am right pleased."

After this great victory in the cause of freedom

the hosts again rallied, the battlefield being shifted from our West Indian colonies to the United States of America.

Richard Allen was present in 1840 at the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, which was presided over by the venerable Clarkson, and was perhaps one of the most memorable gatherings the world ever saw. "For there," to quote again from Henry Richard, "was gathered no unworthy representation of the pledged philanthropy of the earth. There might be seen the veteran champions of the slave in the British Parliament, Buxton and Lushington, and O'Connell and Villiers; there, too, were men like John Burnet, and George Thompson, and John Scoble, and Samuel Bowley; there were Thomas Campbell, John Bowring, Josiah Conder. The West Indies had sent William Knibb and John Clark and others to represent the noble band of missionaries who had so long and bravely battled with the monster slavery on its own soil. From the United States had come some of the chosen men in that little gallant army of Abolitionists, who, amid infinite obloquy and scorn, were lifting up a banner in the name of the Lord for righteousness and freedom in their own land, among whom were Binney and Stanton, Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. France had sent a considerable delegation, headed by the respected names of Isambert and Cremieux, who had already distinguished

themselves as the friends of the persecuted and oppressed."

The opening scene of this wonderful convention is described by the painter Haydon at the moment when the venerable Clarkson took his seat amongst them, and asked for a few moments of silent prayer: "For a minute there was the most intense silence I ever felt. . . . After solemnly urging the members to persevere to the last, till slavery was extinct, lifting his arm and pointing to heaven, his face quivering with emotion, he ended by saying: 'May the Supreme Ruler of all human events, at whose disposal are not only the hearts but the intellects of men, may He, in His abundant mercy, guide your counsels, and give His blessing upon your labours.' There was a pause for a moment, and then, without an interchange of thought or even of look, the whole of this vast meeting, men and women, said, in a tone of subdued and deep feeling, 'Amen, amen!'" The painter continues: "That deep-toned 'Amen' came on my mind like the knell of a departing curse. . . . If ever deep and undaunted meaning was conveyed to the depths of the soul by sound alone, the death-warrant of slavery over all the earth was boded by that 'Amen.'"

That moment was the one chosen for the great picture by Haydon. The figure of Richard Allen occurs in it, but not prominently. The painter has

carried out his threat, that if he would not go for a sitting, he would make him a fright.

The following extract from memoranda by Anne Allen refers to this exciting period :—

“LONDON, *June 10th to 30th*, 1840.

“Attended the celebrated anti-slavery convention—a reunion of all creeds, and colours, and climes, a time of exceeding interest to us all.

“*July 31st*—Spent the past three days in company with William Lloyd Garrison and his friend Nathaniel P. Rogers, and the hours passed in the company of these two good and morally great men are hours never to be forgotten. Miss Martineau, in her ‘Martyr Age,’ gives the following graphic and beautiful sketch of the great apostle of American abolition: ‘William Lloyd Garrison is one of God’s nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury, that he early got the world under his feet, in a way that would have made Zeno stroke his beard with complacency to witness, but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears “covered all over with the stars and orders” of the spiritual realm whence he derives his dignities and his powers. At present he is a marked man wherever he turns. The faces of his friends brighten when his step is heard; the people of colour almost kneel to him, and the rest of society jeers, pelts, and execrates him. Amidst all this his gladsome life rolls on “too busy to be anxious, and too loving to be sad.” He springs from his bed singing at sunrise; and if during the day tears should cloud his serenity, they are never shed for himself. His countenance of steady compassion gives hope to the oppressed.’ A friend once said to Garrison, ‘You write as if you were

all on fire !' ' I have need to be *all* on fire,' was his solemn reply, ' for I have mountains of ice about me to melt.'

“ ‘ Go on ! for thou hast chosen well ;
On in the strength of God !
Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod ;
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear,
The fetter's link be broken ! ’

Thus wrote to Garrison his tried friend and brother Abolitionist, J. G. Whittier, the whole of whose noble address to him is worthy a place amongst the best poetry of the land.

“ On the 25th October, our talented friend James Gillespie Birney spent three days here. He is one of the many great spirits and noble minds that America has raised up to testify ‘ trumpet-tongued ’ against the enormous iniquity of man holding property in man. What a number of delightful acquaintances has the anti-slavery convention introduced us to !—Garrison, Birney, Mott, Bowring, Clarkson, Phillips.”

CHAPTER V.

When each by turns was guide to each,
And fancy light from fancy caught,
And thought leapt out to wed with thought,
Ere thought could wed itself with speech.

TENNYSON.

IT was after attending the anti-slavery convention that Nathaniel Peabody Rogers thus wrote of the Dublin anti-slavery circle whom he and Garrison visited on their way back to America: "There we had a great-souled time with the Webbs, the Allens, and the Haughtons, the Cockrans, the Downes', and the Drummonds. But only for three days. I marvel we came away so soon, but Garrison wanted to go home. We ought to have stayed three months. I never met with such a circle as that Dublin one, and never expect to again. I have seen the Boston Abolitionists, the Chapmans, the Sargents, the Southwicks, the Quincys, the Pierponts, the Philipsses, and the Jacksons, and others of that constellation, too many to name, but they were not *Irish*. It takes Old Ireland to top out *darling* human character. Genius, refinement, heart (a bosom full of it), simplicity, hospitality warmer than brotherly

love, high-souled philanthropy, reform of the most daring cast. I never felt so much at home anywhere before. Under the roof of my own mother's son, I never experienced such a *liberty* as I *could not help feeling* in a single day among those Irish hearts."

Richard Allen's friend, James Clark, refers to some of these gatherings: "I believe it was about the year 1833 or '34 that I first became acquainted with my dear friend Richard Allen, when I visited Ireland about twice each year on business. We were brought together from being mutually interested in the temperance, anti-slavery, and peace questions. Richard Allen was then living at his business house in High Street, and here I was often hospitably entertained, meeting and spending most interesting evenings at the six o'clock dinners with visitors who happened to be in Dublin, and friends interested in philanthropic objects,—the brothers Webb, Richard D., James, and Thomas; and we also met similar parties at the noble-hearted James Haughton's, at 34, Eccles Street. Very many were the interesting people that I was privileged to meet, and very lively were the discussions on those occasions. The interest of these parties was often increased by the presence of some of the well-known American Abolitionists, coloured and white. At that time Richard Allen's aged father and the unmarried members of his large family lived at a delightful spot three or four miles from Dublin, where on Sunday there was often a

large family gathering. The three brothers residing in Dublin and most of the sisters were there on the two or three occasions that I was privileged to be with them. Since then I have on several occasions partaken of his hospitality at Brooklawn, each visit being a time of increased enjoyment, and each interview I marked a deepening of spiritual life. There was also the same active, unceasing desire manifested from year to year, through all the years of our undisturbed friendship, to promote the eternal and temporal welfare of all around him ; ever ready with purse and influence to help in every good word and work, his life was truly a life of usefulness. I can truly say that I look back with thankfulness to the many years of profitable intercourse that I was privileged to enjoy with him."

It was some little time after the abolition of the apprenticeship system that it came to the ears of Richard Allen that at various Irish ports ships were being fitted out to convey able-bodied men as labourers to the West Indies. He at once saw there was something wrong, and believed the poor fellows were being beguiled from their homes without knowing what was in store for them. Richard Allen first applied to James Haughton, whom he asked to go to O'Connell and beg him to denounce the whole affair at Conciliation Hall. Richard Allen then went to the editor of one of the Dublin newspapers (the *Morning Register*), and told

him of the attempt that was being made to entrap Irish labourers into what would be little better than slavery and hardship of all kinds under a climate which they would never be able to stand. The editor said, "You must write, and I will insert." He then went to the editor of the *Monitor*, with the same result. "We don't understand the matter, but you write particulars, and we will print them as a leading article." Richard Allen went home, and before morning three leading articles, each differing in style from the other, were prepared. Two of the papers were published on Monday, the third on Tuesday. The country papers took the matter up, and O'Connell denounced the whole affair. Tom Steele* and R. R. Moore went down to Limerick, the former kneeling down on the quay and denouncing the vengeance of Heaven on the captain, crew, and all concerned.

The captain, fearing to lose his passengers, slipped cable, and went down the river, but Moore (who was a lawyer) got a writ of habeas corpus and went after the vessel. The intending emigrants were frightened, and before night the vessel was cleared. It is said that one ship succeeded in getting away, and that the poor victims of an unhallowed compact between some West Indian planters and unprincipled people here soon perished from the effects of hardship and the burning climate of the tropics.

* A well-known adherent of O'Connell.

CHAPTER VI.

The world has witnessed the overthrow of many oppressions, but there is room for a grander jubilee yet than any earth has seen. It will be when the peoples conquer one of the strongest passions that ever enslaved and degraded humanity; it will be when brother to free brother will sacrifice his own pleasure; it will be when nations, contemplating the woe and ruin wrought by the deadly traffic, will sweep it from their midst, and will agree henceforth to class it with the once respectable, but now banned and outlawed traffic of man in his fellow-man.

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN.

THE success of the cause of Temperance in Ireland may be said to have reached its zenith about the time of which we are speaking, from 1840 to 1845.

In the year 1838, Theobald Mathew, the devoted young Irish priest, whose fame has since become world-wide, cast in his lot with the temperance workers in the city of Cork, where he had for some time been faithfully and laboriously fulfilling the duties of his position. His intimate acquaintance with the needs and necessities, the habits and failings, the sins and sufferings of the poor, brought him continually face to face with the fact that nine-tenths of these sufferings were due to one

cause—indulgence in strong drink. This led him to give earnest heed to the appeals made to him from time to time (notably by a most zealous little “Friend” of Cork, named William Martin), that he would adopt the “teetotal pledge” and introduce it among his people. “Oh, Theobald Mathew! if thou would only give thy aid to the cause, what good thou wouldst do for these poor creatures!” said William Martin.

In prayer on his knees before God, the young priest implored guidance from on high, and at length it was made known to him what he was to do. It was a joyful day to William Martin when he received a message from Father Mathew requesting his presence that evening in Cove Street.

“Well, Mr. Martin, I have sent for you to assist me in forming a temperance society in this neighbourhood.”

“I knew it,” said William; “something seemed to tell me that thou would do it at last.”

A meeting was accordingly appointed, and held a few days afterwards in the schoolroom, where for many years the good priest had encouraged the labourers, and himself laboured among the little ones. After a simple and appropriate address to the temperance workers and a few others who gathered round him, his biographer says: “Father Mathew approached the table, and, taking the pen, said, in a voice heard by all, and remembered by many to this day,

‘Here goes, in the name of God,’ and signed as follows, ‘Theobald Mathew, C.C., Cove Street, No. 1.’” That day, the 10th April, 1838, was a memorable and blessed one for thousands and tens of thousands in Ireland and elsewhere. The work then inaugurated under the Divine blessing went on until it is said 600,000 names had followed in the wake of that significant number one.

The following letter from Father Mathew to Richard Allen was written in 1842, and defends the movement from the charge of being sectarian, and from some other objections brought against it by those who were opposed to it, or to some of the modes of carrying it on :—

“Be not alarmed, my dear Mr. Allen ; temperance is not retrograding. At this moment I am honoured by more than seventy pressing invitations from the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy to administer the total abstinence pledge in different parts of Ireland. Give me but time, and with the aid of the great Jehovah, we will wave our pure and spotless banner over the length and breadth of the land. There are difficulties which cause me more pain than the assertion of Sir Robert Peel—the insidious efforts to give to our society a political colouring, and to invoke a gloomy fanatic cry against us. The great body of teetotalers, it is true, is composed of Roman Catholics ; but that is from the great bulk of the people being Roman Catholics, and not from anything exclusive in our society. A hostile disposition has been excited on this account in certain localities ; and I must also complain, with the deepest sorrow, that many

who, from rank and station, possess great influence, have not, to use the mildest term, exercised it in favour of our society. I utterly disclaim any political object ; my ardent desire is to promote the glory of God, by drying up the fruitful source of crime, and the happiness of His creatures, by persuading them to the observance of temperance. Our musical bands, too, and our processions, are rocks of offence to many. If it was allowed to any to object to them, surely it should to the members of your society, who reject music and parade in every case ; yet you have all magnanimously co-operated with me, despising this paltry pretext. I respect the religious feelings which disapprove of music and processions on the Lord's Day—I would not, on any account, offer violence to tender consciences ; but we Roman Catholics, after in general devoting the afternoon of Saturday and the forenoon of Sunday to religious observances, do not deem it a desecration of the Sabbath for such as have been earning their bread by the sweat of their brows during the week to recreate themselves innocently during the remainder of the day. We should be allowed to enjoy our Gospel liberty ; we regulate our conduct by what we interpret to be the spirit of the Gospel, and not by the letter of the Levitical law. Oh that the sweet and beneficent spirit of the Gospel, that thinketh no evil, were diffused from pole to pole, uniting all mankind as one family, and making a world happy ! The earth would be then, indeed, a delightful habitation, in which each man could enjoy in peace the blessings of this life, through the Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed hope and glory of the great God. Lovers of God, and of His everlasting ordinances, should be to our failings a little kind.

“Let them contrast the shocking spectacles which presented themselves heretofore on the Lord's Day with

the calm decorum that at present universally reigns. The Bacchanalian yell that made hideous the Sabbath's early morn is heard no more ; the temples of the living God crowded with sincere worshippers ; the taverns, bride-wells, and haunts of sin empty ; the awful blasphemy, the false oath, and dire imprecation no longer insult the attested majesty of the Deity. It is my religious conviction that one sin of drunkenness, or one of the black deeds to which men are prompted when inflamed by intoxicating drink, outrages more the sanctity of a jealous God than all the music of the three hundred temperance bands on the Sabbath Day.

“Yours affectionately,

“THEOBALD MATHEW.”

The two following letters have reference to a subject which formed the one great trial in the life of Father Mathew, clouding his later years, and which was probably the means of shortening a life so precious to his country. There is no doubt the good priest's expenditure over his great work, his lavish benefactions, his somewhat indiscriminate almsgiving, his boundless desire to give help or enjoyment to all who came within his reach, would have required an exchequer of no ordinary dimensions to supply. Still, one cannot but painfully feel that, while very many did assist in carrying on his work, the burden of it was left far too much on himself, and that while he was conferring benefits on individuals and on nations in a most unexampled way, it would have been right that pecuniary difficulties should not have been allowed

to weigh on him, and that measures should have been taken to render his labours more *permanently* beneficial. It is easier, however, to see these things when looking back on the past, than to realise and perform the duties lying close at hand in the present ; and as regards the good man himself, perhaps the Master whom he served so faithfully and with such entire self-abnegation saw that His chosen servant needed these trials. We cannot tell ; but the pain and regret we cannot but feel in looking back on what he suffered should, at least, teach us to consider our own duty as regards those whom the Lord has evidently commissioned to work for Him. Perhaps He has also commissioned us to assist them. At least, He has said, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"CORK, *October 29th*, 1844.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It was unnecessary to say you felt deeply for my painful position. I know you too well to doubt of the sympathies of a tender and affectionate heart. My difficulties have been accumulating since the very commencement of the great temperance movement. Every visit of mine to Dublin, for instance, was attended by an expenditure far beyond my receipts. Hundreds of thousands of medals were sent by order to different parts of Ireland, for which I never received any return. Societies, halls, bands, subjected me to an almost incredible outlay. Applications for pecuniary support poured in upon me from every side, and, unhappily for me, I have not learned to say no, and whilst a shilling remained, I never closed my ears and

hands against the cries of the unfortunate. But I have said all this, and more, in my reply to our mutual dear friend, Mr. Webb. I never intended to have made an appeal to the public; but do not for a moment imagine that I intended to allow my debts to remain unpaid.

"I have insured my life for the amount, and had made other arrangements. My hesitating to make known the amount of my liabilities proceeded from an opinion that it could do no good, and may be productive of evil.

"The Mathew Testimonial Committee has not placed itself in a position to entitle it to demand from me any details. There are circumstances of a private nature connected with my embarrassments that I could not publish. The pressing demands upon me are over £7,000, and it will be necessary for me, as long as I live, to agitate the temperance cause, and this will subject me unavoidably to heavy expenses, without any income to meet them. This morning I returned from Roscrea, where over twelve thousand persons, young and old, joined our society. I was as economical as possible, yet I spent near £5. To put myself into the hands of a committee, who could control my mission and treat me as a hireling, is what I do not intend. My embarrassments have not come by surprise on Mr. Haughton, as I have long since made him acquainted with my difficulties, and the cause. With kindest remembrance to every member of your amiable family,

"I am, dear Mr. Allen,

"Yours affectionately,

"THEOBALD MATHEW."

"CORK, *December 24th*, 1844.

"MY DEAR MR. ALLEN,—Your affectionate kindness demands the warmest expression of my feelings, and

a reciprocal return. Since I was first privileged to become acquainted with you, you were dear to my heart, and this feeling is now enduringly cemented by gratitude. To your venerable parent, to your amiable sisters, and the other respected, generous individuals whose names grace your list, I am most sincerely thankful.

“Your promise of continued exertions in my behalf, or rather for the glorious cause in which we all labour, I highly appreciate, and feel confident it will be attended with the best results. As yet I cannot summon fortitude sufficient to think of a visit to Dublin, yet I desire to do what I hope will be productive of much good. Fervently praying that the great Giver of all good may bless you and all my benefactors,

“I am, with high respect,

“Yours affectionately,

“THEOBALD MATHEW.”

In an address which was presented to James Haughton by the Dublin Temperance Union, in the year 1872, when the failing health of that gentleman necessitated his retirement from active work, and to which Richard Allen's signature is attached, the following words occur: “We feel that the history of the temperance movement in Ireland is practically bound up with your labours. From the day on which Father Mathew took the pledge, and gave utterance to the memorable words, ‘Here goes, in the name of God,’ words big with blessing to Ireland, until now, your name has been in the foremost place.” And again, in the same volume, we see the

following note : "The [Temperance] cause in Ireland is now chiefly sustained by the zealous labours of Father Mathew's predecessors, contemporaries, and successors,—Father Spratt, of Dublin, Richard Allen, and Dr. Harvey, of the same city, and James Haughton, a retired merchant, who gives his nights and his days, his tongue, his pen, and his power, freely and liberally, to promote the sobriety and welfare of his fellow-men." The last part of the above applies also to Richard Allen. He was very true to the cause of total abstinence in all its branches. The following, written by him for insertion in "Erin's Temperance Jubilee," edited by F. Sherlock, refers to this period:—

"You ask me to send you a few notes of my early temperance recollections. If I do so, they must be without reference to dates, as on looking back I cannot classify them. I may tell you of Judge Crampton (then Solicitor-General) haranguing in the Tailors' Hall, Back Lane, Dublin, his chair an upturned empty beer-barrel; some of us addressing a very motley crew in an empty shop or store in Francis Street,—very impromptu, untrained orators we were,—the audience wondering at the ridiculous idea of giving up beer, porter, or whisky, the then universal panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to, so good for keeping out the heat in summer and the cold in winter. Our doctrine they deemed simply sheer nonsense. Then the meetings at the Rotunda and other places. O'Connell heartily threw himself into the movement, and stirred the audience by his appeals. Doctor Edgar, up from Belfast, was one

of the staunch early advocates of temperance. Doctor Cheyne—in his day the head of the medical profession—voluntarily presenting to the cause he so much loved a prescription to make whisky really useful as a medicine, by adding to it a portion of assafoetida, jalap, rhubarb, etc., with the assurance that the bottle containing the mixture might be left in the open cupboard !

“Very pleasant recollections I have, too, of visiting my old friend William Martin, of Cork, styled the ‘father of Father Mathew,’ and not without reason. He set his eye on the good priest, and felt how powerful he would be if he could enlist him in the cause. And he did succeed, and all know how wondrous was the effect. Great was the excitement when Father Mathew came to Dublin. It seems but as yesterday when I stood beside him at the back of the Custom House, the vast crowds kneeling in thousands to take the pledge. Then the people believed he could heal the sick, the maimed, the blind. I remember seeing a sick man, borne by four, brought to him lying on a bed. As soon as they succeeded in attracting his attention, he kindly queried, ‘What did you bring that sick man here for? Take him back; it may be his death.’ They replied, ‘To heal him.’ ‘Oh, my friends, I have no more power than you! Take him back.’ ‘Will your Reverence give your blessing, at all events?’ ‘That you can have, and welcome.’ So ended the scene. Then in some of the lower parts of Dublin—Church Street, etc.—I well remember the great throng of people. The police superintendent feared the presence of the boisterous crowd would be too much for the patience of his men, then a comparatively untrained body. Those were wondrous times. The committals for drunkenness and offences resulting therefrom marvellously decreased, and savings bank lodgments wonderfully increased; the old prison

in Smithfield was closed, the cells of the large one on the Circular Road pretty well emptied ! A marvellous reformation it was. But those who should have sustained the movement—the well-to-do portion of the community—held back, or looked coldly on ; and what might have proved permanent sadly gave way. Cork, where the great movement began, has since become a stronghold for the makers of those baneful liquors which are such a curse. But my faith in the ultimate success of the movement never failed. I have lived long enough to see that a good cause—though often, as it were, hopelessly struggling against cold indifference or active opposition—eventually triumphs. I remember when the West India slave influence was so strong, that the abolition of slavery there was looked on as Utopian, when the struggle for the abolition of the Corn Laws looked hopelessly distant, when the idea of a Penny Post was laughed at. Later on, many men living can recollect how hopeless the freeing of the five millions of American bondsmen appeared to be ; but all these have been accomplished, and we may look on the temperance cause, after a fifty years' struggle, as now advancing towards at least a large measure of success."

CHAPTER VII.

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said, were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he *had* done.

MOORE.

THE following letter from Richard Allen to Thomas Moore shows that he did not hesitate to step out of the beaten track in the support of a cause he loved. The poet's reply is rather amusing, showing a facility for evading a direct application that could not quite be complied with, in a friendly and polite way.

"DUBLIN, *March 4th*, 1840.

"RICHARD ALLEN TO THOMAS MOORE.

"I have no claim for addressing thee beyond bearing the name of an Irishman, and being, I trust, though a humble labourer, interested in the welfare of my country. Intelligence must have reached thee long ere this of the wonderful work now going forward in this land. I allude to the temperance reformation. Its progress is perfectly astonishing; the people seem all of one mind, and are rushing not in tens or hundreds, but in thousands and tens of thousands, to take the pledge, to forego for ever the use of that which has been Ireland's bane—intoxicating drink.

“Everywhere the question is asked, Will this noble resolve be lasting, or is it only a burst of enthusiasm? And truly it is an all-important question. My own conviction—and I have been nearly a ten years’ labourer in this cause—is that it can only fail through the apathy of the middle classes. If they come nobly forward, and for the sake of their country forego a selfish gratification, success, with the blessing of Providence, is certain ; if they do not, how great is their responsibility. I rejoice to see some noble examples. Doctor Foran, Roman Catholic bishop of Waterford, has taken the pledge from that noble philanthropist and great man Theobald Mathew, and I trust many others will follow his example. The latter is to visit this city next week, and I would that thou wert a witness to the enthusiasm that I know will prevail. The whole tide now rushes in favour of temperance. The *Evening Post*, *Register*, *Freeman*, *Monitor*, *Irishman*, and in like manner our country newspapers, abound with details of the wonderful work. And will Ireland’s bard be silent on this great, this noble, this all-animating subject? Oh, *it is* an animating one ! The benefits are so vast, the prospect is so magnificent of a whole people rising, as it were, as one man to free themselves from their soul-debasing curse, that we can hardly find language sufficiently lofty by which to designate it. I would that thou couldst see, as I have seen, joy, comfort, and domestic happiness taking the place of squalid misery, crime, and disease ; thou wouldst be astonished and delighted ; and yet such things are now occurring, not in single cases, but in hundreds of instances.

“Allow me, then, respectfully, though belonging to a class who are no votaries of music, to suggest to thee (I am not skilled in poetic language) to turn the steps of thy music in favour of clear, beautiful, bright, sparkling water, that precious gift of God to man, infinitely

superior as it is in its simple purity to all the additions man can make to it. An effusion of this kind, or effusions,—for I should like to see many from thy pen,—would be hailed enthusiastically by thousands; and allow me to hint, but with the most perfect good feeling, that some little atonement is called for from thee for the many of an opposite tendency that bear thy name. Enthusiastically devoted as our people now are to temperance, the name of Ireland's bard would be additionally beloved by thousands for aiding in this great work. Our street ballads are now, almost without an exception, in praise of temperance, all other topics having merged into it. As thou wilt probably be anxious to know how I have happened to address thee, I may tell thee that my worthy friend Doctor R. R. Madden showed me a few lines he had from thee last evening, and the clear, strong expressions against slavery in it made me think of asking thee to assist us in our crusade against a more degrading and hopeless slavery—the slavery of strong drink.

“With much respect,

“Thy countryman,

“RICHARD ALLEN.”

To this letter the poet sent the following reply :—

“SLOPERTON, *April 5th*, 1840.

“SIR,—I have to apologise for my delay in answering your very interesting letter, but I had for some days mislaid it, and am now left but a very few moments to notice its contents.

“I, of course, most cordially concur with you in admiration of the spectacle now exhibited in Ireland, and trust, for the honour of our country, no less than for the sake of the precious cause itself, that it will be persevered in manfully. With respect to anything that my humble

powers could do towards keeping up the tone of enthusiasm now prevalent, I doubt whether, if I even possessed the power you so kindly attribute to me, I would bring it into execution *now*, when the danger is lest the already too high tone of excitement on the subject should of itself (according to the natural course of such paroxysms) sink into the opposite extreme. I was, on this account, rather sorry to see the actions of the pageant got up the other day, as administering an excitement which in no case can be attended with healthy or permanent effects. I have left myself no time for more than to say,

“I am, dear Sir,

“Yours truly,

“THOMAS MOORE.”

This may also be the place to insert some letters bearing date about this time. Richard Allen had long been interested in the condition of British India, desiring, along with many others, to abolish the monopoly sanctioned by the charter to the East India Company, and to expose the injustice and misrule that prevailed. The following is from the agent of the Rajah of Sattara to Richard Allen and his coadjutors. We give also the reply.

“9, BLANDFORD PLACE, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON,

“August 20th, 1842.

“GENTLEMEN,—I have from time to time been advised of your proceedings in behalf of my dethroned Sovereign, His Highness the ex-Rajah of Sattara, by my friend George Thompson, Esq., and I have not failed to make all matters known to my master in his banishment.

“The knowledge of the sympathy and exertions of yourselves, and other most worthy persons in this country, has been to His Highness a source of hope and consolation. By the last mail I received from my master the accompanying original letter, dictated by my master, and attested by his signature and sign manual. A faithful translation is annexed. You will please to make its contents known to all whom it may concern. I shall esteem it an honour to hear from you.

“I send you also some papers, which will fully disclose the history of the wicked proceedings which have led to the dethronement and expulsion from his kingdom of His Highness my master, and the loss of all his private property.

“Relying upon your future efforts in my master’s cause,

“I remain, Gentlemen,

“Your obedient, grateful servant,

“RUNGGOO BAPOJEE.

“Vakeel of His Highness, the Rajah of Sattara.”

“DUBLIN, August 25th, 1842.

“RESPECTED FRIEND,—With sincere pleasure I have to acknowledge, on behalf of myself and my coadjutors, James Haughton, Richard D. Webb, James H. Webb, the receipt of an extremely interesting letter from the Rajah of Sattara, accompanied by a no less acceptable one from thyself.

“It is with sincere feelings I say that the Rajah has greatly overrated our exertions ; it is little we have been able to do, from our uninfluential position ; but we have felt for him as an injured man, and on that ground our voices have been cordially raised, feeble though they be, on his behalf, and we sincerely hope, that through the continued exertions of his friends and the lovers of right, amongst whom our valued coadjutor George

Thompson ranks pre-eminent, a full meed of justice may be awarded to thy deposed and calumniated master, and even his enemies be forced with shame to acknowledge his innocence.

“It is my intention to hold a meeting on the 31st instant, at which the letter of the Rajah and thine also shall be read. We feel they will be cordially and enthusiastically received, and I believe I may add, it is our intention to lose no opportunity in raising our voices on behalf of thy deposed master.

“Cordially thanking him for his too favourable opinion of our exertions, and acknowledging gratefully also the very kind manner in which thou hast expressed thy feelings towards us,

“Believe me to be

“Very respectfully thy friend,

“RICHARD ALLEN.

“RUNJOO BAPOJEE,

“*Vakeel to the deposed Rajah of Sattara.*”

CHAPTER VIII.

Not for thyself, but for the slave,
Thy words of thunder shook the world ;
No selfish griefs or hatred gave
The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

WHITTIER.

THE following letter from William Lloyd Garrison, introducing an American friend of his to Richard Allen, belongs to this period.

“ BOSTON, *February 27th*, 1842.

“ MY BELOVED FRIEND ALLEN,—The face of any one from this country, who has not debased his manhood, or corrupted his moral sense by his residence in a land of slavery, and who has from an early period most heartily espoused our persecuted anti-slavery enterprise, will, I am sure, at all times be a welcome sight to you, and none the less welcome when you learn that he, to whom that face belongs, is a native of your own dear Emerald Isle, who came to this country when he was quite a lad. I therefore make no apology for introducing to you my very amiable and worthy friend Thomas Davis, now and for many years a resident of Providence, Rhode Island. He is in a somewhat precarious state of health, and he goes across the Atlantic expressly to try the beneficial effects of a sea voyage, and with a natural and strong desire once more to see his dear native land. Among my numerous friends I prize him very highly for his

many virtues and excellencies, and earnestly hope that he will gain even more than he anticipates from his transatlantic journey ; for he finds it in his heart to live only that he may do good. You will find in him a person of beautiful simplicity of character, and equally unassuming and intelligent. As he is personally acquainted with all the ' old organised ' Abolitionists in whom you feel the deepest interest, you will be able to glean from him much unwritten unprinted information respecting our proceedings in this question. Ask him as many questions as you please, and he will be most happy to answer them all. Richard Allen, I love you ! But I confess, that, as a lover, I have shown myself a very indifferent correspondent, and on the bended knees of my overcharged heart I sincerely crave your pardon. You may well demand, if the memory of Ireland be still dear to me, if the delightful scenes in which we participated in Dublin have not entirely faded from my recollection, if I regard you as a man who is more precious than the gold of Ophir, if I feel any gratitude for your multitudinous kindness, why I have not more frequently proved all this by epistolary evidence. Attribute it not to any oblivion of mind, not to intentional neglect, not to any abatement of my friendship, but to my worst enemy, PROCRASTINATION, from whose claims I desire immediate, total, and unconditional emancipation. The truth is, as you may readily suppose, my *American* anti-slavery engagements keep me very busily employed ; and that which I would do for my beloved Irish friends, that do I not.

“ As soon as I find that one steamer leaves this port for Liverpool without carrying a letter from me, I feel assured that, ere the time for the departure of another shall arrive, I shall be fully prepared to send one to this, and another to that friend abroad, perhaps a score in all !

But the next opportunity catches me in the same predicament, and I am left to behold the unavailing sight, and to hang my head for shame.

“Richard Allen (now all jealousy aside), I love your wife! I congratulate you both upon your union with each other. Give my most respectful and cordial remembrances to her, and all good wishes for your happiness here, and in that other and better world, ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’ Richard Allen, I love your Dublin friends, and am sure that I should love all who are out of Dublin, if I only knew them; for is it not true that ‘birds of a feather flock together’? Tell that noble man, James Haughton, to scold me; tell all the Webbs to denounce me; tell that singularly delicate and loving spirit, George Downes, to rebuke me sternly; tell all within your social and philanthropic circle to make black marks against me, because of my neglect to keep unbroken the chain of epistolary correspondence between us. I will not grow angry nor complain, but confess that you are merciful in not erasing my name from the tablets of your memories. Thanks, thanks to you all!

“As for the cause of emancipation on this side of the Atlantic, it is now in a palmy state, and our hearts are filled with hope and joy. How mortified, how indignant, how astonished you will be to hear that the noble address to your countrymen in America, signed by Daniel O’Connell and Father Mathew, and a mighty host, is spurned and denounced by the Irish papers in Boston! [See the *Liberator*.]

“Your affectionate friend,

“WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.”

The years 1846-7 are painfully memorable in the history of Ireland in connection with a sad visita-

tion of famine. The sufferings of the poor weighed heavily on the hearts of the benevolent.

The following letter is a remarkable one. The conflict must have been a terrible one in the mind of the writer between compassion for the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen and desire for their relief and his sense of the solemnity of the principle involved in accepting benefactions from slaveholders, and so condoning the sin of slavery. One feels, in reading its nervous language, as if the pen that wrote had been dipped in his very heart's blood. It is valuable, too, as bringing out some of the features of slavery that we may be apt to forget, and the principle that was so dear to Richard Allen may not be without its application in the present day.

“TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CENTRAL RELIEF
COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

“DUBLIN, *March 29th*, 1847.

“DEAR FRIENDS,—The right decision of the question brought before us by Henry Russell—that is, whether we shall receive or reject the contributions of the American slave-holding states,—appears to me so fraught with future consequences of good or evil, that I cannot rest satisfied without again endeavouring to draw your attention to it, feeling convinced that your determination to accept these contributions needs reconsideration.

“I take this step under a deep sense of the serious results which an opposite course would involve. I do not forget that America, including the slave states, has

been awakened to feelings of sympathy towards our suffering millions, which have spread with wonderful rapidity. I know that Henry Clay, the prince of orators and of slaveholders, has raised his eloquent and potent voice in favour of our suffering countrymen; and that M'Duffie, Calhoun, and other eminent slaveholders, unite in this career of benevolence with the purest and best spirits of that land.

“I am aware of the vast extent to which these appeals will be probably responded to—that thousands of pounds in money and shiploads of provisions will be the result, and that they come to us for the purpose of saving the lives of our starving people. I think I can also anticipate the reaction which our refusal to receive those contributions will probably excite—that the swell of sympathy will fearfully recoil at such a cutting rebuke; that the slave states will be thoroughly convulsed; that rage will take the place of apparent gentleness, cursing of blessing; that we may have to bear a great amount of obloquy both at home and abroad; that our motives will be impugned; that we shall be called hypocrites, and accused of aggravating the dreadful state of misery in this country.

“But, I ask, is all this to be considered, if principle point the way? The question at issue is simply this, *Shall we accept the money sent by slave-holding communities, even to save our countrymen from starvation?* My answer is, that nobody acquainted with the state of society where slavery prevails can doubt but that the money sent by such communities is mainly from slaveholders, and that in receiving it we shall ratify their character for Christian benevolence to an extent dishonouring to Christianity, and detrimental to the cause of the slave.

“In the State of South Carolina, of which Charleston

is the capital, the white population numbers about two hundred thousand, whilst there are about three hundred thousand slaves. One of the inevitable results of slavery is to make labour disreputable; that which is done by the slave under the stimulus of the lash is considered degrading employment by the white freeman. The consequence is, that all the whites who have any ambition are constantly endeavouring to raise themselves so far as to be able to employ slaves to do their work. There is also in the slave states a large class of low white men, generally idle, drunken, and dissolute, who are ever ready for all kinds of turbulent and wicked conduct, including the *lynching* of Abolitionists. If we consider this state of things for a moment, we shall see that the greater portion of the money that comes from South Carolina in particular *must* come from slaveholders. To affect ignorance of this fact, or to deny it, were absurd.

“ Let us recollect, too, that South Carolina is the land of Calhoun and of M'Duffie, statesmen who have staked their political existence on the maintenance and perpetuation of slavery; who have hugged it to their bosoms, and, with the concurrence of the whole white population of their native State, have denounced abolition as fanaticism; who have offered rewards for the heads of many of those who labour for the overthrow of slavery, and have threatened with death all who dare to teach the slave to read. At this very hour they uphold with all their might the atrocious system, and at the same time they not only express with all the eloquence in their power their sympathy for the sufferings of Irishmen, but contribute a share of their iniquitous gains—the price of blood—to save life here, whilst they crush the very soul out of the unhappy and degraded negro. Shall we accept such money, or shall we indignantly reject it?

"In the discussion which took place the other day, when I attempted to give the committee a definition of what slavery is, my offer was at once rejected; all said they were fully aware of its atrocity. I made the offer because I believe few fully appreciate its wickedness. I know that, strong as is my abhorrence of slavery, I have not a full appreciation of it; it is too intensely wicked to be readily comprehended.

"In this country, our fellow-beings so often come before us clad in rags and supplicating for charity, that we think it impossible they can be in a worse condition; but let us remember that a bad state of things in one place is no excuse for a worse in another—that slavery is not the less wicked or less hateful, because of the wretchedness and degradation of the Irish peasant. As to drawing a comparison between the Irish peasant in all his misery, and the slave, despoiled of his rights and made an article of merchandise, I leave it to those who have the heart to draw it. We must look at man—his rights, his privileges, his equality; we must think of him as formed (marred as he is by the fall) in the image of his Creator, as the dwelling-place of the spirit of Jehovah, as made a little lower than the angels, and destined to a glorious immortality, before we can appreciate somewhat of the inexpressible wickedness of the system which makes him a chattel, robs him of his manhood, condemns him to heathen darkness, forbids him the use of the Bible, employs every possible means to degrade and deprave him, and classes him fully and unequivocally with the beasts that perish. Every opportunity should be taken to testify against this wickedness.

"But it is pleaded that the slaveholder is not so bad as we represent him; that, having been trained up to the system, he does not see its iniquity. This apology is flatly contradicted by the professions he makes of attach-

ment to Christianity and to republican institutions ; and everybody knows how consistent are these with slavery. Although every slaveholder may not be so stern yet true a painter of the terrible system as Judge Kuffie, he is nevertheless sensible of its enormity, and his plea is that of expediency ; he loves the gains of their unrequited toil too well to be willing to liberate his slaves.

“ What, then, is our duty towards him in this matter ? Shall we, by accepting his blood-stained contributions to the sacred cause of suffering humanity, stamp him with the seal of Christian fellowship ; or by firmly yet kindly rejecting the money, as that to which he has no claim, and which belongs to his down-trodden brother, shall we teach him his true position ? Most assuredly I believe the latter to be our right course. Great are our responsibilities to the slave, still greater those we owe to the master. The former is an innocent sufferer,—the latter stands on the brink of an awful gulf,—his attitude is one of defiance to his Maker. Let us beware how we do anything which may cause him to apply the flattering unction to his soul, that this committee are willing to recognise him as a benefactor to our countrymen, and that we will take his money and bear no testimony against his sins.

“ In order fully to realise the guilt of slaveholding, we should apply the case to ourselves or our own locality ; we should query would we receive the money if it were the produce of the sale, or the unrequited and forced toil of our wife, our children, or of one of the members of our committee.

“ In 1840, the London Anti-Slavery Convention, which included many Friends, passed a resolution fully conveying their sense of the opposition between slaveholding and Christianity. Since that time, slaveholders have had again and again to writhe under just denuncia-

tions, and they can no longer plead ignorance of the estimation in which their conduct is held by nations that make any pretension to Christianity or civilisation. Slaveholding now stands branded before the world in its anti-Christian enormity. Can we take this money without contravening the salutary action?

“Let us now look at our position as a committee composed of the Society of Friends. For about eighty years our stand on the subject of slavery has been professedly firm and decided. Even at an earlier period it was nobly evinced in the case of John Woolman, who records in his journal that he has lain out in the fields a whole night, rather than accept the hospitality of a slaveholder.

“Can we accept this money and honestly uphold our testimony?

“We cannot too strongly bear in mind the nice feeling which has always characterised our Society in refusing to handle money from doubtful or tainted sources. This is strictly manifested in our refusal to receive contributions, for Society purposes, from those who have not paid their debts, holding, as we do, that the creditors have a prior claim on the property of the defaulting party. A still more striking instance, bearing on the present question, will be found in our having declined taking charge of the distribution of £70 lately forwarded us by Lord John Russell, as part of the proceeds of a benefit at the Queen’s Theatre, for the purpose of saving the lives of our poor countrymen. How can we consistently receive the one and reject the other? Is the money obtained from the theatre more tainted in our view than the proceeds of slavery?

“I think some of our committee are fearful of taking too high a stand, and do not feel themselves sufficiently clear to do so; some of them may deal in the produce of

slave labour, and perhaps feel as if they cannot wash their hands in innocency. If this be the case, while I rejoice in the existence of a tender, conscientious feeling against touching what is believed to be polluted, I do not see what any such scruple has to do with the present question. If we purchase sugar from the slaveholder, we do not thereby guarantee his character—we give him no right hand of fellowship. But it is far otherwise if we take his money as the genuine fruit of charity. We then in degree justify, as I apprehend, his pretensions to genuine kindness and compassion.

“In concluding these hasty remarks, I again entreat my fellow-members to weigh this matter thoroughly. The more I reflect upon it, the more important in my view does our action in this matter become. Trifling as it may seem to some, our decision may be fraught with good or evil to future generations. To come to a right appreciation of the bearings of the question, let us consider how terribly slavery demoralises the slaveholder; how completely irresponsible power turns men and women into demons, how every feeling of humanity is laid prostrate before it. On the other hand, if we turn to the poor slave—its effect on him is to blot out the feelings of humanity within him, to degrade him to a level with the brute, to refuse him access to the light of revelation, to deny his claim to happiness here, and to darken his hopes of immortal life hereafter.

“Your Friend,

“RICHARD ALLEN.”

CHAPTER IX.

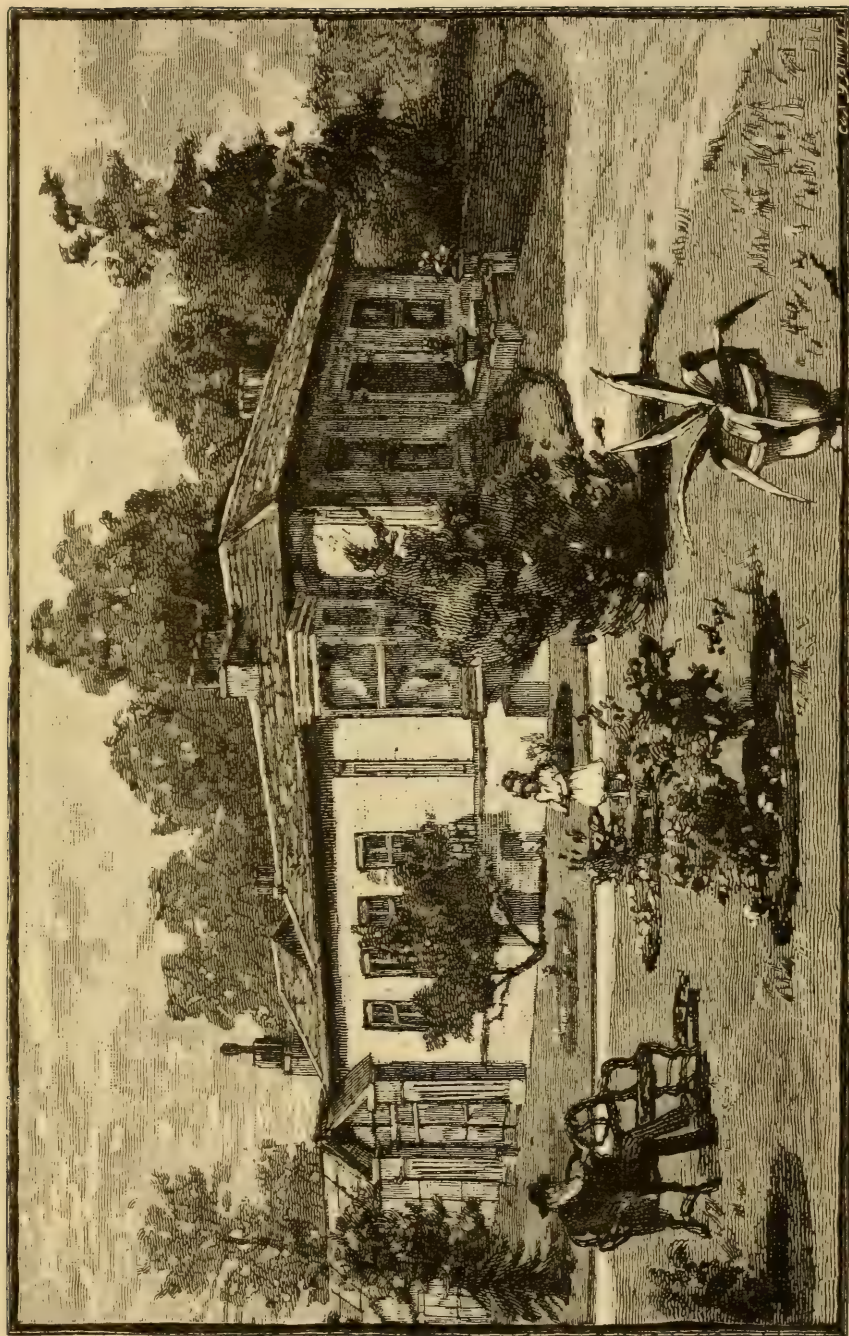
We mark with light in the memory those interviews we have had with souls that made our souls wiser, that spoke what we thought, that told us what we knew, that gave us leave to be what we inly were.—EMERSON.

FROM High Street the Allens removed to De Vesci Lodge, Monkstown, about 1836, where they resided a few years. One of their nieces who stayed with them frequently during this time thus gives her recollections :—

“I am afraid I cannot give you much information connected with the visitors at De Vesci Lodge. Uncle was then very much interested in temperance and anti-slavery. John Hockings, from Birmingham, was there a great many times during the winter of 1836. We were constantly going to meetings at the Rotunda, churches, and elsewhere. About the same date George Thompson was in Dublin lecturing on anti-slavery; there were several large companies to meet him at De Vesci Lodge. George Pilkington was another who was often invited to the house during his stay in Dublin. His mission was peace. About this time, when uncle was in London, he visited, or rather went through a gin-palace disguised. I do not remember who was his guide, and he afterwards gave a vivid description of its horrors. A

converted Jew used also to come once or twice a year, when the conversation generally turned on religious subjects. After their return to town they entertained a great deal; Frederick Douglass, Charles Remond, Thomas Davis, Henry C. Wright (author of 'A Kiss for a Blow'), etc. While Charles Remond was with them they were invited to a bridal party. As Charles Remond sat by the bride, who was as fair as fair could be, and he as black as midnight, no greater contrast could be imagined. The summer of 1843 we spent at Dalkey; there was a good-sized dinner party every Sunday. Allens, Webbs, Tolertons, Barringtons, and many others were frequent visitors. The afternoon we returned to town Joseph Sturge arrived at High Street unexpectedly; he came to visit O'Connell, then confined at Kilmainham. Tom Steele called on J. Sturge the next day, James Haughton and Dr. Gray (editor of the *Freeman's Journal*) came to dinner; the conversation was principally connected with O'Connell. The next summer but one we were at Bray for a few weeks, uncle coming out most nights, sometimes spending a day, when we made excursions to the Dargle, Devil's Glen, etc.; it was a very happy time. After returning to High Street we continued our trips for a while. Every Sunday was spent at Mountain View. Charles Lever used also to visit at High Street after their return. Uncle took an active interest in publishing the *Irish Temperance and Literary Gazette*. I remember speaking to him of the copies piled up in the wareroom in High Street, and thinking how much interesting matter they must contain."

In 1847 Brooklawn, Blackrock, became their home. It is a lovely cottage-like house, surrounded by greenhouses, gardens, and fields, through which runs a little brook, and this was Richard Allen's



FRONT AND SOUTH SIDE OF BROOKLAWN.

To face page 70

home to the end of his life. His wife and he made frequent visits to the Continent; indeed, an annual tour was usually the form of relaxation they indulged in. It is not difficult to imagine, that with the delight they both had in nature and in art how intense their enjoyment must have been. As usual, Richard Allen could not be satisfied without imparting some of this enjoyment to others, and as the greatest happiness to the greatest number was his object, he used to write long chatty letters when on his tours, which were published in the *General Advertiser*, and so multitudes of people all over Ireland were brought into companionship with them as they visited Paris, or the old German or Belgian cities,—made their way up the Rhine, luxuriated in the beauties of Switzerland, traversed the classic plains of Italy, or revelled in the treasures of art in the galleries of her grand old cities. Richard Allen's delight in the beauties of nature was very great. Whether at home or abroad, the early morning, when the dew lay on grass and flower, was his favourite time for quiet intercourse with nature; the early morning walk was indispensable, whether among his own sweet flowers at Brooklawn, in the presence of the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland, or among the sacred fields of Palestine. But not long would his thoughts remain even with these grand and lovely objects; like the lark, singing and soaring, his spirit rose upward towards the

Infinite Source of light and love, and he realised to the full the beautiful lines of Cowper—

“ His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer.
Happy who walks with Him ! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful and grand
In Nature from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that trembles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.”

We shall give some extracts from these letters, which will show not only how exquisite his enjoyment was, but how true at the same time his heart was to his native land of Ireland, which he loved so dearly, and whose welfare he so earnestly desired. Wherever he went, he was always on the alert to discover anything that he thought could be of use to Ireland, from right methods of land tenure, to the employment of cattle in ploughing and other agricultural operations.

The interests of his country and of humanity were always close to his heart, and no merely personal enjoyment could ever cause them to be forgotten. These letters from abroad were written at odd moments, in or out of doors, on the railway, or wherever he had a leisure moment—written as fast as his pen could go, with no effort at style or effect ; he often said that he wished it to be remembered that he considered them, in that respect, “below criticism.” But they will speak for themselves.

Before commencing the continental correspondence we will give the following letter from Richard Allen to R. Cobden, M.P., showing how deeply he mourned over the sorrows and wrongs as well as over the crimes of his countrymen:—

“How fatal have been the errors made with respect to Ireland; how severely have her people been handled for faults not their own; how have their evil doings been magnified! Do agrarian outrages prevail nowhere but in Ireland? Are our people so incapable of improvement that they are not worth keeping at home? Look at the English papers—eleven incendiary fires last week in the agricultural districts. Look even at America. Is all smooth there? Let us remember that with all her advantages she fosters in her centre the worst of despotisms, man claiming absolute property in man.

“And mark the effects. Why, I saw an American paper a few days ago of which almost an entire page was filled with records of deeds of blood perpetrated in America by Americans in the slave states. And let the stern truth be remembered, that, horrible as are the agrarian crimes in Ireland, revolting as are the doings of hired assassins, terrible as is the fact that men can be bought to shoot down those who have never offended them, the extension of the practice is when men hire themselves to do the wholesale butchery of mercenary war, and yet these are honoured, wooed, and caressed by the great and noble—indeed, by all classes of the population.”

In a somewhat similar spirit is the following, written in 1851 from Lauterbrunnen:—

“And now, in closing this rambling epistle, I must

quote the query addressed to me by an Englishman whom I met two or three days since, 'Have you any hope for Ireland?' I answered, and I repeat it, 'Yes.' The Belgian peasant is comfortable as compared with the Irish, though his soil is not so naturally fertile; the Russian tiller of the earth, turning up his light soil with a rude wheel-plough drawn by a single cow, does not want for food, or wear the cast-off clothing of another; the Baden, the Nassau peasant has enough to eat and to wear; the Swiss toils in his valleys or on his mountain sides early and late, and gathers in his harvest and winter firing under his broad roof. But all these are hopeful labourers; they till their own land; their labour does not go to pay a rack rent. I could not but think yesterday as I looked at the labour of cultivating the Swiss mountain side, the cost of carrying up the manure, of tilling and harvesting the crops, surely if we had free trade in land in Ireland we must prosper.'

CHAPTER X.

I stood within the city disinterred,
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets; and heard
The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls,
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke.

SHELLEY.

THE first continental tour of Richard and Anne Allen was in 1839, when travelling was not so common as at the present time, and the difficulties and adventures consequently more numerous. The following description of the ascent of Mount Vesuvius from the pen of Mrs. Allen will interest those who have recently made the ascent by rail:—

"August 30th, 1850.

"Returned from a most exciting and toilsome ascent of Vesuvius by torchlight. We left Naples at eight o'clock in a light *calèche* drawn by three stout horses, arranging to drive the whole way to the Hermitage, and not leave the carriage at Portici, as is most generally done. Arrived at the Hermitage about eleven, a place with very funny accommodation, certainly with none at all for sleeping, which we had hoped to do for the couple of hours that we must halt, in order not to gain the summit too soon for sunrise. The wretched room

we were shown into so abounded with fleas, that we were fain speedily to get out of doors again, which in this glorious climate is no hardship. There, seated on a rock, with the unspeakably brilliant star-spangled heavens above us, and the magnificent bay and gas-lighted city like a 'land of faery' far, far beneath, and 'half a moon' hanging over the black crater of the seething, fiery volcano above, we watched beneath the vast and solemn dome of heaven, and enjoyed the calm and beauty of the hour and scene.

“ ‘It was a night of beauty—such a night
As from the starry grot and coral cave
Or wave in marble cavern rippling bright
Might woo the nymph of Grecian fount or cave
To sport beneath the moonbeams.
A night to roam alone
Where the young leaves by vernal winds are sway'd,
And the reeds whisper with a dreamy tone
Of melody.’

* * * * *

“Presently our meditations were interrupted by a noisy, boisterous party of pilgrims arriving, bound for the summit like ourselves ; so we adjourned to our carriage to seek half an hour's repose, if the mosquitoes would permit us ; when, the time having arrived, Tobia, our courier, summoned us, and we started eleven in all. Six brigand-looking fellows carried me in a chair on poles (truly a seat of unrest), an armed soldier and a torch bearer, and Tobia, our courier, with a mountain guide and my six ragamuffins, for they were neither more nor less, formed the cortege. A mounted soldier goes with every party up the mountain by day or night, to keep the peace among the lieges, and to protect the persons and purses of the travellers.

“It was a terrible ascent, terrible at least done by

torchlight, to one carried on the shoulders of others, climbing, or rather scrambling, over great lumps of lava by the fitful gleams of the torch, which was nothing more than a glow-worm's glimmer in the black darkness that enveloped us. A crescent moon, hanging over the summit, was brilliant and beautiful to look at, but threw very little light on the black masses of lava that our way lay over. I was tossed about like a cockle-shell in the waves—now down went one of my bearers on his knee, and down went the chair at that side, and I along with it; then the other side sank, and thus alternately knocked and tumbled about as the men slipped, and slid, and clambered over and along the formidable path, the crystallised fire of previous eruptions. I do marvel how they ever got me along safely. It was with the utmost difficulty I could hold to the chair, and sundry times thought I should be projected down the steep side of the dusky lava current, on the top of which their path lay. To make matters worse, they were, or appeared to be, quarrelling all the way up and down—at least from their noisy, vociferous gesticulations I concluded so, and they always do quarrel.

“Arrived at the summit, I joyfully got out of my seat of misery, and, giving my hand to the guide, proceeded along the smoking edge of the crater. Ah! what a hell of fiery, suffocating vapour was rolling and fermenting below.

“We walked along for some time, the heat being very oppressive, and the fumes of the sulphur and muriatic acid gases almost stifling; almost everywhere under our feet the vapour was ascending from the chinks and fissures of the mighty furnace beneath. At the spot least difficult we descended the almost perpendicular wall of the crater in order to get down to the fire, and there it was, red and lurid, one vast mass of ignited

matter, the vapour taking away our breath several times. The roaring within was awful, like the noise of a hundred thousand steam-engines at work, which, with the volumes of smoke, the heat, and the suffocating vapour, was anything but agreeable, joined to the fact that we were standing over a vast furnace that was within two inches of the surface on which we stood, and which was scorching our feet ; one vast mass of red, lurid fire descending hundreds and hundreds of feet down into the awful depths of this terrible mountain. All these are said to be elements of the sublime, and, I may add, of the disagreeable as well. Fear there was none ; hundreds of thousands had stood on the same spot, and come away unscathed, and why should not we ? But I would caution all ladies who are not quite sure of the endurance of their nerves, and unused to rough mountain riding, not to attempt the ascent of Vesuvius by night, and on men's shoulders. If they must go, let them use their own feet. One mortal hour and a half we halted on the summit, watching for sunrise ; our feet nearly cooked with the heat, my clothes singed and smoking, my black mantle beautifully edged and striped with brilliant scarlet, and my breath ever and anon taken away by the volumes of sulphurous vapour that enveloped us. Very beautiful was the red coming of the dawn, and the advent of the god of day, the vast sea of clouds beneath us, tinged with his uprising beams, was indescribably beautiful ; but the monarch of day rose shrouded in a cloud, and thus we were foiled in this our fourth attempt to view the actual sunrise from a mountain's summit—once on Snowdon, twice on the Righi, and now here on the smoking lava-strewn summit of Vesuvius ; still daybreak from a mountain is always, if you have fine weather, grand and sublime, and the *désagréments* of a night ascent are worth bearing once in a lifetime for

the beauty of the appearance of Naples at night. From the Hermitage it was like a fairy illumination rising out of the sea ; tier above tier of light reflected on the dark waters on the verge of which beautiful Posilippo stands.

“Thoroughly weary we reached the Hermitage, where, regaining our carriage, we returned to Naples. From Portici the descent is made into the buried city of Herculaneum, which was destroyed, not like Pompeii by a shower of ashes, but by a torrent of lava, which covered up the devoted city, and is now like an adamantine barrier filling up every interstice with solid rock. Portici was built over it in ignorance of its site, or of the vast treasures of wealth and beauty that lay crowded up so stealthily hundreds of feet below.

“The theatre to which we descended is partially excavated, and it was a very large one ; on looking up in one place we saw the impression of a mask in the lava. The sense that all the solid walls and huge masses of stone that environ you were once a liquid fire pouring down from the terrible mountain above on this devoted city, and destroying man and the works and labour of man in one fierce and fiery baptism, is, as Dickens says in his ‘ Pictures,’ ‘ truly oppressive,’ and it is with a sense of relief that you again visit the light and the upper world.

“There are some of the houses opened to the day, which present the same appearance as those at Pompeii. The largest amount of valuable things was found at Herculaneum.”

The following account of their visit to the lovely Island of Ischia will be read with sad interest in remembrance of the terrible earthquake of July 30th 1883, when the town of Casamicciola and several

villages were entirely destroyed, and about 8,000 lives lost.

“*September 4th, 1850.*—Took a charming sail to-day to the volcanic Isle of Ischia, and the wealthy but not very picturesque Procida. We had a very delightful ride over the myrtle-covered island as far as the extinct volcano, where the *débris*, lava, and ashes tell the story of its last eruption, which occurred about seven years since, and no doubt the volcano ‘is not dead but sleepeth;’ some of these days it will send another fiery torrent down its sides, sweeping, withering, scorching up the rich and luxuriant productions of the lovely island. I should add that the inhabitants of Ischia are a much more quiet, handsome, and well-behaved race than the noisy, dissolute, restless Neapolitans. My little mule driver kept me amused and interested as I rode along with a glowing account of the superior beauties of Ischia over any other island or shore in its neighbourhood; he was quite an enthusiast about his own beautiful locality, it was ‘*molto superiore molto.*’

“Took a drive this evening to the tomb of Virgil. Every one knows the appearance of the resting-place of the great Mantuan poet; it is close to the grotto of Posilippo, on the summit of the rock. It stands in a teeming vineyard, whose owners were gathering in the vintage, and it was a pretty sight to see the figs, and plums, and peaches lying about, and panniers loaded with the green and purple treasures of the vine.

“Passed several hours of intense interest in traversing the streets, and going up and down and through the houses of Pompeii. Nothing can be finer than the situation of Pompeii—a noble group of mountains in the background, the sea now two miles distant, formerly up to its walls, Vesuvius, its destroying angel, towering immediately over

it, with the rich purple light of a southern atmosphere on its rugged sides, and the noble bay of Naples, with its ultramarine waters spread beneath; the prospect from the former is, I think, not to be surpassed. When wearied with rambling about under the hot sun, having gone through all worth looking at, we joined our carriage at the other gate of the city. I should have said we entered by the Appian Way, and visited first the most interesting house in it—that of Diomed; this was that in which eleven skeletons were found in the wine cellar, one with a purse, and one a female, with the arms spread out as if to arrest the suffocating rain, that was by slow degrees depriving them of air. Their sufferings must have been dreadful, for the vault is large, running all round the house. Here are the ‘amphoræ,’ still buried neck deep in the ashes, now converted into stone or something as hard. The skeletons all mouldered away when exposed to the air; there is one skull preserved in the museum, that of the Roman soldier who was found in his sentry-box, armed *cap-à-pie*; the poor machine would not leave his post, and perished miserably. He was found standing up, having allowed the hot ashes to rise, rise higher and higher around him until he was suffocated. . . .

“In the early morning we pursued our route to Pæstum, passing over the wide, bare, malaria-stricken plains of Calabria, where huge herds of savage-looking buffaloes were grazing. We sped on, the blue sea on our right, and a grand range of mountains on the left, until we reached those solemn and stately monuments of hoary antiquity, the noble temples of Pæstum, the aim and end of our ramble. Rogers’ description of them is very correct. There they stand, between the mountains and the sea, strong and enduring still, and beautiful and interesting beyond all description; ruins they can scarcely be called, so perfect and massive do they look from a

distance, while the name of the very nation or people who reared them is unknown."

The following extracts from some of Richard Allen's letters in the *Advertiser* are given pretty much at random, each showing some point of interest in the mind of the writer, or in the scenes he visited.

"FAIDO, PASS OF ST. GOTHARD,
"September 20th, 1851.

"Winter seems really come ! Snowy mountains have too much of reality about them ; they have just now lost half their charms. Last evening we reached Lugano in a torrent of rain, the weather piercingly cold ; even the best dinner the Albergo Svizzero could supply us with failed to warm us ; so, retiring from the great cold wilderness of *a salle à manger* we took two of the cushions off the spacious sofa, and sitting down on them to read, covered our feet with the warm quilted silk coverlet ; but we were still cold. I suggested that we ought to try a fire—but E. B., of older travelling experience, said that they tried a fire, and were smoked out of their room. I was obliged to submit, but happening to look into the next room two hours later, I spied a blazing wood fire on the hearth. This was enough ; forthwith our hearth blazed too, and how we revelled at sight of the blaze ! How we piled on the wood till the chimney seemed as if it would take fire, so high did the flame ascend ; how cordially we took our coffee under the genial influence of warmth ; how compactly we settled the wood in order that the fire might keep in as long as possible after we retired to rest ! And this was in Italy ! Morning ushered in more promising weather, and by eight we bade adieu to our hostess and her son, well

satisfied with their attention and moderate charges, they placing a card in our hands announcing that their new hotel, 'Du Lac,' late the 'Palais Civita,' would open shortly; and then Lugano will doubtless boast of a first-rate hotel! The drive over the Monte Cenere to Bellinzona is very fine. Lago Maggiore opened out in its beauty as we descended through the rich forests of chestnuts. At Bellinzona we arranged for relays of horses as far as Airolo, carriage included, for forty-five francs. The scenery of this pass is very fine; woods of rich chestnut trees, the pride of the Italian Alps—enormous rocks flung about in wild confusion, with magnificent chestnuts springing up amongst them loaded with fruit; mountains piled on mountains, many of even the lower ones covered with fresh snow, which must have fallen heavily. Luckily we have stopped here; the rain is again falling in torrents; again the glowing wood embers sparkle on the hearth. I rambled to a very fine waterfall up the mountain at the back of our inn; it would make a fortune for any locality in England, but so common are cascades here that it is not even mentioned in Murray. This was a grand day for waterfalls; the torrents of last night were flinging themselves down the mountain sides to-day in every variety of character, from the Staubbach to the foaming, dashing torrent. I greatly fear inundations may again burst upon Switzerland, as they did a few weeks ago; she has suffered much already; surely the weather bodes a hard winter. . . . How I exult in finding myself again in this glorious mountain scenery; there is something so much more elevating about it than anything you meet in towns and cities. Silently stealing along the magnificent aisles of the Duomo at Milan the evening before last, it felt solemn—the people kneeling about here and there. But not the solemnity one feels amongst nature's wilds,

beside the towering mountain, the snowy peak, the thundering cataract, the echo of the avalanche. You here read the Creator, and Him alone—nought of man.”

“PARIS.

“I know few more to me striking scenes to visit in the early morning than the great *Marché des Innocents*. How few visitors to Paris know what a busy scene is being enacted in the great city while they are fast asleep. From a centre which one would think to be in itself sufficiently capacious, the great gathering of *providores* spreads out its vast arms into the streets on all sides, to an almost inconceivable extent. Fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, vegetables, etc., are here collected for the daily sustenance of Paris, and scattered in two or three hours into every lane and street among the thousands of retail vendors. Up to a certain hour unlimited space appears to be allowed; streets where fashionable traders reside are thus monopolised; cabbages piled up against shutters, behind which are arranged the richest satins and costly jewellery. The provisioning of Paris reigns supreme for the time. But as day advances warning bells are rung, the markets begin to draw in their long arms, the retiring of the vegetables is the signal for the pig-keepers to come and gather up the sound leavings, then come the chiffoniers, the wretched class of Paris, to muddle amongst the refuse and the shop-sweepings, close on them are the scavengers, too many of them females, with their large brooms, carts closely attending them, and in a very short space Paris is restored to its propriety, and cleanliness reassumes its sway. While on this subject I must say a word about victuallers' shops. In Paris they are attractive; the meat is arranged absolutely with taste and symmetry, and the clean white marble slabs, with their light iron framework, look so different from our

butchers' shops. And this leads me to the Paris *abattoirs*, and to the superiority of their plan to ours. Theirs, to slaughter all meat without the city, and to bring nothing into it but the clear carcasses, which are carried into the wholesale market, often in large wicker cases. Ours, to have cattle slaughtered in close localities, in the centre of our cities, thus creating dens of filth, disease, and infection to spread their miasma far and wide. Surely there are few nuisances which call more loudly for sanitary reform amongst us than this. But it is time that both here and there more attention was turned to the prevention of cruelty towards animals brought into the markets for human food. The treatment of calves is particularly cruel. I saw in Lyons, years ago, what made my blood thrill, and I fear it is little better elsewhere. . . .

“Much as Peace Congresses are ridiculed by some, I am satisfied they are doing much. What kindly feelings they have fostered in France! And those International addresses! How few seem to be aware of the cordiality with which they are received. Leeds addressed Lille, a French town of 80,000 inhabitants—how was their peaceoffering received? Why, caused to be translated by the French mayor, to be printed and placarded on the walls, and a cordial response returned; and this is not much more than a fair sample of the reception of many others. This great innovation of modern times, the people of one country speaking to the people of another in friendly greeting, must be fraught with good results.”

CHAPTER XI.

There can be no entire satisfaction for our affections in any created thing. There are deep wants in our nature that none but God can satisfy.—S. W.

BUT underneath all the interests and enjoyments of life, underneath the delight in Nature and art, and the still greater joy of doing good which characterised these years of middle life, there lay in the heart of Richard Allen a deep, inner striving onward and upward, a desire to realise more true communion with the Best of friends, and a more assured possession of the treasure in heaven that faileth not. His memoranda about this time show something of an unsatisfied desire after God, something of the experience of St. Augustine, and perhaps of every child of God before and since: "Thou hast created us for Thyself, and our souls are restless till they rest in Thee."

On New Year's Day, 1853, he notes that he has seen that day a primrose nearly out; farther on he says, "What I never recollect before, the thrushes have been in full song since the 11th of 12th month, the melody almost as full and sweet as in spring."

On the 8th of the same month he writes:—

"Fifty years old to-day. Would that I was impressed as I ought to be with my advance toward eternity, and with the uncertainty of time! I can testify, at all events, that the mercies of the Lord are new every morning. But, alas! if my mind settles for one moment on the glorious hopes that are for me and for all, it is too often away on light or frivolous matters the next."

"*February 11th, 1853.*—The clumps of snowdrops now thickly studded along our borders and in the grass, last week looking so purely white, now seem almost dingy beside the purer white of the snow. I do love Nature, and I feel at times that the contemplation of her beauties, though it be but a leaf, or a flower, or an opening bud, leads the willing mind up to Nature's God. . . . Yet how little I avail myself of these helps! A wandering mind seems mine—still remember, my soul, there *is* a place of calm. Just now I feel the value there would be in drawing my wandering mind back to a steady quiet; and, oh! would it not increase to a perfect desire for the realisation, even to some little degree, of the first commandment, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength'?"

"Oh, Thou who knowest all hearts, Thou knowest that I long for this—that I see in it happiness supreme, and feel that were this realised everything good would follow."

On February 7th, 1853, he speaks of an anti-slavery meeting in the Rotunda, and of another meeting held in the Mechanics Institute for Elihu Burritt.

"The subject was Ocean Penny Postage, largely attended, and a most effective meeting. E. B. spoke beautifully and most convincingly. The meeting was thoroughly

reached ; resolution and petition moved and supported by A Parker, R. R. Guinness, W. N. Hancock, and Jonathan Pim. E. B. was anxious I should say a few words ; the only opportunity was in seconding a vote of thanks to him. He whispered to me, ‘ Don’t say a word about me, but the cause.’ How like the man !

“ He came to take tea at Sackville Street on the evening of the meeting. In his simple way he said, walking into the little parlour, ‘ I like this : “ an upper room ready furnished ; ” great things might be done here.’ He sat down by the fire, and said (to the purport), ‘ I hope “ *I* ” is becoming more lost in “ *we* ” than it used to be. Did you ever think of the great difference between I and “ *we* ” ? ’ “ *Our* Father, Who art in heaven ”—all, the Father of all,’ then followed in the same whispering, humble strain : ‘ What wondrous things are promised in some of the Epistles ! Think of this, “ Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.” It seems presumption in man even to think of it, but how glorious is our destiny ! ’ It felt sweet at the time,—sweet and calming,—but next morning, before I got up, it came before me again with an increased feeling. Oh ! would that the blessed, the glorious truth and realities of Christianity were in some degree mine ! My soul, thou knowest, thou feelest their value, rouse thyself from thy miserable inactivity, thy luke-warm state ; the door is ready to be opened for thee. Cast these petty things of earth behind, and press onward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling ; seek a little to bathe, to be enveloped in the great fountain of love—love so great as to be almost incomprehensible.”

“ *March 7th*, 1853.—Beautiful spring weather yesterday and to-day after the severe frost and snow we had last month ; the spring is now advancing rapidly, crocuses showing afresh their rich purple, golden, and white

globules day by day ; all nature seems reviving and ready to burst forth. If our minds were pure, and simple, and devoted enough, how beautifully would the glad look of nature harmonise with our feelings. Lord, make me to love Thee and Thy Christ above all.

“ ‘I am ready.’ These were the last words spoken by my aged friend Margaret Pike, and, oh ! how full they are, when uttered by the lips of an humble Christian confiding in Christ alone, feeling that through His adorable mercy the pearl gates were open to receive the pure, freed soul into its everlasting home. Oh, that my soul could in constant prostration before the Saviour ever seek the realisation of such a closing scene ! . . .

“Love, love, love ; boundless as the universe is the glorious theme of the New Testament of the dispensation under which we live. And yet, the teachers of religion in America are preaching that the Gospel sanctions that terrible system which degrades three and a half millions of her people into the condition of chattels.”

“*April 14th.*—‘Harsh winds, but still the spring is making its way ; the primroses are beautiful on our bank, and sparkling along the walk by the brook ; the hawthorn, too, is putting forth its leaves, and other trees are gradually showing at least their green tinges, but the forest trees look as bare as in mid-winter. How beautiful are these early efforts of nature, how sweetly do Thompson’s beautiful lines arise—

“ ‘Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks ; thy tenderness and love.’

Surely if our minds are centred, as they ought to be nature would appear tenfold more lovely.

“Faith, faith—I do believe it is faith we want—I want. Two spirits seem to struggle within me—a dark

one, ever trying to hold its sway, which tells me I am not cared for, and would hurry me onward to despair ; the other a bright, glorious, enlivening one, which seems to have full fellowship with thoughts such as these, 'Have faith in the love of thy God and thy Saviour.' His promises are to thee, utterly unworthy and worm of the dust as thou art ; struggle against unbelief, thy Saviour died for thee ; try and believe, cast every weight on Him, remember such promises as these, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Following on the three next verses, and again in that soul-enlivening chapter the 8th of Romans, 'He that spareth not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? How glorious the assurance ! What more could we ask ? I am reading Butler's 'Analogy' again. It is a most valuable book ; I am trying a little to get others to read it also. In times of doubt and trial it must be a great help ; the arguments in favour of religion are so clear and conclusive—nay, it seems eminently calculated to protect the soul from unbelief. But read it in an humble frame, remembering what thou art inquiring into."

"*April 16th.*—This morning, after a good deal of tossing for the last day or two from my old inward enemy, who will try to impress on me that I am not an object of Divine regard (notwithstanding the clear promise of Scripture to all), having also read an allusion, by an unbeliever or atheist, that the greatest criminals are, by the Scripture doctrine of the atonement, placed above virtuous sceptics or materialists, it seemed to come sweetly over me, that all should approach Scripture in a teachable, humble state of mind, remembering that it is handed down to us with an accumulation of testimony as coming from

a Divine source, and is, and has been believed on by the greatest and most powerful minds, that this is our becoming state as little children, no matter how strong our doubts may be, because 'finite' cannot comprehend 'Infinite.'

"*April 18th.*—'I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee, and I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.' Envious state! Lord, may I not venture to say, I desire it more than any earthly gift? If ever I could realise this availingly, I think my path onward would be bright and easy. But can we feel the need of a Saviour as we ought, unless the Divine Spirit itself shines on our lost, undone condition?"

"There comes in, in all its glorious, matchless fulness, The Sacrifice for us."

Richard Allen again quotes some lines from Thomson's magnificent hymn, which form part of the following passage. One can easily understand the whole being strongly in unison with his feelings.

"*May 27th.*—

" 'The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks; Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flash the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round: the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.'

"How lovingly do these lines strike one as they watch the beautiful openings of spring, the young leaves unfolding in such living beauty, they speak so of design, of abounding tenderness and love; and then, how consoling, how assuring the promises are, 'Consider the lilies how they grow,' followed by, 'If God then so clothe

the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith ?' But, alas ! how weak and faithless I am, yet still I sometimes venture to hope that my mind does attain a little more fixedness. Oh, my soul, rouse thyself ! The prize is worth all thy struggling to attain it."

The next year came a period of distress among the poor. The following notes refer to visits amongst them at that time.

"*February 24th, 1854.*—We seem at length to have arrived at the breaking-up of the long frost, said to be more intense than any for at least forty years ; one or two nights the thermometer was only four or five degrees above zero, some say five degrees below it. The poor have suffered intensely. Friends, as well as others, raised a little money, and I have spent a few hours this week in visiting the abodes of poverty and deep distress in company with John Douglas. Sad is the dirt and filth, the tattered state of the population generally. So much want of care ; so much thoughtlessness and want of saving. Doubtless, too, much of the misery is caused by strong drink, but, after all, I found much to admire in the kindness of heart, the fellow-feeling for one another, and the gratitude for the small favours conferred, manifested by a large number of the population. Fine characters I saw, too, up and down, manfully—womanfully, still more, struggling against want, trying to uphold the little of decency and comfort left by even enduring the pangs of cold and hunger. I wish I had kept a notebook, to put down cases here and there ; for instance, in one room we found three, two men and a woman, *all* deaf and dumb, the men industriously making shoes, and the neighbours testifying of them that they *were*

industrious, but very poor, and wanted a little help. In another room I saw what startled me, and rises up again and again before me—*famine*. I saw it in the woman's countenance, a widow. A mother, her children, and another woman and her children, several of them, lying on straw in a little inside room to appease their hunger, I fear, by keeping themselves quiet. Again in a dark, damp, underground room, entered from the yard, we found an old couple—Protestants they said they were; and she pulled down her Bible with pride and showed it to me. Her husband, she said, had been upwards of forty years in the Paving Board, and was dismissed a year or two ago because of his age. In another place a clean-looking old woman keeping a school, but her words told how welcome, how necessary a little coal was for her in this cold weather. The shoemakers are suffering much, trade is bad, the Australian trade is bad; they are doubtless improvident, but it looks as if they must be helped. We found some who seemed almost wounded at having to accept anything in the way of charity. Besides these, there were many in whom there was little to invite, dirt and filth, and tattered and neglected clothing, children dirty as need be, but while we heard an occasional laugh from some juvenile in the eager crowd, gratitude seemed the prevailing feeling, uttered from the heart in many instances. In Plunkett Street the people were worst and dirtiest, shoemakers, etc.; but everywhere we found labourers willing to work if they could get it, but nearly all employment is stopped by the frost—tradesmen, principally bricklayers and masons, and abundance of poor women who live by hawking and carrying little baskets of fruit, etc. Seamstresses seem to suffer greatly, but still it is admirable to see how some of the poor struggle to make out a living. We saw some fearful cases—clothes all gone, nakedness

only covered by pieces of old pack sheet, carpet, etc. One man, who said he was either a mason or slater, looked, with his little son, fearfully destitute. In many of the rooms there was no furniture, but these are said not to be the most deserving; such are frequently migratory, and slip from place to place without paying rent. We encouraged those most who were struggling to keep their little homes. There were beautiful instances of noble struggling against want to be met with here and there.

“But, ah! how deep should be our gratitude for all our comforts! Why am I so differently off from these thousands? Surely it is not because of my deserts. No, I feel myself small beside some stricken ones whom I saw to-day. What hast thou that thou hast not received? My soul, dwell deeply on *this sentence* in all its length and breadth, and measure thy responsibilities.”

“*February 26th, 1854.*—Surely if we went more amongst the poor it would be good for us; we would learn to sympathise with them, yes, and to respect them. In some districts the dirt is almost fearful, and then many of the callings of the poor are almost dirt itself, rooting amongst ashes for cinders, etc., gathering up old rags and other refuse, and for what?—To earn an independent—yes, an independent, honest livelihood. True, they are low and clamorous many of them, and imprudent and drunken; but while we blame surely we ought to make allowance. What do we know of their temptations, pressed as they are by want and often by hunger itself; and should we wonder, if, wet, cold, and weary, they run into the public-house and avail themselves of the temporary stimulus which strong drink affords? for, fiery and poisonous as is the potation, it sends the blood circling quickly through the veins, and produces present relief, though at the expense

of future fearful misery. Surely one is driven to the conclusion that the Maine Law will cure the evil. The temptation of the blazing public-house fire, and the love of the stimulating poison is so strong, that it is little short of Utopian to hope that a population so much neglected, so little educated, so much under the influence of adverse circumstances, can ever be made temperate except by removing temptation out of their way. And then how wretched and ill-contrived are the houses. Surely *this* matter demands much attention; houses to be let in lodgings should be built for that purpose, one broad stairs for several, and not the wretched, narrow, dark flights often little better than ladders that there are so commonly."

CHAPTER XII.

Oh, why should I have peace ?
Why ? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease,
Until it made me heir of joys above.

MONSELL.

WE extract the following from memoranda written at the time of the Dublin Yearly Meeting of Friends, 1854.

“The sweet communion which can exist between those who love the same Lord, and mind the same things irrespective of place or distance, comes sweetly before my mind on hearing the epistle from the Society of Friends in New England read, accompanied with the recollection also that it can exist between those who have never met, and I felt it for the writer of that epistle. It is possible he experiences the same ; may my soul bow in deep gratitude for the precious and delightful feeling which it brings home to the mind. I have made some friends who will, I believe, live in my heart, whom I shall bear on my spirit, and have sweet unity with, when we are scattered and each gone to his home. How precious the feeling ! What happiness, what joy there is in it ! May my soul be as fully grateful for it as my finite powers will enable it to be ! Oh, the light, the endless store of bright happiness there is in Christianity ! ‘He was wounded for our transgressions.’ Oh ! think on this, dwell on

it, and be bowed, O my soul, in the very dust. I love sometimes sitting in meeting (and at other times) to bring before me, bear, as it were, on my spirit and present before the throne of grace, those whom I love. My brother Joseph (we sat together several times this meeting, and his company is dear to me), my sisters Ellen, Charlotte, and Rachel, my brother Alexander, my dear nieces Lizzie and Rachel, my very dear friend Thomas Harvey (Leeds), and others since added. Eli and Sybil Jones, Lindley Murray Hoag, James Backhouse, etc., etc., and then I have grouped mother and daughter, my departed sister Betsy, and my niece Eleanor (the latter lately taken from amongst us), as inhabitants of that blissful region where I consolingly believe they are entered for ever. And then I have dwelt on William Forster, his arduous labour, and all his struggles ended, his noble and expansive yet tried and sympathising spirit centred with fulness of happiness in the rest and full realisation of *heaven*. It seems to me to him belongs in measure the realisation of the declaration that 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' . . .

"Oh, most gracious and merciful God, in Thy pity and Thy love, bow my soul in a deeply-abiding, reverent feeling of gratitude to Thee for the thousand mercies which Thou hast showered on me by opening my soul to comprehend a little of Thy glory, in enabling me to look through the dark clouds, the black darkness in which I have been enveloped, to Thee and to the priceless gifts Thou hast offered for the acceptance of *myself*, worm as I am, and to all.

"It has struck me how deep is the responsibility of those who have the Scriptures before them, and who believe, or profess to believe, in their Divine origin! I also remembered that every one will be justly judged,

that the weaknesses, the temptations, the exact position of each will be estimated by Him who sees everything naked and bare; that it is a most unsafe thing to neglect looking deeply into the truths of Christianity as unfolded in the Bible. Should it not come home, too, to those who see these things to beware of the guilt they will incur, to remember how base is their ingratitude, if they do not cordially meet the precious visitations with which they are favoured? How striking are some of the illustrations of Scripture on this point! 'To whom much is given of him shall much be required;' 'He that is guilty of one breach of commandment is guilty of all.' Does not this peculiarly apply to those who know what is right, and who have been enlightened to understand what sin is before God?

"My soul, keep ever before thee the value of prayer. It is the Christian's weapon for besieging Heaven. 'Pray without ceasing;' take courage, remember 'I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.'

"Erskine writes, 'It is not health but disease that we carry to the physician, and it is not any moral good but sin and sorrow that we carry to the Saviour.

"May I not reverently acknowledge that since I penned the few preceding pages I have learnt to dwell with intense delight and a little more faith on the fulness, the depth of my Saviour's love, and am stronger in the conviction that it is through Him alone I can hope to be saved?"

At length the moment arrived when Richard Allen was enabled to lay hold with undoubting faith of the assurance that his sins were forgiven.

In the following beautiful prayer he expresses his joy in being enabled at last to accept his Saviour's

proffered love. It is deeply instructive to remember how fully his life henceforth bore witness to the fulfilment of this prayer, by a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

“*April 14th, 1856.*—Oh, my adorable God and Saviour, can I dare to doubt that my sins are forgiven ; can I any longer doubt the declaration of Thy dear Son?—‘He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but whosoever believeth on *Him* shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life.’ *I cannot ; may I not say I dare not ?* This morning, this day, I have felt the blessed truth clearly that my sins *are* forgiven for my Saviour’s sake. I have often said our great sin was the sin of unbelief, but this morning it did seem brought home to me the base ingratitude of not believing God ; in fact, the great sin of coldly reading such expressions of unbounded love and offers of forgiveness, and practically not believing them. And now, oh ! my precious Saviour, *I do believe*, and earnestly do I ask of Thee to give me strength to devote every talent, every faculty I have to Thee, for they are Thine, and Thou art a glorious Master to serve under. Oh, give me largely the spirit of dedication ! In Thy unbounded mercy bestow on me a large measure of the spirit of love, universal love ; humble me in the dust, let me desire to have no will but Thy will ; more and more stir up my heart to take and keep hold of Thee. Oh ! make me bold towards Thee and for Thy truth with a holy confidence ; make me fruitful (if consistent with Thy holy will) in the field of offering, and joyful in the house of prayer. May I not say I do desire, through the help of the Holy Spirit, to glorify God through Thee, blessed for ever and ever ?”

A continental tour was again made during the

year, and it is interesting to note how anxious he was that others might drink more deeply of the spirit of love to God and man which had brought rest to his soul. He writes on this tour from Basle.

“BASLE, *September 24th*, 1856.

“In my last I ventured to give utterance to a thought which has often struck me, in view of the rapid development of industrial energy which seems to be the characteristic of the present time—viz., when will men individually and in masses turn themselves with some portion of that energy to investigations of infinitely higher moment, even those which concern eternity? For myself, I long that that Book which comes down to us as the outward revelation of the Creator to His creatures, should receive that deep, thorough attention and investigation which its fathomless importance demands; for must we not acknowledge that while in one vast section of professing Christianity it is, at least, to a considerable extent, not even looked into by the masses, in the other its teachings, its precepts are so partially recognised, that very vague ideas of what it really demands from mankind as the conditions of a translation to a happy eternity prevail amongst us? Do we recognise as we ought that our religion is a historical one, that in the words of Taylor, which I have by me, ‘Belief and history God has joined; nor shall man to the end of time succeed in effecting a divorce;’ do we with sufficient clearness recognise the fact that the contents of the sacred page are, if I may use the expression, so dovetailed, so inseparably connected, that they must be received or rejected as a whole? Satisfied am I that a calm, clear investigation into the records of the inspired

pages (I speak now more particularly of the New Testament), by the abundant light of profane history, would prove to the fullest satisfaction of every candid mind, that the introduction of Christianity has produced effects which can be ascribed to itself alone; that the germ of modern civilisation has Christianity for its author; that the struggle between the paganism of ancient Rome and the pure precepts of the new system may be clearly traced in history, involving such mighty changes in the duties, obligations, and moral character of mankind, that we can hardly rise from the investigation without a full conviction of the truth of the records of the sacred volume, and of the paramount importance of making its precepts the rule of our lives. In writing this, I do so under the full conviction that man has no power to save himself without the help of that Divine influence which is so abundantly promised; but I *do* think that the same power which he devotes to the accumulation of wealth, to the pursuit of science, to probing into the secrets of nature, may be turned to the investigation of subjects of higher importance than all these; that the result of such investigation, carried on in a sincere and candid spirit, would be of vast benefit to himself and those around him. I do not forget that one of the most striking proofs of the wondrous nature of that Book which all the Christian world profess to reverence so deeply and at the same time do practically so ignore, is that while its precepts are so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein, and while it speaks so plainly of Him Who came in the fulness of love to save the world, so plainly that our guilefulness, our unbelief seem alone to prevent its full acceptance, yet on the other hand it contains truths so sublime, so deep, that the subtlest intellect must confess, 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I

cannot attain to it.' Why have I ventured to write this? Because I am convinced that a full reception of the glorious truths of religion would immeasurably increase our happiness even here, that our enjoyment of the works of creation would be a hundredfold greater, did we continually recognise—

“ ‘The mighty hand,
Which ever busy wheels the silent spheres ;’

and were we able, as we gaze with rapturous admiration on the grand works of Nature, to

“ ‘Lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling, say : “ My Father made them all.” ’

“ But let not those repine who, from a variety of causes, are unable to explore the grander scenes of Nature. Often, no doubt, has the contemplative traveller, when almost overwhelmed with the grandeur of some Alpine scene, stooped to gather the wild flower at his feet, or to examine the gorgeous butterfly as it flutters by, and felt the current of his admiration flow with almost equal intensity to these minute objects of Nature, so exquisite in their formation, so marvellous in their adaptation to their surroundings and to the life they are intended to live. And let us remember, too, that the very grandest of all the features of Nature belong alike to all. The glorious sun, the silvery moon, the hosts of stars—these belong to all; and far beyond these, the glorious promises the Book contains are offered alike to all. All may come and partake of the Water of Life freely.”

“ PISA, *August 29th*, 1856.

“ MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Just after I closed my last letter in Turin, I walked out to enjoy an early morning

walk. It is on such occasions that in many of the continental towns and localities you see *tout ensembles* both of scenery and every-day life that in after times vividly arise before you. Passing down the broad Via di Po, the wood and villa-clad Collina hills closing up, as it were, the end of the street, I was struck with the busy, active scenes around me. *Here*, a group of peasantry, the women with their handsome straw hats, deeply edged with blue; *there*, a string of oxen waggons toiling along, laden with wood. Next, your eye meets a farmer's wife, seated in great comfort on her mule, with the farm produce in ample panniers on either side; again, great stalls of fruit, tastefully arranged, or being arranged—the rich scarlet tomatos, the luscious heaps of peaches, piles of melons, baskets of grapes, peas, raspberries, etc., in abundant profusion; while numbers of women were making their early household purchases, and here and there a Turinese belle, arrayed in her graceful white veil or mantilla, not ashamed to be seen amongst them.

Groups round the *cafés* were beginning to collect for their early cup of coffee, amongst whom you may see the muleteer halting with his tired beast, and sitting in the friendly shade refreshing himself, *his* cup of coffee and a plentiful supply of bread in a neat basket before him. Wandering on, I crossed the Po, and, ascending the hill, gained the broad platform of a church which commanded a view of the city, the lofty and snow-clad mountains rising beyond, and almost as it were overhanging it, one white peak resting as it were over the square where the royal palace is situated. Nor should I forget to notice the towering Superga, so long seen before reaching Turin, proudly surmounting the highest of the Collina group. Literature, too, seems to hold a respectable position in Turin, if one may judge by the number of bookstands as well as booksellers' shops, at the former

of which groups might be seen standing, amongst them mayhap the strangely-equipped Capuchin monks, hatless, and nearly shoeless. I also saw one of this order busily engaged painting from one of the ancient masters in the palace the day before.

“It was rather late when we sailed out of Genoa’s Bay to see her in all her semi-circular beauty, closed in, as she is, with hills; but still it looked beautiful in the shades of evening. And next morning broke on another stirring scene—the harbour of Leghorn. Here activity and prosperity seem to rule—new quays, harbours extending, new streets rising up. . . . If the spirit of Peace unfurls her sails world-wide, and kings and governments adopt the *laissez faire* system, it looks as if the world would advance rapidly, commercially speaking. Would that the moral and religious aspect looked as promising. . . .

“On to Pisa by rail; the heat intense; mosquitoes cruelly persecuting at Genoa, though I defied them under the shade of friendly mosquito curtains here. . . . Here is the beautiful group—the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower, that architectural curiosity so often wondered at, so often described. Beautiful the whole looked, backed by the Monte Pisani. Then a drive to the Cascina S. Rossore, to see the Grand Duke’s herd of camels. I understand a good many of them have been bought from him for Texas, as they are considered to be well adapted to her sandy plains. . . .

“How few English we meet in Italy! much fewer than we used some years ago. Some say the crowd has gone to Constantinople and the Crimea, to look at the blood-stained plains, and the long lines of tombs of men sacrificed to the demon of war. . . . And now we have reached Florence; but before I come to speak of the

beautiful city, let me look at my note-book, and see if I have any scraps to comment on. Yes, 'long trains of mules'—how characteristic of Genoa, tied head to tail, and toiling up the steep, narrow streets—streets in which the inhabitants of the houses could nearly shake hands from window to window ; nay, so closely does neighbourhood exist in some of the upper stories, that there is barely a strip of sky to be seen above, and beams of wood have to be wedged in to prevent their complete junction. . . . The Exchange. It reminded me of Liverpool—the crowd, the bustle, the commercial activity! Plenty of English one can hear there. . . . Palaces :—looked into the interior of several of them ; some good pictures, but the two gems of Genoa are the Stoning of Stephen, by Raphael and Giulio Romano, and a more beautiful face than that of the martyr looking up to Heaven, the crowd, with uplifted arms, ready to fling ponderous stones on him, I question if even Raphael himself ever painted. The other is the Assumption, by Guido. I looked, too, at the gorgeous saloon of the Palazzo Serri, said to have cost a million of francs. What a strange way people take of laying out their money! How little men feel the accountability which wealth brings with it! . . .

“I like to inquire a little about how things fare with the hard-handed class—the producers of wealth. Our commissionaire in Genoa was a decent, civil fellow, had been in England, and brought home an English wife. Field labourers, he said, earned about one and a half francs per day ; masons, about three francs, their labourers two francs ; carpenters, two and a half to four ; and a superior class still higher, for here men appear to be paid according to their skill. The beautiful gold and silver filagree ornaments, a considerable trade in Genoa, are largely made by women ; they take them home to their houses,

and earn only about one half-franc per day. But labour is in demand, and if so, it is sure to increase in value ; it is as much a market commodity as anything else. Oxen and cows are used extensively for agricultural purposes ; the ploughs are extremely rude." . . .

CHAPTER XIII.

Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
Of purest ray : and what a light broke forth
When it emerged from darkness ! Search within—
Without ; all is enchantment ! 'Tis the past
Contending with the present ; and in turn
Each has the mastery !

ROGERS.

RICHARD ALLEN not only took delight in the beauties of nature and revelled in the glorious scenery of Switzerland, but had a lively appreciation of works of art, as the following extracts from his journal testify.

"FLORENCE, September 6th, 1856.

"We have been several days in Florence, wandering about her rich collections of pictures, gazing on her frowning palaces, driving amongst the beautiful slopes and vineyards with which she is almost surrounded. A week's rambling about this beautiful city and its neighbouring hills is not common every-day life. No ! There are things seen, more than a few, to be treasured up in memory's storehouse, from thence to be again and again reverted to in after days. Florence is beautiful in many ways—beautiful from its situation, surrounded

by wooded hills and dales, while the blue Apennines form a noble background—beautiful in the rich tints of an Italian sky, whether looked upon with a blue firmament above it in early morning, or in the indescribably rich and varied tints which the mellowed evening sun casts on the undulating country around or on its own stately buildings; beautiful for its architecture, beautiful stores of art, lavishly spread through its extensive galleries—outwardly beautiful! Would that the same could be said of the people as regards their moral and spiritual condition! I mean not by this, that so far as I know they are much worse than elsewhere.

“What shall I speak of first? Its great frowning palaces, built with hugh blocks of stone; the small suspicious-looking windows speaking of older times, of violence and blood; its beautiful ducal square, such a striking *tout ensemble*, with its great fountain presided over by the giant statue of Neptune; its David, from the chisel, I think, of the great Michael Angelo; its numerous groups of statues under the colonnades, each a study, where idlers and tired men sleep too, or lounge or pass away their time; its beautiful colonnades, on either side of which, high up, are the treasures of art, while the niches just above you look so impressive, filled with the sculptured statues of Tuscany’s great men. Then there is around you, when you walk out in the early morning, all the bustle of Italian life,—the market teeming with nature’s stores,—heaps of figs, melons, lemons, just pulled, so fragrant and fresh-looking—peaches, grapes, and the rich scarlet tomato, while heaps of bright flowers gladden your eyes, and turn your thoughts to Ireland’s rich gardens too. Later in the day you see those great heaps subdivided and in the hands of flower-girls, who are sharp-eyed in discovering strangers, and earnest in pressing little bouquets on

them—for nothing, knowing that pay-day will come before they leave. Meanwhile you must look carefully about you, for though the streets are flagged all across, there are few side walks, and carriages thickly and unceremoniously drive by, seeming to consider the entire breadth from house to house their own. Let us next cast our eyes on the splendid Duomo, an unsightly mass as regards its front, but rich in all the rest of its vast circumference with variegated marble. What a vast pile it is! How its dome and the tall campanile, which stands in close companionship, are seen proudly towering above all, and the Baptistery opposite, with its beautiful gates, one of the boasts of Florence. And yet when we speak of noble architecture, how strange it is that, with one or two exceptions, the fronts of the churches of Florence are unsightly masses of brick! Before we go *inside*, let us take an evening ramble to the Cascine; there the rank and fashion of Florence go every evening, it is to be hoped to admire the beautiful peeps of scenery which meet the eye at the openings in the wood, but *certainly* to look and to be looked at; there, at the Grand Duke's *vacherie*, they sit in their carriages, or walk or lounge about by the half hour or more, so that I could not help smiling at the curious and unmeaning gathering. But let us rather drive up to Galileo's Tower, and stand where the great man of old peered into the heavens, or to Fiesole, or to Bello Squardo, and from these heights look over the beautiful landscape when the rich light of an Italian sun has cast deep blue shades on the distant Apennines, while the lower hills present a *tout ensemble* of extreme beauty in their rich and varied tints which those only who know the glories of a southern sky can thoroughly appreciate, the city reposing in a valley. Let no one visit Florence without spending a portion of the evenings

on the hills around her, and there stand and watch the ever-varying tints as the sun gradually lowers, and at length sinks below the horizon.

“Turn we now to the interiors—the stores of art and beauty within Florence. And first a glance at the picture galleries; and here, setting Murray and all guides at defiance, I will just speak in a few words of what pleased me best. In statuary—who dare say a word against the Venus de Medici, that queen of statues? Still I would rather have, mutilated as it is, the Venus Victrix of the Louvre, because I think there is more of true womanly beauty about it; or it is worth comparing it (the Venus de Medici) with Niobe, in all the beauty of maternal anxiety for her twelve children; but more of that group presently. Then there are the Wrestlers, the Apollino, the Knife-grinder—all wonderful productions. In the treasures of art which are in one little room where the statues are, there is Giulio Romano’s Endymion sleeping, and Raphael’s John in the Wilderness, and Andrea Del Sarto’s Holy Family, and others, too, which one wants to look at again and again; and there is Corregio’s Infant Saviour, His mother looking over Him, so like life that the beautiful infant seems almost to lie on the canvas. But there is a Holy Family of Raphael which I was never tired of looking at; the young sojourner in the wilderness has a goldfinch in his hand which he is showing to the infant Saviour, half afraid lest his favourite should be handled too roughly; but the childlike yet indescribable look, as if all futurity was before Him, which the painter has thrown into that face, while the hand rests with the gentlest touch on the head of the bird, is to me the most extraordinary effect I have ever seen on canvas. Mary’s countenance, as both are leaning against her, is full of meaning and of deep thought; but in that picture the infant Jesus

stands alone, His high mission unmistakably depicted in His infantine countenance. Then, as one wanders along, how constantly are they struck with the rich faces of the Florentine painters, and the beautiful forms of Carlo Dolci's Madonnas and Magdalens. In the hall of Niobe what a life-like painting there is of Snyders—a Boar Hunt, very unpleasant in the subject, but wonderful as a work of art. And then to sit down and to study the marble group of Niobe and her twelve children; what variety and beauty of attitude! And now to the Pitti Palace—rich with its Raphaels and its Andrea Del Sartos. Poor Andrea—what a beautiful painter he was! To my uninitiated eye he is hardly second to Raphael, and yet he led a miserable life, and died at last, I believe, almost from want. How he shines here; how lifelike his countenances; how much of true nature about him! But in some of his frescoes in out-of-the-way places about Florence perhaps he excels most. There is a group of his on a wall in the cloisters of one of the churches; they call it the Madonna del Sacco; Joseph, reclining on a corn sack, reading out of a large book (doubtless the Prophecies) to Mary, while the infant is playing on her knee, which, the more I looked at, the more I was delighted with; such life-like beauty; such perfect naturalness of attitude; and again in an old suppressed monastery out of the town there is a 'Last Supper,' by Andrea, also to my mind one of the finest works of the kind I ever saw. The grace, the dignity depicted in the countenance of the Saviour as He appears to have just uttered the words 'One of you shall betray Me;' the varied attitudes of surprise in the apostles; the guilty look of Judas as he asks 'Is it I?' I have never seen surpassed, nor I think equalled on canvas.

"Would that there were only Raphaels, or Andrea

del Sartos, or suchlike, found to attempt such high subjects! One could dwell on them with pleasure, perhaps with some degree of profit; but unfortunately there is such a host of inferior, worthless imitations, that we almost regret that imagination has been ever let loose in depicting them. But to return to the Pitti Palace. I looked again at Raphael and Andrea del Sarto's great pictures hanging opposite to each other. They have lived in my memory since I saw them years ago, and I found it as hard as ever to decide which of them I admired most; and the grand landscapes of Salvator Rosa, so wild and beautiful, and some of Carlo Dolce's heads, which almost haunt one, from their life-like faithfulness. But enough about pictures. . . .

"How interesting the old cloisters are which are attached to many of the churches! the walls and pavement recording the names of the dead, and then the fine old frescoes which cover the walls—such bold, free designs in the groups. Curious and difficult to decipher the subjects as many are, almost every remarkable event one would think, from the Creation to the Christian advent, would be found somewhere or other amongst them. . . .

"The interiors of several of the churches are very beautiful, and, like the picture galleries, abound in treasures of art, but, to my mind, the Duomo stands alone in grandeur; its vast aisle, supported by eight massive pillars, and then the lofty dome, so grand in architectural beauty, and with almost nothing of ornament to distract the eye, except the rich stained glass. Truly the architect who designed it had noble ideas.

"But what strange mixtures you see! The square of the Duomo half-covered over with old trumpery furniture exposed by the brokers for sale, leaning against the

marble, and even blocking up the beautiful gate of the Baptistery, and heaps of old iron things, and suchlike rubbish. Our commissionaire had to go lustily to work to remove old cupboards, etc., out of the way, to find the stone on which Dante used to sit; and in another of the piazzas there are great collections of coarse pottery and earthenware piled tier above tier. But this is Italy.

"The English seem strangely scarce about here! Sometimes we are alone (speakers of the English language) at the *table d'hôte* of our large hotel; at others a few Americans are our companions. To do the 'grand tour' seems a great object with them. Yesterday the whole conversation seemed to be in how little time could certain great distances be done, travelling night and day. 'Have you calculated, sir, in how many hours you can get from here to Lucerne, and then to Paris?' was the substance of a question somewhat anxiously addressed to me as a more experienced traveller. 'No,' said I, 'I have not; I generally like to look about me as I go along, and to travel by daylight.' The answer was disappointing.

"A friend of mine called the attention of a young American to a beautiful Carlo Dolci in one of the galleries. His reply to him was, 'We have placed ourselves in the hands of our commissionaire, and we depend on him to show us everything that is worth looking at.' The same gentleman and his papa were our companions at the *table d'hôte*, and when we touched the question of slavery they told us, 'We Americans think that we are best able to settle our own affairs, and don't like interference,' which, however, I let them know I did not consent to in a question involving *deeper* than political results. To argue further with them was, I found, useless, and so let the matter drop.

“What a scourge to the white population, as well as to the black, is slavery in America! It makes the whites, with comparatively small exception, ‘despots *en masse*.’ Sorrowful, but true, is the fact that nineteen out of every twenty Americans one meets, are either the bold apologists or the stubborn upholders of the foulest system of despotism which exists. . . . But let it not be supposed that all Americans are travellers such as I have described. Far from it; many of them are intelligent and close observers; but still it strikes me that to look back to the olden times is rather to do violence to their tone of morals and thought. Everything with them is now ‘onward and go-ahead,’ and what is opposed to this must be a *cultivated* taste.” . . .

CHAPTER XIV.

Oh! if these outskirts of the Almighty's dominions can, with one glance, so oppress the heart with gladness, what will be the disclosures of Eternity, when the full revelation shall be made of things not seen, and the river of the city of God?—ROBERT HALL.

“INTERLACHEN, *July 17th*, 1857.

“**A**MONGST the pleasant excursions which ‘everybody’ takes in these regions, is a drive to Lauterbrunnen, thence over the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald, or a drive direct to Grindelwald, through the valley, up the Lake of Brientz, and a sail to the famous Giesbach Fall. This is surely, to the true lover of nature, an untiring region! Morning, noon, and evening one’s steps almost instinctively turn to seek nearer companionship with the snowy region. Very often is the telescope raised to seek to scale with the eye those lofty heights, to look into the vast masses of snow, and to peer into some of the snowy or icy caverns,—Nature’s freaks in these desolate regions,—or else to watch the sunbeams, now playing light and shadow on the snowy mass, or bringing into alternate light and shadow the multifarious shades of scenery of the forest, rock, and pasture portion of the landscape.

“In truth, we are but sorry observers most of us (myself included), whether at home or abroad, of the beauties which Nature has spread everywhere so lavishly around us. Why, in the magnificent landscape which lies stretched before me, everything from least

to greatest is a study ! This morning, as I walked out early, I sat down on a woodland bank, after climbing to some elevation, both for the sake of being alone (to escape the companionship, for the time, of my fellow-man, little of the hermit as I am), and of having a full view of the grand Alpine scenery which lay stretched before me when looking down on each side. I plucked from the bank such a variety of the minor productions of Nature's every-day things—each different, and yet so beautiful in form, that one cannot but acknowledge they are dull of eye and heart to the truly beautiful to let such pass unobserved. And thus it is that every leaf, every shrub, every tree, every grassy slope, even every rock, up to yonder snow-clad and icy mountain, has each its own separate beauty, and tells a tale of love, and beneficence, and bountifulness which ought to make all that is within us pour out in wonder and love, and follow the theme to its higher, its loftier, its more wondrous phases, even up to Him who ruleth in the heavens, and who so wondrously scatters beauty everywhere. How would our minds, our very inmost souls, be raised in humble gratitude and love, did we but recollect that He by whom all things were made became flesh and dwelt amongst us ; that He has told us we may all be the sheep of His pasture, whom He will call by name ; that He has assured us He is meek and lowly of heart ; that He was in all points tempted like as we are, but with this infinite difference, that He was without sin ; that He has, in the wondrousness of the Father's love, become the all-sufficient atonement for all who will accept His offers, and that the easy terms He offers all are—to believe in, to love, to honour, to follow, and to obey Him ? Oh ! how is it that we *do* read in that wondrous Book—unmoved and unconcerned, as we too often do--promises so full, in-

vitations so endearing, offers so transcendently glorious, that the mind of the most aspiring could not have conceived these things—so wondrous, that even angels desired to look into them! Surely, surely our cold unbelief, our practical rejection of these offers, will be, if we continue to turn a cold ear to them, our grand, fearful, condemning sin. And, inappropriate as many of my readers will doubtless think my introducing such high themes so cursorily to their notice, let me still add, that did each in any true measure endeavour to fulfil his high offered destiny, he would soon find that in learning to love Him who has loved us so wondrously, and proved that love by such suffering as we cannot even faintly conceive, that his very inmost soul, his highest rational faculties, would soon tell him he had at length struck into the path of true happiness—that the natural eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor the heart conceived the good things He hath in store for those that love Him—and, reverting to the point from which I started, that everything around him, that nature speaks to him in tones of wondrous and incomprehensible love, for He by whom all things are made is their Author, and would be his hope, his joy, his crown. . . .

“I may now briefly allude a little in detail to some of the scenes we have just visited in this neighbourhood. A drive to Lauterbrunnen is perhaps hardly exceeded, at least in its own character of beauty, in Switzerland. Starting from Interlachen you have the Jungfrau full in view, and as you wind along the prospect constantly varies—now, that fine birch-covered hill stands as a foreground to that massive, bare cliff, while to the right the Jungfrau keeps still full in view, bounded on the other side by lofty, wooded, and grassy hills—then, as you cross the bridge at Wilderschyl, you leave the snow-topped Soulec to your right; and the deep valley opens its recesses

beneath you, mountains advancing into it on either side, and the roaring Lutschine dashing along its foaming course; advancing still further, the grand valley of Grindelwald opens to your left, its farther end dammed up by the Wetterhorn (Peak of Tempests), a giant mass of perpendicular rock and snow—onwards, up the valley of Lauterbrunnen (for now it begins to ascend), you leave the Jungfrau for a time out of view, and the vast white mass of the Breithorn opens before you; then comes the Staubbach (that wondrous waterfall), and soon you are at the ‘Capricorn,’ the Lauterbrunnen inn. Here you may either cross the Wengern Alp, or penetrate the upper valley to admire its constant succession of beauties. Another excursion still, probably exceeding it in grandeur, is to turn up the valley towards Grindelwald. As you wind up the defile, its lofty sides cultivated as high as they will reward the patient labourers, whose picturesque cottages and chalets are thickly scattered about, the Wetterhorn gradually passes to the left, and is succeeded by the Mönch, the Eiger, the Finster-Aarhorn, the Matterhorn, etc., the Jungfrau again opening on your sight. Is there a grander drive than this in Switzerland? When at Grindelwald a grand scene presented itself to us as we were returning home in the evening. As we wound down the valley the snowy mountains gradually opened behind us in succession, tinted with that lovely shade of pink which it is sometimes the good fortune of the tourist to witness, and which once seen will not be easily forgotten. As we proceeded the shades closed in around, the sky became brilliantly studded, and as we plunged downwards into the dark defile, a scene of grandeur was around and beneath us which baffles description. . . .

“It is exceedingly enjoyable to ramble about even amongst the lowlands. Five or ten minutes’ walk out

side Lucerne, and you are in the midst of great farm-houses and capacious barns, the sweet breath of cows meeting you as you pass, while the new-cut grass makes the air redolent of perfume.

“Then everything is so completely open—no walls to shut out the view. As you wander along you experience the full realisation of pastoral life—mowers, haymakers, reapers, the well-fed cows usefully exercised in drawing home the wains piled high with the fresh-mown sward. This morning I passed close to the nose of an immense bull harnessed to a waggon, and so gentle and well-treated seem all animals here, that he would willingly have suffered me to rub his forehead. The Swiss are truly a laborious people. Their mountain land gives them an abundance of toil. From the height at which many of them live, the labour of bringing up the various articles they require is very great.

“The women work hard, far too hard I should say, but this is the case with the men also; they do not spare themselves. I am not one of those who object to the lighter kind of field labour for the female peasantry. I think it far more healthful and congenial than work in factories; but still I could sincerely desire to see the Swiss female peasantry spared from much of the rough field labour they seem habitually engaged in. As regards their costume; while in the towns the dress worn in England is gradually prevailing, in the country the national costume largely prevails. Many call it unbecoming, I do not; and certainly the general tidy character of the dress of the Swiss female peasantry contrasts very favourably with that of our Irish women of the same class. There is, perhaps, nothing that sullies the Swiss name more than their mercenary character as soldiers. It is miserable to think how ready they are to do the bidding even of tyrants for pay.”

“LUCERNE, *July 26th*, 1857.

“Ten days in Lucerne ! Ten days in a region which I have so often visited before ! Yes, it is even so ; and though we leave to-morrow I seem only to have begun to explore its beauties. The lake to-day—the lake to-morrow—the lake two or three days hence is a different thing. Morning, noonday, and evening, too, all present to the keen observer of mountain regions abundantly different phases.

“Again a bright, cloudless sky—every mountain peak clear, widely contrasting with one when great masses of grand, fleecy vapour float above, and throw their varied shadows on the landscape ; and again widely different is the scene when the storm broods, when angry clouds begin to rest on the mountain tops, when the highly-charged rain and thunder-clouds cast their dark shadows on mountain and lake, and everything tells of a ferment of nature. All these variations we have witnessed during the past week ; before we leave we hope to see the young moon sparkling brilliantly on the bosom of the lake, and partially lighting up the surrounding scenery. Am I to attempt to speak in detail of any of these ? I must, at least, of one, because of the indelible impression it has left on me.

“All will acknowledge that while much that they have looked upon of the grand or beautiful in nature gradually becomes mixed up, as it were, in the memory in one general mass, there are peculiar scenes or occasions which never fade, which arise in all their vividness after the lapse of years. Such to me is the first view I got from one of the heights here, many years since, of the snowy and glacier-sparkling Alpine range ; such the Orteler, with its glaciers, as it opened on me from the top of the Stelvio ; such the Bernese giants from the valley of Grindelwald, the Jungfrau from Interlachen, or the

Wengern Alp ; some of the views of the blue Mediterranean and its lovely orange-groves and bay-indented shores, when travelling along the Cornice Road. To these must be added the view of the lake of Uri, as we sailed up it two or three days since, and as it broke on us on nearing Brunnen, the black clouds big with lightning and torrents of rain. How these giants frowned, in their tinting of deep purple, the reflection of which even tinged their snowy peaks ; how livid the towering Bristenstoch looked, looming in the distance ; how surpassingly grand the lofty mountain mass on our left as we emerged, tinged, also, with purple blackness, as we neared Flüelen ; how grand the contrast of colour with the rich greensward, and those magnificent forest and pasture slopes ; and then came the torrents—then flashed the lightning ! How wondrously distinct was that deep copper tinge in the clouds, such as I never witnessed before. In the evening, and during a fair interval, I walked towards Altorf. How darkly misty again rolled the clouds down the valley ; how vividly again the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed, until at length (a little after midnight) one great burst of thunder told the storm had *then*, at least, spent its strength. Next morning the swelled rivulets and rivers, the clouds still lowering on the mountain tops, the brilliancy of the green of refreshed nature, told how good those natural visitations are, how renovating. . . .

“Then another day and under another phase of weather everything was clear. The lofty peaks stood out bold and clear, under a blue sky, varied with rich fleecy clouds. Lovely looked the heading of the Bay of Alpnach as we looked up to it ; the Bay of Buochs, Beckenried, and Gersau, with their rich wooded backgrounds, interspersed with overhanging Swiss cottages and park-like pasture lands, looked lovely ; and when

Uri opened on us, it was a scene of grandeur with softer beauty combined. Again clouds are threatening to rest on the mountain tops, but the highest peaks are still clear; clouds and snow present a mingled mass on the Alpine summits,—all these show varied aspects,—but sublimity and beauty are the characteristics of all. . . .

“But perhaps the most exquisite sensations are experienced in walking out in the early morning, alone with nature, except meeting the casual peasant repairing to his labour. There is a scene just at the top of the first elevation, as you pass out by the cloisters of the old cathedral, so lovely—which I have looked on so often that it has become almost as a ‘household word’ with me. To the left rises a rich, wooded hill; as the eye moves from it towards the foreground, gentle slopes, beautifully varied with trees and overhanging cottages, stretch down to the lake; behind these rise two broad belts of trees, in which the dark pine contrasts with the rich green of the chestnut and the beech; the lofty Righi forms the background; then the eye follows on to the right,—mountain ranges rising one above another,—the snow-clad Bristenstoch and its fellows finely contrasting with the tall Mythen, and the curious peaks of the Scheerhorn; round, as your eye returns, by the other side of the lake, are mountains above mountains, frowning in their sterility or snow-covered. Then on comes a glimpse of the Bernese chain, closed by Pilatus, the foreground—after Pilatus the lake, beautiful slopes rising either gradually from its shores, interspersed with villages, or in some places an upright cliff bathing its base in the rich, brilliant green-tinted waters of the lake. Ascend still higher to the Vogelberg, and the view is still more sublime—the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn, the Schreckhorn, and the Blumlis Alp, etc., are seen in all their snowy

glory, opening from behind the dark, frowning Pilatus, that mountain of clouds. Opposite are the snowy-clad masses of the Galenstock and the Triftenhorner, while, as your eye rests on the mountains of Uri and St. Gothard, you travel in thought towards the beautiful lakes of Italy, and recall the grand scenes witnessed last autumn as well as on other previous occasions.

“But enough of attempts at description of that which cannot even faintly be described. Those early morning walks! How full of deep, silent interest! Nature all alive—the mountains wearing that ethereal tint which almost speaks of their belonging to other than earth, while all around nature was glad—insect life, the songsters of the wood, how full of vigour—how joyous, how redolent of enjoyment, of pleasure; short-lived as in many cases that life may be—how it speaks of boundless beneficence and love! But still it is well to remember that there is pain, too—that life preys on life, that the great joy of animal life is in seeking its food, very often consisting of other portions of animated nature. How humiliating should it not be to us to remember—

“‘Twas man himself that first brought death into the world,
And man himself that first gave keenness to the dart.”

However, I will not follow the thought which struck me casually. . . .

“But how strangely do associations sometimes occur; *one sound* only in my morning walks about Lucerne—ay, and about Interlachen too—broke gratingly on my ear as I sat alone on those wooded slopes—the sound of the drum and bugle, the word of command, the training and exercising of the peasant lad for the trade of blood—felt as a *jar*, obtruding upon what seemed to me peculiarly Nature’s sanctuary. And as thought has rambled on, I have found myself on the heights above

the Crimea, dwelling a little on the fearful scenes enacted there! In this book-writing age there are many which take the public mind, as it were, by storm, and then die away; there are others which, while they may cease to be much spoken about, still find an abiding place in many minds, and the scenes depicted in them and the thoughts developed by their writers arise again as things which have found an enduring habitation within. Such to me is the life of that bright spirit that seems almost meteor-like to have flashed before the world—Hedley Vickers. Yes; he was far removed from the common stamp; his narrative was to me brimful of interest—firstly as presenting so vivid a picture of himself, and next of a class of whose previous existence I had not a well-defined idea—I mean of men who, though trained to a course of life utterly, in my belief, opposed to Christianity, yet extraordinary as the anomaly is, show much of the true Christian in many phases of their lives; for Hedley Vickers speaks as one of a class who often sought the companionship of Him who came to seek that which was lost, in fervent prayer. With him I often couple in thought another young bright spirit whom (as the son of a worthy father) I watched with interest from his early years; who closely followed Hedley Vickers in his unceasing toil for the good of others, and who early laid down the life which might have been long and useful on the field of battle—another startling realisation of the declaration, ‘They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.’ It is well to follow them in thought into those foul and noisome places,—for such the military hospitals were, at least at first,—and then contemplate them, having around them all the terrors of cholera, fever, the exhalations from festering wounds, ay, and, perhaps not seldom, the not less trying exclamations of those who

stood on the verge of eternity racked with bodily torture and without hope, they themselves nerved by the God-like yearning to convey to their fellow-men the glorious tidings that there was yet hope for them through the boundless efficacy of an atoning Saviour's blood. And often, I trust, was he a truly favoured messenger on such occasions. No doubt many will read such thoughts from me with surprise—will query how I can reconcile such anomalies, as to believe that men whose trade is blood can yet largely engage in some phases of a Christian's work. Yet it does seem even to be so. From the time that Peter denied his Lord and Master, and yet was forgiven, from the time he received the rebuke for using his sword, from the time that he, the chief of the apostles, was rebuked by Paul for unfaithfulness, down to the present, there does seem to be large allowance made for the effects of prejudice and education, and for the miserable weakness and fallibility of man, where the heart is true and sound, such as we may best comprehend from such declarations as these, 'For He knoweth our frame: He remembereth we are dust;' or, 'For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts.' And why do I look so hopefully at such bright indications of religion in the army as those I have alluded to? Simply because I believe from my inmost soul that further light will be vouchsafed to the true-hearted—that they cannot rest where they are. Must not the query yet come home to the hearts and consciences of many who are seeking to tread in their Saviour's steps—did HE recognise any territorial boundaries in His mission? Was not His message of love and forgiveness alike to all the human race? Did His chosen ones, did Paul or Peter, pause for a moment to ask whether those to whom they yearned to deliver the

joyful message were at peace or at war with the land which they might call their own? No ; their mission, as that of their Lord and Master, was world-wide ; and I have yet to learn *when* the standard of limitation was raised for those who seek to be the true followers of Him whose prayer for His bitterest enemies was, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' Such limit never was, never can be erected, because it would dishonour—what if I say be treason?—to Him who sent the message of love and forgiveness to all the world. There are sayings, too, from those who are largely qualified to utter them, which I firmly believe are deeply founded in truth. One was that of the Duke of Wellington, 'No man who is any way nice in his notions of religion has any business in the army.' Another was that of a sergeant, who, hopeless of reconciling two things which he realised to be very antipodes, wrote these memorable words in allusion to rushing into battle, 'God help me, but I felt more like a devil than a man.' And then, who does not remember the account of a young English soldier smoothing the dying pillow of a Russian whom he had mortally wounded? The *man* triumphing over the *soldier*—the god-like feeling of human brotherhood, darkened though it was, asserting its supremacy. Yes, the day will come, I assuredly believe, when the Christian soldier will have to say, *I am a Christian, and therefore I cannot fight.*"

CHAPTER XV.

Oh, the pride of the German heart is this noble river! And right it is; for of all the rivers of this beautiful earth there is none so beautiful as this.—LONGFELLOW'S "*Hyperion*."

"FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE is a fine stirring city, with many things worth seeing. Let us take the city itself first. Very amusing it is to stroll into the older part of the town, and gaze on the curious, old-fashioned houses; then into the Jews' quarter, telling of age and neglect, and filled with all such odds and ends as Jews seem to love particularly to deal in. Truly there seems much to repel and little to attract in this nevertheless interesting people, connected as they are with the religious history and destinies of the world.

"Dannecker's Ariadne, one of the lions of Frankfort, of course demanded another look. A noble work of art it is, but it is a pity to see the marble showing so many dark streaks; the red shade which seems now constantly thrown on it by means of a curtain is, I presume, intended in part to hide these blemishes so apparent. From thence to the Stadel Museum, where there are a few good pictures, at least some that interested me. I had a vivid recollection of Lessing's 'John Huss before the Council of Constance,' and often longed to see it again. It is a noble painting, perhaps a little weakened in effect by the too great care of the artist in finishing. What noble effects have some of Rembrandt's pictures, which would, from their roughness of execution, in other hands,

obtain almost the cognomen of daubs. Then there is 'Ezzelin in Prison after the Battle of Cassano,' one of those life-like pictures which I admire exceedingly. How wonderfully is the figure of the stern, downcast warrior, as he looks sorrowfully on his jailers, brought out from the background of rough, naked wall behind the figure almost standing out from the canvas. Then there is the 'Triumph of Christianity in the Arts,' a noble subject, the picture abounding with figures, but devoid of life; it is, however, thought highly of by better judges than I am. And over the door a landscape—modern—rich in evening sunny lustre. Nor must I forget to mention the noble bronze colossal statue of Goethe in the square, and another group, newly placed there, which does honour to Frankfort—viz., Gutenberg, Faust, and Schöffer, the inventors of printing. Cheering it is to see in these days of 'warrior lionising' that the great civilisers—the world's true benefactors—still claim a place in the niches of fame! From Frankfort to Heidelberg, and thence by the fine line of railway which runs through the Baden territory, to Offenberg. While here I walked beyond the town to visit a noble lattice railway bridge which spans the river; this was rendered necessary by floods which occurred some years ago, and damaged the line considerably. The father of 'mine host' here is an extensive farmer and wine-maker, and had just returned from a business journey to England and Ireland. He spoke with admiration of the beauties of the Emerald Isle."

On this same tour he writes:—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—A wet day in Switzerland is a dreary thing to the bulk of pleasure seekers. Just now I strolled down into the reading-room of the hotel, and my eye was arrested on entering with a perfect picture of

ennui. And yet I question if it need be so. Those who are moving quickly about, constantly looking on new scenes of grandeur, need a little time, if they *would* use it, to dwell on what they have seen—to rearrange in their minds the separate characters of each landscape; but the truth is, too many hurry along, and, in consequence, fail to derive all the advantage they would get from a more leisurely inhalation of what deserves it so richly. . . .

“The retrospect of our wanderings for the last twelve or fifteen years affords some striking revelations of the advances which the times have developed in increased facility of locomotion. The weary diligence journey,—say from Milan to Venice,—the intense heat, the clouds of dust, the savage treatment of the wretched post-horses—all these are succeeded by the rapid rail. But, then, it must not be forgotten that a thousand peeps into the internal economy of a country, the pictures of beauty which many of the villages presented, the vine-covered cottage, the long row of roadside trellises, from which the ripe grapes hang in luscious clusters, the scenes of daily peasant life and toil,—these are almost entirely sacrificed to the present rapid mode of travelling. Long will the beautiful drive from Pisa to Florence live in my recollection, particularly when it occurred at vintage time; the groups of female peasantry in their broad Leghorn hats, mounted on their light ladders, handing down the full baskets to others beneath; the men, rich pictures of Italian build and costume, filling the larger baskets; the curious, old-fashioned cart or waggon, with the picturesque-looking oxen browsing while they patiently awaited their share of the toil, the *tout ensemble* presenting so richly rural and characteristic a scene; so realising what you have often conjured up in fancy, that even the recollection of it brings the whole before you, though seen years ago, with all the freshness of

yesterday. And then to follow on the retrospect of former sight-seeing ; to stray in thought towards the lovely Bay of Naples, the vine-covered hills, the bold outlines of Capri, Ischia, and the other islands which so diversify the beautiful bay on the one side, while the endlessly picturesque scenes on the land side, the city itself bursting on the view at the head of the bay, and, above all, Vesuvius, perhaps, throwing up its volumes of smoke ; on still to the evening drive to the vicinity of Vesuvius, the midnight sojourn at the Hermitage—a brilliant moon above, and the city sleeping in beauty at our feet ; the scramble up to the cone, the fearful peeping down into the abyss, the lurid sunrise, the rapid descent through the ashes. Again, the drive to Pompeii, the solemn sense of awe and wonder in wandering through the disentombed streets and entering the deserted dwellings, everything as it was eighteen centuries ago ; the drive to Castelamare, the sojourn at Sorrento, the sailing to the blue cave, the noisy shouts of your boatmen, distracting your attention from this wonderful freak of nature ; then to pause at Puzzuoli (the ‘ Puteoli ’ of the Bible), to stand again in thought on the mole where the great apostle landed, a prisoner bound for Rome ; to follow him there, to enter the prison where tradition says he and his fellow-apostle, Simon Peter, the chosen servants of the greatest of masters, were confined ; to ramble through the palace of the Cæsars, in which Paul tells us what has happened to him ‘ has fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel, and that his bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace and in all other places ; ’ to enter the Coliseum, to look on it *now*, a ruined relic of past times, rich greenery intermingled with its crumbling vastness ; to dwell on the martyr blood that was shed there, the fearful scenes which were enacted within its vast area—but I will

not follow this vein further. The leisure of a *wet* day has thus led my rambling thoughts back through former scenes."

"ROLANDSECK ON THE RHINE,

"*August 22nd, 1858.*

"What new can be said about the Rhine? From Byron, who told of the lilies gathered along its banks, to the thousand sketchers who have since travelled in his track, surely it might be said that every locale, nay, every hill or hillock from Siebengebirge to the Lorlei had been sketched and resketched, and described and re-described, until there was scarcely an unknown tree, and certainly not an unknown ruin on the whole course; yet as one of the wonders of creation is, that even two of the human face divine are scarcely to be seen exactly alike in the millions of those who crowd the earth, though a common likeness pervades them all, so perhaps a similar variety obtains in the mind, and the very commonplaces of thought may yet find some kindred response, some common point of similarity in others. My simile is not well carried out. Let it pass. It is written amid talking and bustle in one of the large saloons—the appurtenances of all large continental hotels. Well, then, let me tell what has interested me during my last two or three days' rambles. First, then, is the rolling, rapid river itself, ever moving on in the ceaseless pour of his waters; the same a thousand years ago, bearing the contents of the ever-accumulating, ever-dissipating mass of the glacier from wild, untrodden Alpine regions down to the ocean, while those who know Switzerland, are led in thought back to those grand scenes of nature amongst which he issues forth in his brawling smallness, the region of everlasting snows, ever increasing in bulk by tributary streams. Then there

are those immense timber rafts which lately lived in their original leafy glory—the monarchs of the mountain regions—in solitary grandeur, until the adventurous mountaineer broke in upon their solitude, and with his sharp axe made the rocks re-echo, and bowed down their leafy glories to the dust, to be dashed down the lofty thundering cataract, and, after performing all manner of strange gyrations, at length reach the bosom of a lake, or one of the tributaries of the swelling river, and finally do their part in increasing the sum of human comfort and human civilisation. There is the cheering sight of the steam-tug pulling up long lines of heavy-laden boats, to supply the wants of an increasing population along her course, and those wants must not be small when we consider in addition the immense migratory population in the shape of *voyageurs*, who crowd everywhere, demanding accommodation in the shape of food, lodging, and locomotion, for all which they are made to pay in an increasing ratio.

“What crowds of travellers now to what there were fifteen or twenty years ago! How many revel in the glories of the Rhine who little thought of doing so in their younger days! And is it not well that it is so—must it not increase the feeling of human brotherhood, and gradually lessen the power of kings to go to war and thus check the onward roll of human improvement? English, Irish, French, German, Austrian, and American sitting down side by side, to eat, to chat, to commune together, and learn increasingly that they have the same feelings, the same hopes, the same sources of enjoyment, the same aspirations—may we not hope it is a means in the Divine hand to stay those plagues of human kind?—the cannon, the sword, the rifle. Yes, I do rejoice in this commingling of nations. He of France may tighten his passport system; he of Prussia may demand our passport, and

mark that we have rested last night within his town or city of Coblenz, where we moved on yester afternoon ; he of Austria may require to know why we penetrate into down-trodden Hungary, to meet our brother there ; but the tide of human improvement is rolling on, the feeling of human brotherhood is, I trust, increasing, and though much needs righting in the world (and how it is to be righted is known only to Him in whose hands are the issues of life), yet I believe that the commingling with my fellow-men of other nations for the last fifteen years, has made me know him more,—and may I not venture to say love him better?—and I am not different from others ; the same feelings which press on me must be those which take possession of many other minds. Let us ever recollect that railroads and electric telegraphs are things of peace and progress, that in increasing locomotion, and the power of transit for the commodities of one nation to another, in giving the inhabitant of the barren land increasingly to benefit by receiving the produce of that where nature has been lavishly abundant—the God-like purpose of Him who created the world is, we may reverently assume, though it may be with low motives on man's part, being carried out."

CHAPTER XVI.

My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed—
But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.

COWPER, "*The Dog and the Water Lily.*"

WHEN Richard and Anne Allen moved to Brooklawn in 1847, there was much to be done in laying out and planting the grounds, and a man was employed who had lost his wife during the famine, and was in great trouble. After working for some time it was found he had formerly been a coachman, and soon slipped into his right place, and the faithful Christy is remembered driving the carriage for years, while Julia Codd, who had nearly all her life lived with "the Friends" (in her younger days at Ballitore, and till over seventy at Brooklawn), is still fresh in the memory of many of the family; and it was not without tears from those she had so long and faithfully served, that she left Brooklawn to spend her remaining days with a married daughter in England. She was only induced to stay the last

two years by having her wages reduced, as she insisted she "might not take the master's money when she was not able to do the work without extra help." James Madden, who still lives, was gardener some years at De Vesci Lodge, and since Brooklawn was taken, has seemed to belong to the place and the place to him, and the parlour-maid Ann seems to be following in the steps of her predecessors, having been in her place already fifteen years.

No description of life at Brooklawn about this period would be complete without the introduction of one member of the household, a much valued and affectionate little dog, named Prinny. The following touching testimonial from his master may be introduced, and will not be laughed at by any who have known what the faithful affection of a dog is,—an affection so entire and perfect that it would be the highest praise to compare a human attachment to it in any of the characteristics of which the dog's affection is capable. No wonder that a questioning glance is cast beyond. No wonder the question arises whether for the faithful creature there *is* any beyond. Evidently his master longed to share the belief of Luther, who comforted his little dog under some dispensation of canine trouble with the promise, "Hush now, little Hans, for thou also in the resurrection shalt get a little golden tail."

"*March 6th, 1858.*—Poor little Prinny! His faculties were gradually going; he had become blind and deaf,

his senses seemed nearly all gone, except his recognition and love for his mistress, and his master's pat on the head, and his liking for food. Even to the last (though he came across the parlour in the morning to carry his tablecloth on his back) it became clear our little favourite could not longer be kept in his parlour quarters, and last night the once active bright little spirit fled from its broken-up tenement. Where did the little life go? It passed away almost gently after the first struggle,—
—nay, quite gently,—yet where did it go? It may be weakness, but my very heart feels sad for him, and his mistress must be far more so, for he has been her favourite companion through many a day; and how attached to her; how restless when not in her company; how overjoyed to meet her, in his bright days, even if the absence was of only a few minutes' duration! This little affectionate and sagacious animal was twined round our hearts! He was the one true, unwavering friend. A cloud may sometimes rest on the brow of those we love, a shade may pass over a meeting after an absence, but there was none on his.

“His joy was entire, unbounded, without alloy; his welcome unmistakably cordial, his rapture unfeigned. And how Anne looked to it, and so did I, on our return from our continental rambles,—such rapture, such joy the little creature showed. Once, when we were a day late, he barked angrily at the car and Christy because he came back without us. Farewell, dear, attached little brute; thou wast all a dog could be. Between us and thee there was a wide gap; to the higher intellectual faculties thou wert a stranger, but gentleness, love, faithfulness, and fond attachment were pre-eminently thine! He lies under the spreading elm tree, and a marble slab, on which is inscribed the following, marks his resting place—

“ ‘Much loved,
He was much loving.’

“ ‘PRINNY.
“ ‘Died March 6th, 1858.’

“An oil painting of our little favourite is in the dining-room.”

We give a few extracts from Richard Allen's journal, showing the feelings that were at work in his heart at this time.

August 3rd, 1859, he writes :—

“This morning I crossed with Henry John from London. The morning was rough, but after going down for a couple of hours I stumbled upstairs, and, mounting on the upper deck of the *Eblana*, I began to repeat the Epistle to the Hebrews in a low tone, looking over the wild waste of waters, and I do not recollect I ever felt more ability to magnify the love of the Saviour than as I dwelt on the sublime beauty of the first four chapters—all I had by heart. ‘Perfect through suffering.’ What a wondrous evidence of the love of God in Christ Jesus! ‘For it became Him for whom are all things and by whom are all things, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering,’ ‘tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.’ What wondrous evidence of love! My thoughts went forward and dwelt on the joys of heaven, and what our employments might be. Perhaps to some would be given the office of ministering angels to cheer the drooping spirit, to pour oil into the agonising heart, but all would be happiness. We would know that the afflicted soul, though tried to a hair's breadth, was safe under the wing of supreme love, that the fiat had gone forth, ‘Thus far shalt thou go, and no

farther ;' and we shall 'see Him as He is ;' what a glorious, boundless prospect ! He, the Creator of the universe, 'see Him as He is,' every cloud and difficulty dispelled, and all creation a sublime, harmonious whole, working to His glory."

"I reverently hope I am beginning to learn a little, though I am still very backward. My prayer is that Job's experience may be mine, which can only be by my spiritual eye being opened : 'I have heard of Thee, by the hearing of the ear, but *now mine eye seeth Thee. I abhor myself*, and repent in dust and ashes.' Oh ! to be able to comprehend in some measure the Omnipotence of God. How entirely we are in His hands, how great is His forbearance toward us, in all our sinnings, our coldness, our ingratitude when we remember what He *is* and what we are ! His Omniscience, His eye ever on us, our most secret thoughts open to Him, our every action—and (blessed thought), too, *our weakest* prayers. To comprehend something of His Infinite purity, so great that one act of disobedience to Him entailed spiritual death on our first parents, and does so on us, 'and, so death has passed upon all, for that all have sinned.' *His unutterable love*, in the means He has provided, even that the prophecy is fulfilled that God hath laid on Him (our blessed Lord) the iniquity of us all—that Emmanuel has come on earth and suffered and died for us, but as God, infinite in power, risen again ready to justify all who will come to Him in faith as lost sinners. Oh ! my soul, pray, pray, pray to comprehend something of the unutterable depth of this love ! And when I begin to think of the vastness of the universe, the Creator's work, and of what is man, an atom, a speck, how full of heavenly consolation the outpouring of love and compassion when our Lord says, 'Consider the lilies of the field ;' and again, 'Are not five

sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?' 'Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'"

"*June 24th, 1863.*—Let me record, with deep and reverent thankfulness, and with clear conviction of its reality, that I have this morning seen with more fulness than ever the perfectness of the atonement made by Christ, that the language is 'come,' believe in the fulness of My atonement, of My love—I have paid the debt. Though your sins be as scarlet, 'come,' and take of the water of life freely—I have atoned for all. My Father has concluded all under unbelief, under sin, that He may have mercy on all. But all must come as lost and undone sinners, sinful, careless, forgetful ones, owing all to God. Still the language is, 'come' just as you are; My love has provided an all-sufficient atonement; only trust Me—trust My love. Oh! I felt as if I had hardly known what I was touching, what holy things with unholy hands, in speaking of God's love in Christ, which I have frequently done. I have felt that it needed the purifying touch of Jesus to present any offering acceptably, to allow it to approach the throne of infinite purity. Oh! adorable Saviour, oh! Holy Spirit, strengthen me to live more and more in this love, to seek to do and to know how I may glorify Him to whom I owe all! Humble me in the dust before Thee under the sense of Thy unutterable love, to remember the groundwork of my love is, 'We love Him because *He first loved us.*' Oh, make my heart ever quick to repose in this love! Amen and Amen."

Through these memoranda we may trace the spiritual life of Richard Allen, not indeed as a "morning without clouds," but certainly like "the

path of the just shining more and more unto the perfect day."

The little bark of his faith, it is easy to see, was not a stranger to storm and conflict, but we have traced it to its haven, and seen it at rest on the bosom of Everlasting Love.

It was only those very intimately acquainted with his inner life who ever knew how severe some of these conflicts had been. At one period of his life he had known what it was to struggle with doubts and difficulties of various kinds, and this knowledge enabled him afterwards to sympathise deeply with those who were in similar circumstances. Something of this may be traced in the foregoing passages from his journal.

It is deeply interesting and instructive to read the extracts and notes made about this time from various books which were helpful to him. Besides Butler's "Analogy" and Isaac Taylor's "Restoration of Belief," "The Eclipse of Faith," "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," "Jukes on the Offerings," M'Cosh's "System of Divine Government," and many others were carefully read and marked.

CHAPTER XVII.

Let none yield to the idea that there can be worship in any prescribed system of observances apart from the ministrations of the Lord's Spirit ; or conclude that there can be no true worship even where the immediate operations of His Spirit are enjoyed, without the accompaniment of outward teaching or services.

FRIENDS' TRACT.

FROM the year 1860 Richard Allen frequently spoke as a minister in the meetings of the Society of Friends. It is well known that amongst Friends there is no such thing as outward ordination to the ministry.

Men and women are alike held to be the subjects of the Divine call to minister to the spiritual wants of others, and to obey the command of the Master, "Feed My sheep, feed My lambs." Though natural gifts and educational advantages are by no means despised, yet they are not held to be necessary to the ministry of the Word. As the Divine anointing, which made of the fishermen of Galilee eloquent preachers of the Gospel, wrought also with the gifted and polished St. Paul, so in the present day the Friends believe that the Holy Ghost calleth whom He will, and as they yield to the call, fits them for the duty and position in His Church and

family for which He designs them. Indeed, the spirit of the Society is that breathed by the ancient lawgiver : " Would that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them." There is no payment of ministers, though if any are required to leave their outward occupations for a season to engage in the ministry, their necessary wants are supplied. A word of exhortation from one who is himself engaged in ordinary business and the daily affairs of life, has sometimes more weight than when it falls from the lips of those specially set apart for the work.

Richard Allen's ministry was affectionate and persuasive, his chief theme the wonderful love of God manifested in Christ Jesus, his favourite text John iii. 16, " God so loved the world," etc. He greatly delighted in the writings of St. Paul, but the spirit that breathes through the Gospel and Epistles of St. John was that which above all inspired and animated the soul of Richard Allen, in whom the wisdom of long and varied experience, and the simplicity and teachableness of a little child, were remarkably blended. His knowledge of Scripture, and his ability to remember and repeat long passages or whole chapters which he had committed to memory were very striking, and a source of great enjoyment to himself and others. An atmosphere of love was necessary to his existence ; more than most he seemed to be made perfect in love, and to

exemplify the requirements of that exquisite passage, the thirteenth of 1 Corinthians. Another apostolic requirement also, by the grace of God, he was helped to obey, "Be clothed with humility." He seemed to think nothing of himself, but was full of love and admiration for others.

In the year 1868 a deep trial befel Richard Allen in the death of his beloved wife. To her he owed much intellectual development and enjoyment. She had warmly sympathised in his philanthropic labours, and, while health permitted, had assisted him in them. Brooklawn had been a centre of refined enjoyment to many who gathered there; it was a pleasure to be in its lovely rooms with their books and pictures, engravings, statuettes, and other pretty and valuable things collected on their continental journeys. But years of ill-health supervened, and the marked Bible and religious books show where the comfort was sought and found. "All these pretty things," she said near the end, "what are they?" And her dying message was, "Tell my friends there is nothing worth living for but the joys of God's salvation."

In the following year an opportunity occurred for Richard Allen to visit Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. The letters of this time were so much appreciated, that he was induced to reprint them in a pamphlet. In the Introductory Notes he says, disclaiming any skill in literary composition :—

“I offer these letters to those of my friends who feel an interest in the moral and religious elevation of the various populations scattered throughout what is, perhaps, the most interesting country in the world—that region once the abode of the patriarchs and the prophets—and finally trodden by the feet of the Redeemer Himself.

“My journey was undertaken in company with Eli and Sybil Jones, ministers of the Society of Friends, from the United States, who had been engaged in a religious visit to Egypt and Syria. Our party was, altogether, six in number, and in the course of our journey we visited many of the principal schools and mission stations in those portions of the East. It is to this branch of the subject that I wish to call particular attention. I know there are many home calls, but I desire also that those blessed with means, while taking due care for the proper provision of those who may be dependent on them, may feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive; that it is a source of great pleasure to be in some measure our own executors; and that those who distribute liberally of their superfluity are doing but little compared to the earnest labourers, who give up their country and many home comforts to reside in those distant lands, for the purpose of leading their fellow-men to the knowledge of that Saviour whose love they have felt for themselves to be so precious. I think I may say with confidence, from my own observation, that Egypt and Syria have open arms for the visits of those who may feel themselves called to labour there, and that since my mixing amongst the neglected populations of the East I have been still more fully convinced of the power and influence of simple Gospel principles respecting worship and prayer—viz., that each may approach the Saviour on his own behalf, without the intervention of any fellow-creature, or any form of ceremony, and with

the assurance that every sincere breathing of prayer reaches Him whose ear is ever open to the earnest seeker."

"ALEXANDRIA, *March 16th 1869.*

"I have had my first day's ramble through a thoroughly Eastern city, and truly interesting and exciting it has been. From the moment we began, there was enough to attract all our attention. Arab tents, as open to the weather as human habitations could possibly be, scattered over the plain; next a field of sugar-canes, groves of the picturesque date-palm spreading its beautiful waving branches, or rather great leaf-stalks, bearing in the season rich bunches of dates; the tamarisk tree, here called the 'sun' tree, the banana, the prickly pear, mingled with the palm groves, made a picture entirely Eastern. Then we passed the canal into which flow the waters of the Nile, and beyond it the Lake Mareotus, a great tract reclaimed, I think, by Ibrahim Pasha; but during the war between the English and French, the English cut two channels, to prevent supplies reaching the French; thus again giving to the watery element a rich tract of fertile land, and causing much periodical disease from miasma. Such is war.

"In the busy city we meet donkeys and donkey boys everywhere. Not the sullen-looking, poor animals we have (largely made so by ill-usage), but bright, smart looking little animals, many of them ornamented about the legs by the tasty use of the clipping scissors, the best and fleetest in all Alexandria. *William Thompson* seems their almost universal name—why we did not learn.

"Next we came across strings of camels moving leisurely along, led often by a little boy, and carrying loads of hay, stones in rough netting, as well as other articles of general use or merchandise; and as we

entered the market-place, these creatures were seen either patiently standing under their loads, or lying down, basking in the sun.

“The poor Arabs live in the most primitive fashion. We saw them kneading dough for cakes, and grinding corn as they did I suppose two thousand years ago.

“But we are bound to Pompey’s Pillar, and so moving along amid the motley throng, and passing through one of the city gates, we come on an extensive Mahommedan burying ground, the tombs mostly long, and rounded as an arch, generally made of plaster. On my attempting to enter the ground, which is quite unprotected, I heard a shrill shout, the warning that Christian visits to Mahommedan burial grounds are not welcome ; but our guide disregarded the manifestation, and we crossed a corner of it to reach Pompey’s Pillar, a tall column of red granite, in one piece, measuring from its base to its summit close on 100 feet, the solid mass between seventy and eighty feet.

“Here that great Eastern institution, ‘backsheesh,’ developed itself in full force. Quickly we were surrounded by a crowd of young urchins ; an old blind man, also, who seemed to claim pre-eminence, joining the cry. After examining this wonderful monument of antiquity as well as we were allowed (there are also some very striking Egyptian statues close by), we turned to amuse ourselves with our noisy claimants, and truly it was amusing to see the energy with which these young creatures plied their demands. Much only required more, and with some difficulty we escaped their vociferous importunity. There was no small amount of keenness in some of these little ones. One little girl had managed matters so well, that she applied to one of our party to exchange her coppers, mostly English pence, for a franc piece, taught by the stick. Still files of camels,

still the interminable donkeys, still the same medley in the colour of faces and dresses, still the charm of gazing on entirely new scenes.

"In wandering about the streets of Alexandria you not unfrequently meet traces of her ancient greatness in broken pillars, pedestals, etc., still standing or lying neglected beside the footpath.

"Arrived at the ground of Cæsar's Camp, we were afresh astonished at its extent, covering, I should think, many acres, as well as with the imperishable nature of its structure. Large portions of the towers still remain, and the walls, which may be known by the rows of Roman bricks inserted at regular intervals, attest who were its architects. Those bricks are so hard that I found it difficult to break off small pieces, even by dashing them violently against stones, and the broken pottery scattered abundantly about is of the same indestructible nature."

"*March 17th.*—I am seated in the verandah, pretty near the housetop (almost all the house roofs here are flat), enjoying the scene before me. I rose at six, opened the window, and enjoyed the morning breeze. Now the sun is bright and clear, and a novel scene is before me. Underneath is a rich grove of palm trees, intermingled with the sun-tree (tamarisk), the acacia, with its long dry pods, the banana, and other novel denizens of this land; geraniums are in full blow in the flower beds, as well as petunias, larkspur, etc. Before me, and beyond this, is a desert-looking plain, over which are scattered flocks of dark-coloured sheep and goats, a camel or two browsing on the sandy plain, a team toiling patiently along under their burdens. As I look right and left, villas of various descriptions, but new in building and accompaniments, lie in varied profusion before me, one bearing much the appearance of a mosque, another very pretentious looking, perched

on an eminence ; here and there lowly Arab tents are to be seen—one each side of our hotel ; while beyond these is the deep blue Mediterranean, richly contrasting with the white, sandy plain, with some pretty craft floating on its now calm waters, one with a large lateen sail just passing ; and then those picturesque palms and little clumps of the sun-trees adjoining the dwellings—how they enrich the scene ! It has not the green of the Emerald Isle, but it has wondrous memories, for in these regions the patriarchs recorded in the Bible lived and wandered of old, and the thunders from Jehovah, and the warning plagues, were heard and felt by Pharaoh and his host when he would not let the chosen people go.

“I might say much more about Alexandria and its locality of what I observed to-day ; how its remains of ancient greatness are put very often to ignoble uses, its discoloured Corinthian columns supporting miserable structures ; nay, sometimes awaiting the hammer of the stone-breaker, to be shattered into pieces ; of how passers-by are liable to stumble over the bases of ancient pillars, the broken remains of which lie by the wayside.

“I may now allude to some interesting visits we made in Alexandria. One of them was to the hospital, which is under the care of some members of a Protestant sisterhood, numbering over six hundred, whose headquarters are in Germany, and who may be said to be scattered over the world, engaged in their blessed mission of watching over and tending the sick, and instructing the ignorant, and most efficiently they perform their work. I have seen a hospital for children at Berne similarly attended, and in both cases could not too highly appreciate the tenderness and care with which they fill their office. English sailors, as well as those engaged otherwise, share freely in the advantages of this refuge. I learned from the Superioress that she

hopes to visit England this summer, to collect funds for a new hospital now about to be erected, the present building being destined to be appropriated to other uses. We also visited the American and Scotch Missions, and were warmly received in both. We were not able to get to the schools of the latter while in session, but spent a deeply interesting morning with the American missionary, and went through his schools. He is thoroughly devoted to his work, and we could not but feel that his labours were largely blessed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

As we stand upon the hoary summit of the pyramid we seem to look back, on the one hand, into the night of immeasurable antiquity, and on the other forward into the written history of the world. On the alluvium below was slowly developed that civilisation, that wisdom of the Egyptians, which descended as a heritage to other nations, and which has influenced our own times.

BARTLETT, "*The Nile Boat.*"

"*March 22nd.*—Rose early this morning, as we were bound for Cairo by the 7.40 train, and a very interesting run it proved. We soon entered a rich country, and as we advanced the broad plains showed marks of careful cultivation, even to the edge of the desert. Corn, beans, onions, clover, extensive rice and cotton fields, flax, and occasionally olive and orange gardens, formed the staple of cultivation. Much cattle were out of doors, camels—some of them white and varying much in size—and buffaloes amongst the prominent objects; while we saw a great variety of birds, many of them very handsome, including flocks of flamingoes, the buff-backed crane, often called the ibis, which is now nearly extinct; various kinds of hawks, kingfishers, and several other kinds new to us. Some of the orange groves were beautiful, and we came on spots that would adorn our own land with their beauty and fertility. It is only, however, by constant irrigation that this greenery can be maintained. The corn harvest is fast approaching (next month); indeed, as we got more south, we saw

many fields apparently ripe for the sickle. The wheat here is very abundant, but hard grained and small, arising from its ripening too quickly under the rays of the burning sun. We watched with much interest to get the earliest glimpse of the Nile, and came first on it at the Rosetta branch at Kafyersat. The Nile ! With what interest we looked on it, full of recollections, as it is, of marvellous events in the early ages of the world—in Bible history. Here the great Lawgiver, Moses, learned, as one of our friends observed, his first lesson in navigation, when cast upon its waters by the cruel orders of Pharaoh. Here were performed mighty miracles by one of the greatest men who ever lived, and the record of whose doings, in the hand of Jehovah, will go down to the latest period of time !

“Our eyes feasted with the Nile, we begin to strain them for a glance at the Pyramids, and at a distance of between twenty and twenty-five miles, as we calculated, from them, saw their well-delineated forms standing out boldly to view. We visited the American Mission School for Boys, and I will only say that those who are sceptical of the reality of mission work would have their doubts set at rest by witnessing the crowd of intelligent faces we saw to-day, and their excellent knowledge of Scripture, geography, arithmetic, etc.

“*25th.*—This morning we started early for the purpose of visiting one of the female schools under the American Mission. We were much pleased with the orderly demeanour of the children, with their bright and intelligent countenances, and with the excellent teaching they had evidently received. We then passed on to Miss Whateley's schools. English is largely taught in these schools as well as Arabic. We were surprised at the amount of knowledge many of the scholars displayed, not only in Scripture, but in geography, reading,

spelling, etc. Though not generally quoting Scripture events according to the English version, they gave the substance so clearly in their own way, as well as being able to tell the substance of what they had read in their school books, that it showed considerable power of comprehension."

"CAIRO, *April 1st.*

"In visiting a foreign land the stranger has great need to write cautiously, for the difference of soil, climate, inhabitants, everything, in fact, will be very likely to lead him to wrong conclusions. Looking at the extremely primitive implements of agriculture, amongst which the hands, even of children, are employed in filling the earth into baskets, and performing other rude offices, while we see in such things a miserable want of improved appliances, we must not too hastily think that the adoption of the steam-plough, or such other means as would furrow the ground deeply, would supply the needs of the Egyptian soil.

"While all honour is due to the missionaries, of whom America sends by far the larger part, at least to Egypt, it has repeatedly struck us that it would be a great benefit if men, not only imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, but well instructed in agricultural and handicraft trades, would come out, and open agricultural and handicraft schools, for truly they are much needed. I trust this matter will before long take hold of the thoughtful and religious world, for let us recollect that a main object of Christianity is to do good; and surely that which would raise the masses into industrious workers, promote habits of cleanliness (sadly needed), and a proper feeling of self-reliance, are fully within the sphere of the Christian labourer.

"Of course a visit to the Pyramids must not be overlooked. Carriages can just at present travel the whole

way. Gentlemen will, however, more commonly avail themselves of the services of a well-selected donkey. It is striking how well these little animals will, even at a good pace, perform the journey there and back of twenty miles and upwards. I had some opportunity of testing this, for my companions having started before me, when my donkey boy understood I wished to overtake them, he urged my steed into a gallop through the crowded streets. It is astonishing how these little animals will work their way through a crowd. But you have to take care of your limbs; also, for humanity's sake, those which are not galled should be selected. So much has been written on the Pyramids—those wonders of ancient architecture—that I may be very brief. Suffice it to say, that as you approach them, the scene becomes increasingly impressive. When five or six miles distant from them, they look not more than a mile away. Situated in the desert, you pass, as you approach them, through a long tract of rich country, to gaze on the wild waste of sandy desert. You visit the Sphinx at a little distance, the tomb adjoining, and from a hillock close at hand you bring into view the vast proportions of the Sphinx, as nothing compared with the gigantic size of the Pyramids. Ascending the largest of them, no small task, as the stones composing it are four feet in height, and the steps by which you ascend of course similarly steep, you need rest two or three times before you reach the summit, although the Sheikh, to whom you pay five francs as his perquisite, supplies you, professedly for that sum, with two of his swarthy subjects to assist you. Four came with me, and I had every reason to speak well of their efficient help. Travellers tell that, when half-way up, they demand 'backsheesh' authoritatively, and warn you that you are entirely in their power. Those stalwart fellows did, on

inviting me to rest, when half-way up, make their demand, but on my telling them their work was not finished, they cheerfully went on."

"*April 4th.*—Two days spent upon the Red Sea and upon its shores! Two days occupied in forming our own conclusions as to the probable spot which witnessed the wonderful miracle performed by Jehovah, through His servant Moses, in dividing the waters to allow His chosen people to pass over, while they afterwards closed on Pharaoh's host—two days in gazing from neighbouring heights, and satisfying our minds that our conclusions were at least satisfactory to ourselves—two days spent in sailing about on the waters of the Red Sea, landing on the coast of Asia, and there visiting an oasis in the midst of the desert, the palm and other trees in all their beauty, the pomegranate, studded with its brilliant scarlet flowers—two days spent in gazing on the ever-varying tinting of the scenery, the sea at times of so deep an ultramarine blue as to throw into shade the highest colouring of Titian I have ever witnessed, the mountains varying from the deepest purple tints to various other shades, all contrasting with the arid hue of the desert; and if I am to add another particular to this rich catalogue of interest, the gazing on the studded sky, the 'Great Bear' pointing to the Pole-star—the route taken by the Israelites into the desert on their way to the promised land. Engaging a good-sized boat and a dragoman (who proved to be a very lazy fellow), we sailed into the Red Sea, bound for the Asiatic coast, about a mile inland of which the spring, reputed as 'Moses' Well,' is situated. Favoured by a good breeze, we passed the harbour, the stations of the Peninsular and Oriental and the French steamers, and got into the open sea.

"We soon concluded the passage of the Israelites to have been through a defile in the mountain range, or

perhaps more probably through an open pass, with a more distant range of mountains closing on either side. In either case the path, after crossing the Red Sea, leads direct into the desert, and the well exactly coincides with this presumed route. After a long sail, we landed on the Asiatic coast, but how? So shoal was the water, that reaching dry land dryshod seemed impossible. Some of us, however, quickly adopted the very refreshing plan of taking off shoes and stockings, and securing unmentionables by drawing them above the knees, and, taking to the watery element, soon were busy in extracting from the shallow deep 'strange shells and tangled weed.' But the more timid were not left long in suspense. In the distance appeared some dromedaries and a donkey, and these, the former unwillingly, and, with sundry melancholy groans, forced to take to the water, were quickly alongside, and several enjoyed the luxury, for the first time, of being mounted on the 'ship of the desert.'

"Our further object was to inquire if any missionaries were located here, and if so, to visit them, learn how their labour prospered, and to visit that gigantic work, the Suez Canal. We found, on inquiry about the first matter, that the only resident was a minister of the Scotch Church, on whom we called, but regretted to find him ill. We learned, however, enough to conclude, that from the large numbers located here in the work of the Suez Canal, further helpers were needed, gambling amongst the operatives, etc., being a prevailing vice, in which they expended much of their hard earnings.

"The visit to the canal was deeply interesting. Tomorrow we return towards Alexandria, to proceed from thence to the Holy Land ; but before closing my account of Suez, I feel inclined to reiterate my belief that it calls for a large share of missionary labour, in consequence of the number of Europeans as well as natives located here."

CHAPTER XIX.

Unheard by all but angel ears
The good Cornelius knelt alone,
Nor dreamed his prayers and tears
Would help a world undone.

KEBLE.

“JAFFA (anciently JOPPA), *April 12th*, 1869.

“WE have entered on a land doubtless the most interesting in the world, small comparatively in extent, but great in incident, and hallowed by the footsteps of our Lord while on earth! We were favoured with a tolerably calm sea, and able to land comfortably. In some kinds of weather this is impossible, as there is no harbour, and travellers are sometimes obliged to go on to Beyrout.

“One of our party, more experienced in travel than the rest, landed with the dragoman, tents, baggage, etc., while we had time during the early morning to dwell a little on the remarkable events connected with this portion of the ‘Holy Land.’ It was part of the possessions of the tribe of Dan. To it was brought down, in floats from Beyrout, to be conveyed to Jerusalem, the cedar wood from Lebanon to build the Temple, in the time of Solomon, and to rebuild it, by Cyrus’s command, in the time of Ezra. It was into this sea that rebellious Jonah was cast to be swallowed up by some prepared sea monster. To Joppa the Apostle

Peter was sent for, to recall to life Tabitha (Dorcas)—and, most worthy record of all, it was on the housetop of Simon the Tanner that the remarkable vision of clean and unclean animals appeared to Peter—whom the servants of Cornelius were sent from Cæsarea to summon, and on his arrival there he was constrained to acknowledge that the glorious Gospel had alike opened the door of salvation to Jew and Gentile, that the death and resurrection of the Saviour had for ever rent the veil of the Temple, and that the entrance to the Holy of Holies was opened to all who entered it through faith. It will be no matter of surprise, that, dwelling on such interesting facts, we looked on and landed at Jaffa with awakened feelings, and that during the day we visited the reputed house of Simon, and stood on the housetop, knowing that whether right as to the exact spot, the locality of the scene of the miracle was certain.

“Jaffa, on a closer inspection, realised what I have often found in Italian towns, that beautifully as they are situated, and inviting to the eye from a distance, when entered all attractiveness vanishes, and they are found to be a jumble of narrow lanes, tumble-down houses, unswept streets, heaps of filth and offal, all sanitary measures being totally neglected, while here and there a building of some pretensions is either a governmental residence or depôt, or the warehouse or dwelling of some English or German well-to-do merchant.”

“MOUNT OF OLIVES, JERUSALEM,

“*April 20th.*”

“Our tents are pitched on this deeply-interesting spot, and since we arrived I have gazed on the scenes around us at morning, noon, and evening with strongly-excited feelings, not alone on account of the exquisite beauty of the wilderness land, the Dead Sea, the mountains of

Moab, Ammon, and Gilead, nor even the imposing position of the Holy City, but from the absorbing interest which clusters around every spot of this portion of the globe, the records of which extend over almost every page of the sacred volume. It is to us a strange, new life, living and sleeping in tents, exposed to all varieties of temperature, some nights almost piercingly cold, while the days are intensely hot ; but the last night or two the temperature has been more equable, and we have found very slight covering to be enough. Our entire staff, consisting of a dozen baggage mules or more, with their muleteers, and our eight riding horses, are all grouped near us ; both horse and man seem to sleep under the canopy of heaven, and when to our troop of animals are added large flocks of goats, sheep, and donkeys, which are taken out, at the dawn of day, to graze on the neighbouring hills, and a large number of dogs, it may be supposed that our sleep is not without its interruptions. There are disadvantages in our lofty encampment, as we have a steep descent, and again a sharp ascent to reach St. Stephen's Gate, through which we generally enter the city ; but the pure air has great attractions, and still more the surpassing interest which attaches to the 'Mount of Olives,' where our Lord so often retired with His disciples—where so many of His most impressive discourses were delivered, and at the foot of which is the Garden of Gethsemane, to which He was often wont to resort with His disciples, and in which He uttered the words, 'If it be possible let this cup pass from Me, nevertheless not My will but Thine be done.' It was to the Mount of Olives that He led His disciples after His resurrection, and thence to Bethany, from whence He ascended to Heaven. Surely one may well be excused for the feeling that it seems hallowed ground ; and as I walked to Bethany yesterday

morning (now a ruinous-looking village), I could not but feel that I was walking perhaps on the very ground on which His feet had trod. Besides, there is this charm in the locality, that time has not altered its leading features. While Jerusalem has been again and again the theatre of desolation and ruin, so that her ancient foundations are far below the present city, here the original rocks crop up in all their ancient massiveness, the olive and the fig tree flourish, and the shepherds lead their flocks out to pasture, while the wilderness, the mountains, and the ground on which Bethany stood, retain their original features. Jerusalem is a noble-looking city seen from Mount Olivet, but let us now turn to the view on the opposite side of the hill. On it I look at early dawn, during the heat of the day, and when the sun is casting his evening shadows athwart the landscape. In the morning it is exquisitely lovely ; the beams of the rising sun, thrown across the numerous mounds and hillocks of the wilderness, bring out the green spot of verdure, in beautiful contrast with the varied shades of the desert, the background filled up by the mountains of Moab, Ammon, and Gilead, clothed in shades of rich purple, varied with other hues. Beneath them is the Dead Sea, and to the left the valley of the Jordan, the course of the river marked by the fresh verdure. Conspicuous in the foreground is the hill below which Bethany stands, and the walk to it leads by a circuitous route through the valleys, partially cultivated, but rich with olive and pomegranate trees. At midday the Dead Sea stands out a brilliant ultramarine hue, while in the evening the shades are of surpassing loveliness, the sun gradually withdrawing, tinting hillock after hillock with his departing beams, until at length all is thrown into shade, and a brilliant moon and star-spangled sky are the grand objects in the scene.

"It would be neglecting an important source of pleasure to omit speaking of the wild flowers, which add so greatly to the beauty of the Mount of Olives. There are several kinds very handsome, of scarlet, pink, and purple hues, scattered thickly about, and showing themselves amongst the patches of grain. The scarlet anemone abounds, but is now going out of flower; there is also a beautiful little iris found here.

"A tree very similar to our hawthorn, but rather larger in leaf and blossom, is now fully in flower, while the olive trees, both in groups and standing singly, scattered over the hills, are very picturesque.

"There is certainly much doing both at Jerusalem and in other parts of Syria and Palestine, as well as in Egypt, to spread education and a knowledge of Sacred Truths amongst the people, chiefly by means of schools. We visited the school of Bishop Gobat, and saw a fine body of lads, boarders, who can almost all speak English. Also a boys' orphan school, which seems very much a work of faith, similar to the great Bristol Orphan School. The head of it, Johann Ludwig Schneller, is a simple-minded, earnest man. The Deaconesses' German School is a fine-looking building, situated outside the city. They have a very orderly, well-trained set of girls. It is by contrasting the training given in these schools with the state of things outside that one realises the value of what is being done here and there in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt."

"OUR ENCAMPMENT, BETHLEHEM,

"April 23rd, 1869.

"It is difficult for those who love the beautiful in scenery to write calmly from the region in which we are now sojourning. True, we have not the rich green valleys, nor the white Alpine ranges of Switzerland; in

many parts the desert and the barren hill rules supreme ; here, the birthplace of Emmanuel, though the scenery is sterile towards the north, in other quarters it abounds in olive groves ; the pomegranate tree is abundant ; the ground is strewn with wild flowers, the hyssop grows thickly on the walls, and as we look over the landscape to the west, the eye rests on a peculiarly green spot, which tradition marks as the plain where the heavenly messenger appeared to the shepherds, who were keeping watch over their flocks by night, announcing the advent of the Saviour as Good Tidings of great joy to all ; and to these simple children of the desert the heavenly host descended, proclaiming ‘Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.’ Alas, alas ! how slow has *man* been to fulfil his part in realising those glorious tidings offered for his acceptance by a loving Creator.

“To-day we visited this plain, and sat down under the friendly shade of a tree, the town of Bethlehem full in view, and read from the Evangelists Matthew and Luke—need I say with thrilling feelings ?—the record of God’s love to a fallen and guilty world, in sending His Son on earth. And then we turned and read the beautiful Book of Ruth, so simple and so true in its details to scenes which occur here even to this day. Afterwards our party gathered memorials in the way of olive sprays, pomegranate blossoms, and the beautiful convolvulus, too fragile, however, to be preserved ; but the anemone, the deep crimson poppy, and other beautiful flowers unknown to us at home, can be preserved, as memorials of deeply-awakened and soul-stirring feelings. . . . To those who love a free, unfettered mode of travelling, there is a great charm in tent life. The day before yesterday morning we were stirring before five o’clock at our encampment on the Mount of Olives. By half-past six we were on

our horses, moving towards Bethlehem, to call, as we passed through Jerusalem, on some of our party, to whom the dewy nights on Olivet were too trying. Our tents were dismantled in a very short space of time, and by seven o'clock our party, all well mounted, were on the way. It is marvellous how these trusty animals carry us over 'stony places' in the 'hill country,' where one wonders how they get foothold. Our long train of baggage mules followed at leisure, for we carry no small store of books, and sundry useful articles, in the shape of sewing materials, provided by our lady friends at home, for the women of this neglected country."

"*May 26th.*—Shortly after I concluded my last letter, we struck our tents and proceeded northwards. Our journey to Ramallah, where we proposed halting first, was, for the most part, wild and hilly. While there were abundant marks of ancient cultivation on the terraces which in many cases were to be seen on the naked hills, neglect and indolence may be said to be the prevailing characteristics of the inhabitants of the region we were passing through. Arab villages, presenting the same mud-built appearance, were occasionally to be seen, including all that remained of once celebrated towns and cities. Arrived at Ramallah, our tents were soon pitched by our active dragoman and his assistants, our riding horses, baggage mules, etc., tethered, and we were glad to seek the kindly shelter of our tents. Early next morning I walked up to the school, which it was one of our objects to visit, and observed two of the good-humoured group of scholars, who had already begun to assemble, endeavouring to perform their ablutions, the one pouring out water from a very small earthen jar, with an extremely narrow mouth, while the other was catching the scant supply as he best could, to perform a cleansing of

face and hands, which was sadly needed. It is really melancholy to witness the absence of cleanliness which prevails: you see mother, infant, and half-grown child, on whom you would be almost tempted to suppose the operation of washing had never, or if ever, very remotely, been performed. One of the evil consequences is, the prevalence of sore eyes, not unfrequently ending in blindness. It is, perhaps, even worse in Egypt, where you see children apparently insensible to a number of flies resting on their faces. Before leaving Ramallah and its neighbourhood, we had taken steps to promote the opening of a girls' school, which was greatly needed, as well as to supply the four schools in the vicinity with basins and towels, with a strict injunction that no child was from henceforth to enter the schoolroom with soiled face or hands.

"The children are bright, particularly the boys, and very apt at mental arithmetic. Their intelligent countenances tell how large are their capabilities for mental culture, but the rank soil greatly needs cultivation, for in many places we found not even the semblance of a school. It is surely time that so fruitful a field as Palestine should enjoy a larger share of attention from those who feel deeply interested in its ancient history, and desire its development to something of its former celebrity. I can bear large testimony to the number of zealous workers scattered through various parts, but in many places their influence seems hardly felt."

As the result of this visit the schools at Ramallah were greatly improved, and a flourishing mission is now (1886) under the care of "the Friends," with Bible classes, mothers' meetings, and a medical mission, also three schools in outlying villages.

CHAPTER XX.

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes ;
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

MOORE.

FROM Ramallah they visited Shechem, Samaria, Shunem, Nain, and Nazareth, but we will quote again from the letters.

“From a spur of Little Hermon we obtained an extended view, the Mountains of Moab bounding one portion of it ; but, oh ! the sad neglect which reigned almost supreme. In selecting our camping-ground, the first care was to choose a spot tolerably free from thistles of giant growth. Next, in erecting the tents, to cut away those which remained within them ; and then, as we were to remain in our encampment over the Sabbath, to clear the ground a little so that we might pass from tent to tent. Much more we did not attempt. We were truly in a forest of weeds. The beautiful deep blue thistle, with its tresses of flowers ; a yellow thistle, likewise unknown to us ; the mallow, so luxuriantly spreading in its growth as to resemble the trailing convolvulus, a low-growing shrub or plant, the stems and leaves of

which were of a bright ultramarine blue, and a species of hemlock, covering thousands of acres, are but some of the rank floral growth which surrounded us. The great heat brought around us myriads of flies, while many of us showed visible signs of the ravages of mosquitoes and more venomous insects, whose name is legion. There were grasshoppers, too, many of them winged, and as large as small birds. If scorpions and small serpents, which we saw occasionally, as well as immense spiders, did not invade our tents, we were quite prepared to tolerate lizards and other visitants, which did not scruple to share our abode. The Sheikh called on us, and entered freely into conversation. Both his father and he held respectable testimonials of their courtesy to strangers, and the people freely assembled with us at our morning and evening worship. Schools there were none; but as several could read, our friends, according to their usual custom, scattered Testaments, Gospels, 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' etc., in Arabic, amongst them. To the women, needles, pins, tape, scissors, etc., above all thimbles, seemed always acceptable, though it was evident that in some cases the use of them was very imperfectly understood. Leaving Shunem, our party separated, some desiring to cross Little Hermon, the others proceeding by a more level path. Within an hour we reached Nain. This remarkable spot, memorable as having been the place where our Lord showed His compassionate sympathy with human sorrow in recalling the widow's son to life, is now marked by a poor native village. We paused to call to mind what had taken place there, and also to look on the ruins of the ancient city, and then proceeded onwards to the scene of Saul's interview with the 'witch of Endor.' Here we unadvisedly, as the sequel will prove, pitched our tents. Ascending an eminence in the neighbourhood,

I had an extensive view, but quickly retreated from the excessive heat. Truly Endor looks the very place for witches. Situated on the steep side of a hill, it abounds in caverns and dark places, now, alas! made the receptacles for all kinds of refuse, including some dead animals. Our tents being to leeward of the village, we soon found we were on dangerous ground, and, difficult as it appeared, we determined, late in the afternoon, to start for Nazareth.

“But I must not dwell on Nazareth, deeply interesting as it is as being the place where our Lord was brought up, and spent so large a portion of His life. We ascended the neighbouring hill, and rambled through some of the surrounding paths, rich with the pomegranate, the spreading fig, and the dark olive, and visited one of the most interesting female schools we had yet seen, under the active superintendence of Miss Hobbs.

“Then the heat became so intense, we were reluctantly compelled to give up visiting the Lake of Gennesareth, and made for the seacoast. The heat somewhat abated, and Haifa was soon reached. Embarking on the Russian steamer, we proceeded to Beyrout, which is beautifully situated,—a wide-spreading town or city, rich in gardens and plantations, abounding in luscious fruit (of which plums, apricots, and plantains form the staple just at present), with the Lebanon range for its background, some of the summits of which soar to the height of 9,000 or 10,000 feet, a region of perpetual snow.

“Truly we seem to have come into a different land,—the land of education, of schools, of colleges,—the land that is speedily to regenerate Syria by the force of moral, religious, and educational power. We have yet seen but a portion of what is doing, but that portion is abundantly sufficient to gladden our hearts as regards the

future of the East. As we advanced northwards we observed gradual signs of improvement. The women filling their pitchers at the fountains did not look the abject creatures they did in some of the villages further south. But it is in Beyrout itself that the change is so decidedly apparent, and streets are beginning to be made passable in the city. It boasts of an omnibus, three or four carriages for hire, and several private equipages. Donkeys and horses abound, and are still the general means of locomotion for those who do not choose to walk, which is no easy matter in this sultry region. But the spirit of improvement is abroad, and there are great things in store for the future.

"Almost every one has heard of Elizabeth Maria Thompson and her schools. One of our first visits was to her large central establishment. A little affair it was in 1860—a few orphans collected after the massacre. She arranged to bring together the children of those of her schools that are near at hand the morning after our first call, to be addressed by some of our company. It was a delightful sight to see them arrive, school after school. At length the large schoolroom and two side ones were filled, and, the addresses over, each child was given an orange, and seven hundred proved so far short of supplying all, that a further number had to be provided. And such order, such neatness, such a united happy family! It needed some effort of mind to realise that we were in Syria."

Since Mrs. Thompson's death these schools have been carried on by her sister Mrs. Mott, with a committee, and are called the British Syrian Schools, and are still (1886) doing a noble work.

"Next we proceeded to the American College, pre-

sided over by Dr. Bliss. This young establishment, now in its third year, has already seventy native students, who receive the highest scientific and literary education, including excellent clinical practice for such as study surgery and medicine, a hospital and dispensary being attached. Then to a college presided over by a native gentleman, Mr. Bistani. I will only say that a few like him would soon do much to regenerate their country. Besides these there are other large educational establishments ; one of these, a large and noble institution with a hospital, is under the care of the Prussian Deaconesses.

“Another visit was to the venerable Dr. Thompson, the author of the ‘Land and the Book.’ It was no small privilege to spend an hour in the company of one so thoroughly acquainted with the present condition of his adopted land, and who has done so much to illustrate its history, and to add to the interest and intelligent guidance of thousands who have since visited Syria.

“The continuous hot weather now became very trying ; the thermometer rising to upwards of ninety-five in the shade, and one hundred and twenty in the sun, represents a heat difficult to struggle against, and frequently but little alleviation was experienced during the night. The ‘housetop’ of our hotel was often a welcome retreat even in the middle of the night. Unable to rest, I changed my quarters for half an hour to enjoy any cooling breeze which might be wafted from the Mediterranean beneath, and found our dragoman and a young man-servant had carried their beds up, and were enjoying far sounder repose than I could below. It is said, however, to be an unsafe practice, especially when the moon is brilliant. May not the Scriptural promise, ‘The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night,’ have some reference to the latter danger? And we know how

powerful the sun is to smite by day. Perhaps it may be said in speaking of the position of Beyrout, that the magnificent range of the Lebanon is her great adornment. He who watches the various gradations of light and shade at sunrise, at midday, and when the sun approaches the verge of the horizon, often witnesses scenes of intense beauty. It is an almost incalculable advantage to the population that so many can escape to higher latitudes during the burning heat of summer."

At Beyrout they made the acquaintance of Theophilus Waldmeier, who had been a missionary in Abyssinia at the time of the breaking out of the troubles with King Theodore, and had been in prison, though kindly treated by the king. This gentleman, originally a German, was working in some of the mission schools at Beyrout at the time of the visit of the Friends. He was deeply impressed by what he heard from them, and not very long afterwards joined the Society of Friends. He felt called of the Lord to live among the benighted inhabitants of Mount Lebanon, and a flourishing mission has been the result, the centre of which is the village of Brumana.

From Beyrout Richard Allen visited Damascus and Baalbec, and returned home by Athens and Marseilles.

CHAPTER XXI.

Calm and lovely lay the Rhineland, its own glorious stream beside,
Calmly flowed Moselle's blue waters by 'The Maiden' in her pride,
Peacefully the peasants laboured in Alsatia and Lorraine,
Looking for the promised harvest as they watched the ripening grain.

Suddenly as falls the lightning, War's tremendous thunder flash,
Furious as the raging cyclone, fatal as the earthquake's crash,
Fell upon the smiling valleys, crushed with thunderbolts the vines,
Cleft the mountains, pierced the forest, loud resounding through the pines.

Who can paint the desolation of the land, and home, and heart ?
In a moment came the anguish—will it never more depart ?
Can the DEAD come back to bless us ? Will the earth her slain restore ?
Can the broken heart be healéd whose beloved return no more ?

ANON.

THE breaking out of the Franco-German war was naturally a grievous event to Richard Allen, as to all lovers of humanity, but he little thought how nearly he would be affected by its results. It is well known that the Society of Friends has from the first declared its conviction that all war is contrary to the spirit and commands of Christ, and that its members have always refused to take part in it. Those who have read the early history of the Society, will not be inclined to say that a lack of physical or moral courage was the cause of this

protest. The quiet refusal to take arms has often needed more of both than compliance would have done, just as a willingness to be called a coward sometimes requires the highest kind of courage. Accordingly, when towards the close of the deadly conflict contributions were made on behalf of the wounded of both nations, some Friends refused to join, lest their testimony against war should be compromised. The assistance of the non-combatant inhabitants of the countries where the conflict had raged was however entirely in accordance with the feelings of all, and accordingly a large sum of money was collected from Friends and others, and "four gentlemen" (I quote from a little book written at the time by one who assisted in the work *), "Henry J. Allen, William Jones, Thomas Whitwell, Robert Spence Watson, and Eliot Howard, initiated a system of food relief for the district around Metz, which had suffered most severely, and the work was fairly commenced at the very time Marshal Bazaine surrendered to the German armies, and when the state of want among the cottagers was for the moment approaching actual starvation. Henry John Allen was taken ill of small-pox in the town of Metz. His sister Ellen and his uncle Richard Allen were soon on the spot to nurse him."

* "The Track of the War Around Metz," given chiefly in extracts from letters written on the spot, by John Bellows, of Gloucester.

John Bellows says: "H. J. Allen is, I understand, going on favourably. His sister and his uncle have come over from Ireland to take care of him. First day morning (Sunday), we held a meeting at the Hôtel de Metz, eleven Friends in all. Richard Allen was engaged in it in a very acceptable and touching manner, praying that our little group, thus surrounded on every hand by the sorrowful evidences of the strife of man, might be favoured to know some measure of that peace which is from above. Alluding to the different views held on the subject of war, by many whom we cannot doubt are Christians in a more than nominal sense, he said that the language might apply that had been used by the Apostle formerly, that blindness in part hath happened unto Israel. He longed for the day when this veil might be removed from their eyes, and that the time might be hastened when the nations should learn war no more." The same writer speaks of being accompanied by Richard Allen and Elizabeth Barclay on a visit to "a string of villages up the banks of the Moselle."

The next notice of the Allens is a cheerful one. "H. J. Allen is fast recovering. It is a quarter to one (night); Richard Allen, who sleeps here, has just slipped into my room and taps me on the shoulder. 'Tell thy wife thou art to stop writing and get into bed!' So I obey him." But, alas! sadder scenes were in prospect. Under date

"Metz, 12th month (December), 1870," we have, "Henry John Allen's sister, who came over specially to nurse him, is down with gastric fever. Their uncle is to be felt for, an old man with hoary hair, in a foreign land, with no one with him who can speak a word of English except his sick nephew and niece, for he is now afraid to come to and fro to us lest he should bring infection."

Again, "H. J. Allen's sister, whom the Doctor yesterday believed to have gastric fever, is now decidedly ill with the small-pox." Another eyewitness, Samuel Gurney, said that it was "one of the saddest sights he had ever seen, going from one room to the other, uncle, nephew, and niece, all ill, not knowing which might be taken first."

"12th month, 18th.—Ellen Allen *dangerously* ill of small-pox, and Richard Allen with his nephew still in bed and his niece in danger of her life, has fallen ill with erysipelas, till at this moment he is actually blind with it."

Richard Allen never recovered the sight of one eye, a privation which he bore with unmurmuring cheerfulness.

On the 21st J. B. says he was at the station with his baggage, ready to leave Metz, when one of their party arrived to say that Ellen Allen was dying, and that no hope was entertained of her surviving till morning. "Of course we instantly returned to town. Almost immediately a messenger came to

say that Ellen Allen had passed away. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 22nd, all our little party, except the invalids, assembled in the Rue Marchant, opposite the house of the Abbé Jacques. E. Barclay alone went in. She had nursed Ellen Allen all through her illness at the great risk of her own life; and now she went to see her remains placed in the coffin. It was a clear day, with a bright blue sky, intensely cold. The clock had struck three before all the arrangements were made, and then we set out on our mournful journey, nine in all, besides the pastor, who kindly desired to accompany us. We passed slowly along the narrow parts of the city, with their tall, many-windowed houses, and out of the *Porte des Allemands*, where a broad river, covered with broken ice, was rushing under the drawbridges of the moat. By-and-by we had reached the high ground on the Grigy Road, about two miles east of the city, where the cemetery is situated. At the entrance the bearers placed the coffin on their shoulders,—it was a plain oak one, unlike the English shape, and with a small name-plate on it half the size of one's hand,—and led the way up an avenue of fir trees, to the grave at the corner near the western gate.

“None of us will forget the scene as we gathered round it. We were all strangers to her whose mortal remains we were about to consign to their

last resting-place in a foreign land, and as we stood in silence round the coffin, there was not one who did not feel keenly the touching circumstances which had attended the death of this most innocent victim of the war—the war from whose gloomy shadow there seemed to be no escape. Here, at a little distance on one hand of us, were the guns of Fort Queuleu, and yonder, far away, stretched the battle plain of Noisseville, from over which swept a terrible winter wind that whistled through the trees, and compelled us to shorten our stay, lest some of our remaining company should be imperilled with the chill.

“The pastor of his own accord stepped forward, slowly spoke a few sentences in French over the grave, and then, after a last look at the now lowered coffin, we withdrew from the cemetery, and turned homeward to Metz.”

It was strange that one who had always felt so strongly as Richard Allen did on the evils of war, the disobedience to the laws of Christ involved in its prosecution, and the terrible sufferings it inflicts on human beings, both innocent and guilty, should thus have been brought to taste by experience its bitter fruits.

He did not very often speak of those days of sorrow, but when he did he remembered the lights that fell here and there amid the darkness, the kindness alike of friends and strangers, and the sustain-

ing hand of his God. Some little time after his return home, Richard Allen received from the French Government the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which he always felt had been sent to him as the eldest of the party from Ireland, but that it belonged naturally to his nephew.

CHAPTER XXII.

Help us lovingly to labour, looking for Thy present smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing through the brightening
"little while."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

IN the year 1870 the Friends' Sunday School Conference was held in Dublin, and Richard Allen, like many other Irish Friends, threw his house open to entertain those who were interested in this important branch of Christian work. Eighteen or nineteen guests were entertained at Brooklawn, amongst them Mary Ann Marriage and her sister. The former, who afterwards became his wife, had for some years been deeply interested in the poor of London, generally spending several days in each week in the East End, visiting among the very destitute, for whom she established Ragged Schools (the London School Board was not then in existence). After the Conference he visited them in their pleasant home, Moulsham Lodge, Chelmsford, and ultimately both sisters settled in Ireland, the younger becoming the wife of Henry John Allen. Richard Allen's marriage took place in 1873, and the large circle of friends and relatives into which this introduced him

was a source of pleasure to him for the rest of his life.

Though there was great difference in age, the marriage was a peculiarly happy one. Their hearts were set on the same things, and it was congenial and delightful to them to labour together in the service of their Master, whose service was the dearest joy of both.

Their marriage tour was to the north of Italy, the Vaudois valleys especially, where they made the acquaintance of the widow of General Beckwith, and were intensely interested in tracing the wonderful revival among the Vaudois churches, both in the valleys and in Turin, consequent on the devoted labours of General Beckwith.

Part of the year was always spent by R. and M. A. M. Allen in London at the mission in Shore-ditch and Hoxton, and Richard Allen took great pleasure in visiting other centres of mission work when in town. Annie Macpherson, George Holland, Charles Whitmore, Dr. Barnardo, Miss Sharman, were among those with whose work he was especially acquainted. The following paper was written to stir up his friends on the religious efforts which were so deeply interesting him.

“Mission work, how wide a field! I had intended to have gone through a paper which I wrote last year on the schools, etc., in Palestine, Samaria, and Galilee, but I find to do that would be felt by many to be more than

a twice-told tale. It is one of the lessons that a traveller has to learn, that what he has seen and been deeply interested with, may have but little attraction for others, that it is quite possible to weary his hearers with what is to him ever growing in interest. Again, minds are very differently constituted. To some everything connected with the land of the Bible is full of interest; while others who may be resting as fully on its blessed promises, feel that the land where those events took place is a thing of the past, that the Saviour has risen, that His presence is universal, that the place where His hallowed steps once trod is now a land of darkness, where unbelief and gross superstition reign.

“Mission work! The word brings us back to early days. In the early days of our Society, how wide were the missionary exertions! Where did not George Fox and those of his day penetrate? They seemed to accept the Divine command, the parting words of their risen Lord, just before His ascension, ‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.’ No threats, no hardships daunted them. They had not, as we have, abounding facilities for locomotion, no swift steamers crossed the broad waters in all directions as they do now; but they could almost adopt the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, when he recounted the numerous perils which he had met with in his Master’s service by land and by sea, and by persecutors who persecuted without mercy.

“But must we not thankfully acknowledge that *old times* seem hopefully becoming *new times*; that the mission field, home and foreign, is opening again, that we more than begin to see ‘that the harvest truly is plenteous,’ but, alas! ‘the labourers, as yet, in proportion to the work, are few.’

“First turn to home. Here we have stirred. A large

mission house has been built in the city, a means provided for much work, but still that work very imperfectly fulfilled, a population largely sunk in ignorance, and, we must add, superstition, and we are hardly touching the moral gangrene with a view to its cure. I am well aware how great the difficulties are, but the power of love, the grand central point of the Gospel, would, *must* achieve much if livingly abode in.

“Do we feel our responsibilities? I fear not. But we must feel and accept them. The mission field is before us. Look at India and Madagascar; loud calls from Egypt and Palestine. It seems to me that many of us will have to practise what is new to us; to consider how we can so economise as to give more largely to these objects; to take up the cross, not a hard one, for where the love of the Saviour dwells, the cross is easy and the burden is light. The Jew was commanded to offer the first sheaf of the harvest to his God. Do *we* offer our first-fruits? Do not we rather make a merit of giving out of our ascertained gains?”

The following letter was written shortly before he was called to his heavenly home to his young friends who were engaged in mission work in Dublin:—

“November 4th, 1885.

“MY DEAR FRIENDS,—We were looking with interest to the meeting to be held this evening, but are sorry not to be able to be present. We wish, however, to say a word of encouragement. Whether you are working in the Sunday Schools, the Band of Hope, Mothers’ Meetings, or visiting the poor and sick in their homes, strive to make it *soul work*—let God’s love in Christ Jesus be your theme, and that all who come to Him may realise a *present salvation*. I read John iii. 16, and

wonder at the simplicity and fulness of the message. I turn to 2 Cor. and read, 'Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God, for He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' Is it not a glorious truth that we can place ourselves by the side of Paul, and feel that *we* may be ambassadors also? I long that all may consecrate themselves to the Lord's service—they will indeed feel joy and peace in it, which they can never find in the world. I can conceive no higher joy than to be soul-winners,—a great field is before you,—ambassadors for Christ.

"Affectionately yours,

"RICHARD ALLEN."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Fair lilies of Jerusalem !
Ye wear the same array
As when imperial Judah's stem
Maintained its regal sway.

By sacred Jordan's desert tide,
As bright ye blossom on
As when your simple charms outvied
The pomp of Solomon.

STRICKLAND.

IN 1876 Richard Allen took his wife to the East. He could not rest till he had shown her the places where his own feelings had been stirred so deeply, and he believed the memory of it would be a delight through life, and help her in all her work and service for the Master, whose human footsteps trod the hills and plains of Palestine. They landed at Jaffa March 8th, 1876, and rode through the flower-covered vale of Sharon, staying eight days in tents outside Jerusalem, ascending the Mount of Olives, spending a Sabbath afternoon in the Garden of Gethsemane, visiting Bethany, Siloam, and many places of interest in and about the once sacred city. One day they made an excursion to Bethlehem and back, thence descending by the Brook Cherith to

Jericho, they visited and bathed in the Dead Sea. But we will give some of this in Richard Allen's own words.

"Notwithstanding the extreme heat, we much enjoyed our Sabbath rest at Jericho. Service was conducted in our dining tent, the Americans from their neighbouring encampment joining us.

"How many associations cluster around Jericho ! Here the walls fell down at the blast of the trumpets after it had been compassed by the children of Israel seven days (Joshua vi.). This place was also frequently visited by our Saviour, and here Zacchæus, in his desire to see Him, climbed up into a sycamore tree, and his earnestness was rewarded by the Saviour not only going to his house, but by the bestowal of spiritual blessing (Luke xix.), which may well be an encouragement to all who are seeking the Lord. There, too, blind Bartimeus received his sight, for we read, Mark x. 46, 'As Jesus went out of Jericho with His disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus sat by the highway-side begging, and when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out and say—Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me ;' and in remembrance of this we sung together the well-known hymn, 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' I have not room to give it here, but must copy one verse—

" 'Jesus ! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe,
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear that cry,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

And I deem it a privilege to have heard that hymn sung at Jericho.

“Monday (March 20th, 1876) we started early to be out of the hot plain before the sun had much power; but I will describe our ordinary proceedings during our tent life.

“The hour for rising was six o’clock, sometimes five, the call loudly proclaimed by our native attendants; the gentlemen had about fifteen minutes allowed for dressing; then their tents began to sway unsteadily, from being under the hands of the attendants for removal. More mercy was shown to the ladies. At seven o’clock the breakfast bell rung; ere the repast was well finished the sides of our *salle à manger* tent had disappeared; in an incredibly short time the whole cavalcade, numbering between sixty and seventy animals, consisting of our riding horses, baggage-mules, and donkeys, were in motion; this, rather a retinue for eighteen tourists! we starting last, but soon quickly passing the laden animals. About twelve o’clock we halted for lunch in some convenient spot, when, after a rest, which allowed the baggage to pass, we resumed our journey, and by about five o’clock we welcomed the sight of our group of white tents ready prepared for us—luggage lying in the centre to be claimed; dinner at six, a cup of tea, a chapter in the Bible, and the language of prayer and thanksgiving followed; then to our tents to rest for another day’s travel.

“The ride from Jericho was very fatiguing, but we were glad to get to a higher and cooler region. From a high mountain up which our horses scrambled (for often there was no path or track), we had a most splendid view back on the Dead Sea and surrounding mountains (called the ‘Mountains of the Temptation,’ for here it is thought our Saviour was tempted), and the Valley of the Jordan. As evening drew on the sight of our white tents at Bethel was very welcome. It is a miserable,

dirty Mahomedan village, without a school or any civilising influences, and yet if we look to early Scripture history, a place of deep interest. Here Jacob, with a stone for his pillow, had that remarkable dream (Gen. xxviii.) in which heaven and earth were connected by a ladder, heavenly messengers ascending and descending, and 'behold the Lord God stood above it and said, In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.' What a privilege to live in Gospel days, and know in Christ the fulfilment of that promise! Bethel seems to have been a place of peculiar blessing, even as its name indicates, the House of God.

"Soon after leaving Bethel we passed from the land of Benjamin into that of Ephraim, where the change was striking, and brought to mind the dying words of Jacob describing the inheritance of his sons, 'Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall' (Gen. xlix.) 22; for here plantations of fig trees and other Eastern products abounded. But with these marks of increasing fertility, and of the advantages taken of it, we tourists met with serious drawbacks. I remember in one place where the descent was steep and the track lay through a narrow gully, the husbandman in clearing the stony ground had hurled all into our track, and we only kept our seats as best we could, and admired the docility of our horses in carrying us safely over such obstacles. Soon after we reached the Robber's Fountain, a lovely spot, the maidenhair fern growing on the sides of a steep, rocky acclivity. Onwards to Shiloh, where beside the ruins of an ancient building overshadowed by a large evergreen oak, we dismounted, our lunch was spread, and during the two or three hours of rest we had time to speak a little of the scenes enacted in this place.

"Here the Ark was set up; here the child Samuel

was early called, when, mistaking the voice for that of Eli, he was told by him how to answer, and the call repeated was responded to by 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' From Shiloh we proceeded onwards, and after experiencing a good deal of weariness, at length spied our encampment at Lebanah. Here, after the usual evening occupations, we retired to rest, and were as usual roused at an early hour. But soon after our morning meal was concluded, we were startled by a violent commotion, and found a free fight going on amongst our attendants, who were not only kicking each other violently, but took up large stones to throw. It began, as we understood, about a piece of rope, but it required all the energy of our conductor, dragoman, and the most courageous of our party, to separate the combatants: One or two of our ladies attempted to calm the belligerents, but were quickly told to keep clear, as respect for the fair sex was no element of Eastern muleteers. After a ride of a few hours we reached Jacob's Well, and at this deeply interesting spot determined, although earlier than usual, that it should be our midday halting-place. Those who wish to realise even a portion of the interest which clusters here, should read the fourth chapter of the Gospel of John. Here, with Mount Gerizim on the one side, and Mount Ebal on the other, in early times the mountains of blessing and cursing, with the rich ground, which Jacob gave to his favourite son Joseph, stretching away in the opposite direction, we could realise something of the extraordinary revelations made by our Saviour to the Samaritan woman—revelations which for ever destroyed the sanctity of the sites of the Jewish and Samaritan temples by His impressive words, 'Woman, believe Me, the hour cometh, and now is, that ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusa-

lem, worship the Father.' 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'

"We seated ourselves by the well, but we had nothing to draw with, and the well was deep (seventy feet). However, our attendants proceeded to a neighbouring domicile, where they procured a black braided rope, made of goats' hair; but, alas! it was far too short. Another was obtained, and we were enabled to drink of the water, and pronounce it excellent; while some small bottles were filled, and stored away for friends at home as memorials.

"Our halting place for the night, Nablous, the ancient Shechem, was soon reached, as some of our party had arranged to ascend Mount Gerizim, where are the remains of the Samaritan temple, and which also commands a fine and extensive view.

"In Nablous reside the remnant of the Samaritan people, numbering, as we were informed, little over one hundred individuals. We visited their church, and saw their copy of the Pentateuch, said to be the oldest in the world. But the most interesting of their number, the noble and aged high-priest, with whom I was greatly struck on my former visit, has passed away. I must not forget, however, to mention Mr. El-Kary, a native Syrian Christian gentleman, who, with his wife, have excellent schools, and are doing their part in endeavouring to educate on Christian principles the young of Nablous and its locality.

"Starting at our usual early hour from Nablous, which is beautifully situated, a region of fertility, with evidences of careful cultivation, and at which there are large soap works, we proceeded over the plains where probably Abraham and Lot separated their flocks, because the land would not bear them, on our route to the remains of the royal city of Samaria.

“This was one of the most beautiful portions of our tour, from the fine scenery we passed through. One of our company captured a chameleon. They are of the lizard tribe, and our specimen was from five to six inches long without the tail. For several days we watched the changes in his colour with much interest, from yellow to light green or black. His captor wished much to preserve him in his green dress, and, seizing a favourable opportunity, he plunged him into a bottle of spirits; but the experiment was a failure—in a short time his dead body assumed the black hue.

“After visiting Samaria, Jezreel, and Shunem we came to the village of Nain, which is surrounded by a thick hedge of the prickly pear (or wild catcus). After lunch, as was our frequent custom, we got one of the attendants (who had been educated at Bishop Gobat’s school at Jerusalem) to read the Gospel in Arabic to the group of turbaned men, forlorn-looking women, and half-naked children, who gathered around us, and it was quite a study to watch their faces, they were so deeply interested; one after another took out his long pipe (a wonderful thing for an Eastern to do), and listened with eyes and mouth open to the history of the Saviour’s love. One man, with a very intelligent countenance, put several questions, and at the close we asked if he could read, but with a sigh he shook his head, and said no. “Can *any of you* read?” But the same response with another sigh. “Can *any one* in Nain?” ‘Alas! none in Nain.’ ‘But,’ replied the man who had been the most deeply interested, ‘I have a friend in Nazareth who can;’ and he was delighted when we presented the book to him, which he put in his bosom.

“How sad it seems that this land, where God’s love was so wondrously shown by the life and death of His Son for sinful man, should be inhabited by those who

know Him not. Surely Christians should assist in the efforts being made to spread a knowledge of that love, and pray earnestly that the poor Mahomedans, and all in darkness, may be brought to a saving knowledge of Christ."

CHAPTER XXIV.

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth ;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

Hymn quoted by "R. A." in letter from Nazareth.

FROM Nain we proceeded to Nazareth, but to reach it proved one of the most trying and fatiguing portions of our journey. I was prepared for it by a lively recollection of its difficulty on my previous visit. To continue on our horses was impossible. Our ranks were broken. Some, trusting to their horses, got led into perilous positions, from which it was difficult to escape ; and our muster at length on the plain outside the city was a very scattered one.

"Next morning (Sunday) rose brilliantly. On emerging from our tents we beheld a host of Russian pilgrims, numbering several hundred, who had halted to rest a little on the grassy slopes. Those poor people, many of them women, and some very aged, perform the journey, some by proxy, for their more well-to-do countrymen. The women are generally small and stout-looking, and all seem to carry a kettle suspended round their necks. Some of us went amongst them, and endeavoured to converse a little ; they were friendly, and doubtless looked on us as fellow-pilgrims. Soon they moved on, and as they ascended by a circuitous path, they formed a long line, moving in slow and regular order.

“We had now arrived at Nazareth, one of the most interesting places in the Holy Land, for here our Lord spent a large part of His early earthly life. We camped near the Virgin’s Fountain, said to be a never-failing spring. A number of women and girls were pressing to have their pitchers filled, and as it is the only spring from which the city is supplied, there appears to be little doubt but that Mary, the mother of our Saviour, was often seen at the well with her pitcher drawing their daily supply.

“Is it too much to call the hills around Nazareth sacred ground ?

“Seating ourselves on the edge of a bank covered with cyclamens and other beautiful flowers, so lovely that we hesitated to crush them, we had time to survey the scene around us. As we spent the quiet Sabbath there, wandering over the hills, we felt there could be no question that we were treading the path He trod in His youthful days. How often in the early morning and during the shades of evening must He in solitude have sought and obtained strength for the great work He was sent to accomplish. From a high hill which overlooked the town we had a noble view of the surrounding country, and our thoughts dwelt on Him who had so often gazed on this small portion of the world He came to redeem, ‘Whom God hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds ; Who, being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high ’ (Heb. i. 2, 3).

“Well is the appeal made to each of us, ‘How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation ? which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard Him.’

“Nazareth is now a large town, and a medical mission is established there by the Edinburgh Medical Mission. The Orphan Home, under the care of the Society for Female Education in the East, is a noble building, situated on an eminence, in a very commanding position. There is also a large convent in the town, and a hotel kept by the monks, where travellers will find fair lodging and a welcome. As in all Eastern towns, the streets are impassable for wheeled vehicles, and if the weather is wet it is a matter of some difficulty to do otherwise than wade through the streets.”

Richard and M. A. M. Allen were so much interested in the orphanage at Nazareth, that they undertook to support two children there, from whom they often had interesting and encouraging letters. We copy two from the elder girl.

“ORPHANAGE, NAZARETH, *March 14th*, 1882.

“MRS. ALLEN,—

“DEAREST LADY,—For a long time I did not write to you. I am accusing myself for it, but as you know, ma'am, we are always busy, really very busy. Lately we go nearly every day to gather and press flowers, because we want plenty of cards mounted this year. Last week we went to a place called Cafzy, nearly three miles distance from the Orphanage. We went at eleven o'clock, and came back at six in the evening; we were all the time there picking and pressing ferns. Oh! I wish you could have seen us, when we were jumping from rock to rock like those birds on those very high hills. The girls are sixty-six now, and I think nearly half of them are from six years old and down. They cannot sew, nor have any work in the house to do, only to eat, and drink, and sleep. Next

week I think we are going to cut out new summer dresses for the girls.

"Our outside terrace building is still going on. Oh! if you come and see the Orphanage now, ma'am, how everything is going on. The stone-cutters are working on one side, the carpenter on another, and the blacksmith, the girls who carry the water for the building, the boys who carry the earth with their baskets to fill up the beds, and the builders, and the mill grinding our corn.

"I do not often go to school; the most of my time I spend in helping with the housework; also as our cook has left, and one of the big girls from the Orphanage is doing the work instead, I go sometimes to the kitchen and help her, as she do not know how to do all the work properly.

"I think this is very useful and good for me. Since our cook left I learnt how to cook and many other useful things; now I can cook pretty well, and as our oven is in the house, I bake twice a week. I like this work very much. My mother comes here every week to help us with the washing and sifting the corn, and extra work. I am in good health and well, ma'am, and I hope you are the same.

Please, ma'am, give my salaams to dear Mr. Allen, if he will be so kind as to receive it. And with much salaams,

"I remain, yours gratefully,

"DELLY GEORGI."

"ORPHANAGE, NAZARETH, *April 24th*, 1883.

"MY DEAR LADY,—I am longing very much to hear from you. When Miss Mary Dickson came she told me that you send me your best salaams, and that you lived in such a pretty house with a beautiful garden, and

that you used to have a children's Bible class on Saturday, and she used to like to go and bring two dear little girls with her. I hope you are quite well now, dear ma'am, and please how is dear, kind Mr. Allen? I hope he is enjoying good health. Please do write me a few lines, and give me your likeness that I may know and be sure that my paying English mother did not forget me. Remember me, if you please, in your prayers. I wish to see you both coming to Nazareth once more and spending a few hours here in our Orphanage; but if that is impossible to be, I hope we will meet up in heaven, and know each other very well there.

"I am very glad to tell you, ma'am, that I am born again lately. Yes, I knew God and the truth long ago, and I had been in school so many years, but with all this I was not born the second time, until a few months ago I felt the grace of God in my heart, and knew very well that I am born again.

"I think you will be glad to hear that; and be sure, dear ma'am, that the money which you did spend for me has not gone without any fruit; and with my best salaams to you both,

"I ever remain,

"Your grateful child,

"DELLY GEORGI."

We now give more extracts from "Stray Notes."

"We left Nazareth on the Monday morning for Mount Carmel. Our route led through park-like scenery, and after several hours we halted at the foot of the mountains. Some of our party started for the summit, which proved a wearisome and difficult ascent. They returned, bearing beautiful nosegays of honeysuckle, wild rose, and several other of our English flowers. The

scenery was very fine, commanding a view of the Mediterranean and a great extent of surrounding country.

"From this, when the afternoon was well advanced, we proceeded to our encampment, close to the river Kishon.

"Leaving Kishon next morning, we halted at Saforia. Here we were much interested in meeting in an olive grove, where we lunched, a blind schoolmaster, who was teaching the Koran to some forty or fifty boys. Some of them were writing with ink on pieces of tin for slates. They collected around us, and listened with attention to the reading of the Gospel of Mark. A curious and universal habit is the swaying of the body while reading the Koran, which seems the sum of teaching in Mahomedan schools.

"Here the heat became almost intolerable, and although we waited till the afternoon was somewhat advanced, we were glad to reach Cana of Galilee, where our tents were pitched for the night. Ere we arrived an abundant supply of water was brought by the women of the village, and it was a picturesque sight to see them balancing their heavy earthen vessels on their heads.

"From Cana of Galilee our path lay by a very steep descent to the Sea of Galilee.

"Passing the dirty-looking town of Tiberias, the walls of which bear the marks of the earthquake of 1837 (the only remaining one of the numerous towns and villages which once studded the borders of the lake), we found our tents being pitched on a grassy plain of considerable extent, reaching on the one hand to the borders of the lake, on the other to the base of a high hill which formed the background.

"While our tents were being pitched, we sat down on the pebbly shore, the water rippling at our feet. How well calculated was it to recall the description, 'He came out of the house and sat down by the seaside,'

and then, because of the multitude thronging Him, He got into a ship, and taught the people on the shore. After resting awhile from our toilsome descent, we bathed (the ladies from a little improvised tent), we withdrawing to a distance, the luxury, however, considerably detracted from by the stony bottom, which hurt one's feet, so that some bathed in their slippers. Others of our company rode to the extreme end of the lake to visit a hot bath, and also to see the outflow of Jordan. The rest of us, too fatigued from the oppressive heat, feeling we had done enough, either reclined on the pebbly beach, or betook ourselves to our tents till dinnertime, when the day closed with us as usual.

"In good time in the morning our company embarked in two boats (the lake boasts of but three), and we steered our course for the opposite side to visit the ruins of Capernaum, the site of which is considered to be tolerably well ascertained. On landing we proceeded towards the ruins, which are overgrown with rank vegetation. The most prominent are the supposed ruins of the synagogue; from their massive size and fine carving, it must have been a splendid edifice. It required considerable care, in stepping from one fragment to another, to avoid going down to a considerable depth, and to see all involved a good deal of walking.

"We were struck with the almost universally thorny character of the trees and shrubs, with the exception of the oleander, which flowers in all its beauty both here and in Egypt.

"As we were to lunch and take our noontide rest here, we were in no hurry to prepare for leaving; but we had not long concluded the eating part before our boatmen became urgent we should re-embark, as they said there were symptoms of a storm arising on the lake. While we saw no evidence of a change in the brilliant character

of the day, our conductor considered it wise to listen to their warning, and we accordingly rather hastily re-embarked, and steered our course toward the ruins of Bethsaida, where it had been arranged our tents were to be pitched for the night. But to reach our camping ground we had to round a promontory which jutted a considerable distance into the lake, and the rising wind soon obliged our boatmen to keep near the shore, and, the gale still increasing, some of us soon saw that to land was not only expedient, but necessary as a matter of safety. One of our boats appeared in actual danger from the incautious loosening of a sail, which they struggled fruitlessly for some time to furl again, and it was with no small feeling of satisfaction that we at length neared the shore at the first available point, the men stepping into the water nearly up to their waists, and carrying us one by one to land.

“This hasty disembarkation, however, involved a long and fatiguing walk, a good deal over ploughed ground, and right glad were we to reach our tents, and, having dined, betake ourselves early to our couches.

“But how might the mind linger on the Sea of Galilee and its surroundings, for few places abound more with the records of our Lord’s earthly life than this sacred lake. Leaving Nazareth after the determined attempt on His life by the multitude to cast Him from the brow of the hill on which their city was built, He descended to the Sea of Galilee, and there dwelt in Capernaum, called His own city. This was the scene of His again feeding the multitude: here, while His disciples were filled with affright at the storm which arose, so that the ship was filled by the waves, He, calmly asleep on a pillow in the hinder part of the ship, was awoken by them with the supplication, ‘Lord, save us, we perish;’ and were reassured by the gentle rebuke,

‘Where is your faith?’ and the waves were stilled. Here Peter,—impetuous Peter,—when he recognised his Lord walking on the boisterous sea, and exclaimed, ‘Lord, bid me come to Thee on the water,’ received the answer, ‘Come;’ and as long as he kept his eye on the Saviour he was safe, but looking away at the boisterous sea, his faith failed, and he began to sink. What a lesson to Christians even to the present day, that no matter how high the waters of affliction may arise, no matter how dark the day of adversity may lower around us, no matter how severe the chastening of mental or physical suffering may be, if our eye is steadily and unwaveringly fixed on Him who has all power, we shall learn the truth of His words, ‘Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.’

“But, alas! for the Lake of Gennesaret and its numerous towns and villages, one alone remains, the wretched town of Tiberias, and even it looks tottering to ruin. Where is Capernaum? Where is Chorazin? Where is Bethsaida? The words of prophecy answer, ‘And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.’ And again, ‘Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.’ And Capernaum, and Chorazin, and Bethsaida, in their hardly recognised ruins, attest solemnly the truth of prophecy.”

CHAPTER XXV.

The Apostle walked the Athenian streets,
Back looking to the past, reflected clear
In present. Pensive still, his thoughts in speech
At last break forth. 'Is this the glorious flower
Of Athens' wisdom? . . .

Can Plato give no more?

But stay, what is this altar that I see?

Sacred to whom or what? To God unknown.

J. B. BRAITHWAITE, "*Paul the Apostle*."

"FROM the Sea of Galilee we visited Saphet (supposed to be the city set upon a hill), Kedish-Naphtali, the source of the Jordan at Dan, Cæsarea-Philippi, to Damascus, where we spent four days. Thence to the temple of Baalbec, having our tents pitched among the massive ruins in the court of the temple. The next morning before starting the hymn, 'All hail the power of Jesu's name,' was sung amid those relics of ancient heathendom. As we left Baalbec we saw the immense block of stone seventy-one feet long and thirteen feet by fourteen square, lying just where it had been quarried perhaps three thousand years ago, nicely squared and ready for removal. We struck across the magnificent plains, with the mountains of Lebanon clothed with mist before us, and the rugged Anti-Lebanon range in the rear. We camped that night at Abila, and the next day had a magnificent ride with Mount Hermon and his snow-white peak in view. A scene of grander beauty can hardly be imagined, and as we looked from our tents

that evening and saw the golden sun sink into the illumined waters of the Mediterranean, it was truly a glorious picture, and a delightful finish to our tent life of nearly six weeks. From Beyrout we visited the Friends' mission establishment at Brumana on Mount Lebanon, having an interesting gathering of the missionaries, teachers, and Bible readers at our friend Theophilus Waldemier's, in the evening, and inspecting the schools, the dispensary, etc., next morning.

"We left Beyrout on the 18th April, and greatly enjoyed coasting along the shores, taking in merchandise at the various ports, and frequently landing. Tripoli is a town of twenty-four thousand inhabitants. Silk and soap are its principal manufactures. The sponge-fishing is extensively carried on. We bought some nice specimens adhering to the coral on which they had grown. Passing through the town we entered an orange grove. Beneath the trees from which the oranges had been plucked were seated a number of women around immense piles, busily employed wrapping the oranges in paper, while men were as busily packing them in boxes and nailing them up. We were led by the proprietor through groves fragrant with the smell of delicious fruit, and then, as we sat under the shade of the trees, he brought us a quantity of the ripest and richest he had, and invited us to eat. They were very delicious, almost falling out of the rind as we attempted to peel them. On the same tree from which ripe oranges were plucked there were oranges half-ripe, other quite green, and a full bloom of orange blossoms, causing a succession of ripe fruit day after day and week after week. Our attention was drawn to the primitive character of the fastenings to all the garden doors as we went along the road. The latch is inside the door, a rude original of the tumbler-lock which has been carried to such perfection in our own country by Chubb and

others. It is made of wood, and is reached by the hand being put through a square hole, which illustrates the reference to this Eastern custom in Cant. v. 4: 'My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door,' etc. Then we sailed along the coasts between the island of Cyprus and Latakia, where some of us again landed. Then to the lovely bay of Alexandretta, where we took in a quantity of cotton, which camels bring down from Aleppo seventy miles distant.

"A gentleman who comes to Aleppo every year informs us that no fewer than 60,000 to 80,000 camels are employed between Aleppo and Alexandretta to bring down the various produce, carrying each about 800 lb. Seven or eight of our party went on shore this morning.

"As we stayed at so many places, we had lovely views of the shore and the snow-capped Taurus range, visited Rhodes, and had a delightful sail through the islands of the Grecian Archipelago to Smyrna, where our vessel anchored three days, giving us opportunities of visiting the Eastern bazaars of the city, the tomb of Polycarp, etc. We spent one day at Ephesus, going by special train forty-seven miles through a rich country, seeing strings of camels, each led by a donkey. The ruins of Ephesus are very fine, and we were especially struck with the number of different marbles used, and the great variety also in colour and carving. There were miles of ruins, and we were very glad of the donkeys (which we had brought in the train), as we rode about visiting the theatres, 'School of Tyrannus,' and the remains of the Temple of Diana.

'Our stay at Smyrna being completed by the unloading of our cargo of cotton, to be reshipped for Marseilles, we sailed on the evening of the third day, and found ourselves next morning off the island of Syra, which presented a view at once unique and beautiful, the town running

up a steep ascent in two different places, appearing in each case almost to terminate in a point. We landed and spent the day here, rambling about and gazing on the beautiful Grecian Archipelago studded with islands. It was a lovely day, the water of the most brilliant blue, the stones of the island white marble; and as we strolled out of the city and seated ourselves on the hillside, masses of marble rocks strewn around, the handsome buildings of the town in sight,—marble mansions, chapels, and some very picturesque windmills on the coast,—it was a scene not soon forgotten.

“Leaving Syra at 7.30 P.M. we sailed for Athens, and arrived at the Piræus at 2.30 A.M., and, favoured by a very bright moon, landed at once, and proceeded in carriages to Athens, and were safely housed in the Hôtel D’Angleterre, situated in the main square, one side of it occupied by the King’s Palace, etc., etc. Remained several days in Athens, visiting all the noted places in this interesting city, the Acropolis, Mars’ Hill, the Stadium, the Pillars of Jupiter Olympus, etc., etc.

One day we devoted to driving to Daphne, situated about seven miles from Athens. This excursion was a most interesting one. We met large flocks of sheep, the shepherds in very picturesque costumes, the kilt almost universal; the smell of the wild thyme, spread over large tracts, from which the bees extract the peculiarly flavoured honey of the district.

“Though cautioned against proceeding further on account of brigands infesting the neighbourhood, leaving our carriage, we wandered onwards, tempted by the extreme beauty of the ruins, into a wood, from the openings in which we got enchanting glimpses of sea and mountain scenery; and although feeling something of nervousness at our critical situation, as we observed doubtful-looking characters drinking at the *cafés* in

Daphne, regained our carriage and returned to Athens without molestation.

“As I said, our party visited Mars’ Hill, and there read the soul-stirring address of the Apostle Paul (Acts xvii.), and I do indeed deem it a great privilege to have read this sermon in the very spot where St. Paul stood. We were much interested also in visiting the ancient market, where the Apostle met daily to argue with the people that Jesus was the very Christ. Here we noticed a stone pillar, on which was engraved the price of oil in the time of Hadrian.

“But I must now pass over Athens and its thousand objects of interest without attempting further to particularise, more than to express my surprise at the evidences of great prosperity in the opening of new streets, with numerous public buildings and handsome and costly private dwellings. We visited the splendid museum, a very spacious new building, in which we saw students modelling, and finally left Athens with the impression that it was making rapid strides towards attaining its old art celebrity.

“Left Athens for the Piræus at 8.30 P.M. Found the French steamer in, and went on board at once. Fine moonlight. Woke at five next morning, and looked out. Land low. Passed many islands, Mitylene, etc. Went on deck several times during dinner to look at the plains of Troy. Passed the narrow point where Xerxes had a bridge of boats, where Byron swam across. Anchored at the Dardanelles. Expect to arrive at Constantinople early in the morning. Up at 5 o’clock A.M. No view of the Golden Horn before half-past seven. Very hazy. Morning cleared. Had a good view of the surpassingly beautiful locality. Landed at 8.30. Great array of porters. Steep ascent to the hotel. Party had to separate. Some to the Bysance, a very good hotel, but we were

four stories up. After breakfast went to the Hippodrome. This contained a singularly unique and curious collection. A large number of figures, life size, of the officials and celebrated Turkish characters from a very early period. In the oblong square leading to it saw three pillars of very ancient date. Then to the Pigeon Mosque, where we saw an immense flock of pigeons fed. Their history appears to be that they sprang from a pair presented by some high personage, either religious or official, with a command that none of their progeny should be destroyed, and the result is they have multiplied into an immense flock, fed daily, I am not sure whether at the public expense or by bequest left by the owner of the original pair.

"We visited the various places of interest at Constantinople, crossing the Bosphorus one day to the burial ground at Scutari. A melancholy record it is of the results of war. How many of those who should have been the true strength of their country have here found an untimely grave! Young men, just rising into manhood, cut off, not so much by the sword or the rifle, but by hardship, fever, and disease; dying away from those who nursed them in their early days, and would gladly have smoothed their dying pillows. But, oh! what suffering and misery was their portion.

Would that war could be looked on in its naked deformity—that the false glare which surrounds military achievements could be for ever rent from us; for surely the atrocities which so constantly accompany war, prove it to be Satan's work.

"How can the Christian warrior be a consistent follower of Him who is the Prince of Peace?

"Twice we sailed up and down the Bosphorus in one of the pleasure steamers to admire its wondrous beauty. The shores lined with handsome residences, and the

number and beauty of the grounds and gardens, struck us much, the sloping banks richly ornamented with flowering trees, some of them of a very large size.

"Perhaps there are few spots which disclose more of varied beauty; and though we again sailed up on leaving Constantinople for Varna, we found those repeated opportunities none too much to feast our eyes on the beautiful scenery. Of course we visited the celebrated mosque of St. Sophia, said to have been once a Christian church, and still there are traces that tell of it. One of them is a chapel, said to contain the head of John the Baptist. But as a whole it is an imposing structure, though here, too, we saw that utter disregard to the symmetry of architecture which so characterises the Turks. Beautiful marble columns of unequal heights, lengthened out with the most incongruous additions.

"We thought, too, that to give up the whole building into the hands of a score of men and women, armed with brooms, brushes, and other cleansing materials, was loudly called for, as the dust and dirt which pervaded the whole was repulsive. We declined to visit any more mosques, although invited to do so.

"I may now briefly close my hasty sketch of our journey.

"Leaving Constantinople, we passed down the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, and, landing at Varna, proceeded by rail to Rustchuk, a beautiful country, now, alas! exposed to the savage desolation of war.

"Here we went on board one of the fine Danube steamers, the beautiful saloon arrangements strangely in contrast with the poor sleeping accommodations below. Passing the Iron Gates, we arrived the fourth day at Pesth, whence we proceeded by rail to Vienna.

"After a sojourn of a few days, we returned by the usual route—Regensburg, Mayence, etc., down the Rhine, and across Belgium—home."

CHAPTER XXVI.

. . . If God has so array'd
A fading world, that passes quickly by,
Such rich provision of delight has made,
For every human eye,—
What shall the eyes that wait for Him survey,
Where His own presence gloriously appears,
In worlds that were not founded for a day,
But for eternal years ?

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

WHEN at home Brooklawn was a centre of spiritual activity and blessing to the neighbourhood.

No person or class of persons was neglected who could be helped, or comforted, or made happy. Now it would be a company of ministers of various denominations ; now a series of evangelistic meetings held on the lawn in a tent ; now a gathering of Roman Catholic neighbours ; now a Sunday afternoon meeting for Cornish fishermen, who were in port at Kingstown ; then a great gathering of Band of Hope children, or a Bible reading for young people. Under the large elm (by Prinnie's grave) is a pretty octagonal summer-house of rustic wood, where you can constantly hear the murmur of the brook as it ripples over the miniature falls. This

secluded spot has frequently been chosen for meetings of united prayer.

“ The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by Thy sweet Spirit made
For those who worship Thee.”

Then in 1880-81, when famine was threatening the west of Ireland, the house was stuffed with stockings and socks, knitted by poor women all over the country. One of the lovely rooms was devoted to holding meetings and Sunday School with the poorer neighbours and their children, one service and occupation following another with a rapidity calculated to bewilder the minds of ordinary mortals. For the master and mistress of Brooklawn were essentially rapid in conceiving and executing plans for the help and benefit of others.

Richard Allen was through life a loyal and faithful member of the religious Society of Friends, though happy in working in any good cause along with others, and quick to recognise the good in all, and, as far as possible removed from anything like bigotry. His love for children was remarkable. He delighted to have them about him, and they at once felt at home with him and liked to be in his company. His home at Brooklawn was not long without some little visitor, and large gatherings frequently took place, which he himself enjoyed as much as the youngest child. The firmness and dignity, and yet

the utter simplicity and sweetness of his character, exemplified the words of the American poet Lowell, that "gentleness is strength's least doubtful proof."

Richard Allen was one of the little band in Dublin who first took up the cause of social purity, and advocated very earnestly the abolition of the Contagious Diseases Acts of 1869.

In the year 1870, the Dublin branch of the National Association for the abolition of these acts was formed, with a committee of about twenty men and women, who for some years held their meetings on Richard Allen's premises in Sackville Street. R. D. Webb and Richard Allen were among the very first who united with the Haslams in vigorously initiating in Dublin, by hard personal labour and pecuniary help, the determined opposition, which has only ceased with the removal of these foul blots from the statute book of the United Kingdom. The whole subject of Christian social purity was one which deeply engaged the attention of Richard Allen, and long before his friends were willing to listen to him he endeavoured to urge upon them the vital importance, not only of maintaining the highest standard in conduct and conversation, but also of warning young people against the evils and snares that surround them, and of no longer maintaining a cowardly silence, under cover of which such terrible evils have been done and suffered.

In 1882 another tour was made by Richard and M. A. M. Allen to Switzerland and north Italy, accompanied by their friend William Davidson,* from whose journal we give a few extracts, referring to their tarriance on the shores of Lakes Maggiore and Lugano.

“The mountains which immediately bound Lake Maggiore are rounded, and tell at once the geological difference between their formation and that of the St. Gothard. I stood upon the deck of the steamer in mid-lake and endeavoured to take in a circular photograph. The distant margin of such a view is bounded all round by snow-crowned mountains, and equally on every side are the gradually descending slopes of these enormous mountains, broken into open river courses which invariably mark their circuitous windings with rich verdure and garden-like luxuriance. At length we reached Palanza, and got our belongings safely ashore. Palanza is not the fashionable resort of tourists, but an Italian town unbothered by foreigners ; so we could quietly take in our surroundings, and select a native Italian hotel without suggestions from interested parties. Here we remained a week, and made little excursions in different directions daily.

“Stretching for a considerable distance on the margin of the lake, and separating it from the houses which face it, and constitute the principal part of the town of Palanza, is a row of magnolia trees. These form a beautiful screen, which, with their soft, rich foliage and great, white, lily-shaped flowers, leave an impression on the mind never to be forgotten. After breakfast, wandering into the country, we found the roadside planted with forest trees, and accommodated at short intervals with

* Head-master of Brookfield School, Co. Down.

wooden seats. On one of these we sat down and had our morning reading and worship. We had no copy of the Scriptures at hand, but dear Richard Allen read from the pages of his memory a whole chapter of one of Paul's epistles. Gently, sweetly, and accurately the words fell from his lips with a feeling and a power which could only be imparted by one of whose being the sacred subject had become a living part. After a little time of holy calm and sweet communion we resumed our perambulation, but soon found ourselves among lemon and orange trees, fruits and flowers of many descriptions; the owner having observed us came to meet and bid us welcome. Among other topics of conversation was the grafting of lemon trees, which he explained and illustrated to us with much urbanity. Returning by another byeway leading back to the lake, our attention was attracted towards a company on the wall, sporting themselves in the sunlight, and reflecting from their shining bodies in ever-varying directions the bright rays of the sun, a whole tribe of lizards, disturbed in their happy hour by the intrusion of uninvited visitors. This spot I have marked in my notes Lizard Lane.

"The day we left Lugano the dawn broke forth calm, clear, and sweet; and we rose before the sun to get fixed upon our minds one last grand picture of these multitudinous beauties. The mountains rise from its shores with indescribable grandeur, but with less abruptness than those about Lake Lucerne. Looked at from the lake, these mountain sides appear like hanging gardens. The panoramic idea is intensified by the number of villages which stud the country over, each with its little church and quaintly-painted walls combining with the beauties of nature to impress the mind with the thought, 'This cannot be real; this is magical.' You must touch these things to believe *they are*; you

must see these mountains reposing in their midday grandeur ; you must see them changing in picturesque beauty under the passing clouds ; you must see them sparkling with golden tints under the bright rays of the setting sun ; you must gaze upon them in the dread silence of midnight, when their towering, rocky heads seem to hold converse with the stars ; you must see them as day returns bathed in purple and gold, to conceive it possible that the Creator has stamped on earth such surpassing grandeur and beauty. I cannot close until I have told you that, although it has pleased God to impress upon my nature a love for all that is lovable in the physical world, and that, in these holidays which I have now tried imperfectly to describe to you, I was brought into contact with such scenery as is calculated to awaken every faculty capable of appreciating the beautiful in nature, and that I enjoyed these to the fulness of my capacity for enjoyment ; yet it was not the physical beauties, however lovely or sublime, which contributed most to the enjoyment of that enjoyable holiday. No, it was the heavenly calm of our daily worship, intensified no doubt by the sublimity of our surroundings, when for a little time we were permitted, under the overshadowing influence of the Holy Spirit, to feel what is meant, but cannot be expressed by the communion of saints. My aged friend and instructor, to whose instrumentality I owe more of spiritual blessing than I can ever express, cannot in the ordinary course of nature remain much longer amongst terrestrial things. May I then say that I have often felt, when privileged to unite with him at the throne of grace, that his spirit, always enveloped with the aroma of heaven, is being plumed even now for its upward flight, and shortly we shall lose sight of him for ever on earth ? Yet his spiritual labours towards me, at least, must bear fruit while immortality endures."

CHAPTER XXVII.

One age moves onward, and the next builds up
Cities and gorgeous palaces, where stood
The rude log huts of those who tamed the wild,
Rearing from out the forests they had felled
The goodly framework of a fairer state.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE next long journey was to the United States, in 1883. They went by Quebec, up the magnificent St. Lawrence, and were charmed with the beauty of the Thousand Isles; stayed sufficiently long at Niagara for the magnificence of the Falls to fix itself in their memories as a joy for ever. Visited Chicago, where for three days they were the guests of their old Dublin friend, Joseph S. Smithson; and after three weeks among relatives in the prairie State of Iowa, they attended the yearly meeting of Friends at Richmond, Indiana, being most cordially welcomed by many of the leading members, who had in Gospel love visited their brethren in Ireland. Here, too, they were greatly pleased to meet Isaac Sharp, who was on his way back to England, after visiting the missionaries belonging not only to his own section of the Church, but to other bodies in India, Mada-

gascar, The Cape, "Friends" in Australia and Tasmania, and now in America. They did not feel like strangers in a strange land, but were among many they knew and loved both personally and in the Lord. From Richmond, Indiana, they visited Cincinnati, thence through the old slave tobacco-growing State of Kentucky, spending a month in the south. This was the crown of all the American journey. Here Richard Allen saw with his own eyes the poor coloured people, over whose sorrows and wrongs he had agonised, and for whom he had laboured so hard in days gone by, now enjoying the blessings of freedom, and living under vine and fig-tree. He was very happy amongst his coloured friends, recalling the sad past to make the present brighter. Some particulars of the occurrences of these happy visits may now be given.

Richard Allen writes from Memphis, October 10th, 1883:—

"The weather still very hot, thermometer 90° in the shade; we know now what South American heat is; however, we slept tolerably well, only reminded that mosquitos are troublesome companions. Breakfasted about 7.45 A.M., and set off in one of the street cars to be at the morning service of Le Moyne Institute, as we had made an arrangement to be at the opening of the school. It was commenced by singing one of the old plantation songs, 'I'm rolling through an unfriendly world,' very plaintive and beautiful, followed by reading and a short prayer, and then another of the same melodies, 'Swing low, sweet chariot.' My heart

did feel stirred at seeing such a number of coloured people *all free*, and I told them of the great future for them if they laid fast hold of the blessings of a Saviour's love, and of the means afforded them of obtaining an excellent education. Then, bidding them a last farewell, as I told them I should never see them again on earth, in all human probability, we went downstairs. The kind principal of the institution, A. J. Steele, having provided a carriage, we set off to visit some of the cotton fields; and looked on miles of cotton fields, some being gathered. The plant is sown annually; we saw a number of women gathering the cotton from the ripe pods. This process is repeated several times up to Christmas, and gives a great deal of employment. The women have a sack fastened behind into which they put the cotton as picked. A diligent worker can earn 5s. per day. This gives a different picture from the slavery days, when the toilers were driven to their work by the slave driver with his lash.

The white cotton bolls just bursting looked very pretty, and in the distance like white flowers. People speak hopefully of the future of the negroes, now numbering 7,000,000; they have increased faster in the last ten years than the white population of the States, notwithstanding the immense addition made to the whites by immigration; 40 per cent. can read and write.

"In the evening we embarked on one of the large Mississippi boats which ply between Memphis and Friars Point, 100 miles south. The scene on the quay was highly interesting, black men rolling barrels of pork which were to be taken down the river to supply the negroes with the fat bacon of which they are very fond. This being cotton-picking time, a good many were going further south to work in the plantations;

then there were waggons drawn by mules laden with huge bales of cotton. The shouting, pushing, and general bustle were quite confusing. But in due time we were safely on board, and were deeply interested in watching this novel and foreign-looking scene. I will try and describe the boat. The first floor was for the bales of cotton, barrels of pork, and other merchandise which we were taking down the river—the third-class passengers and the crew. The next story had a balcony running round it, seated with chairs, and looking on to it the windows of the various state-rooms or cabins, which were beautifully fitted up with two good berths (one above the other), washstands, chairs, and every convenience. These state-rooms run round a handsome dining-room, where things are served up in good hotel style, the upper part of the room fitted with sofa lounges and piano.

Above this room is a third story of cabins for the coloured passengers. These, too, are very comfortable, and we were informed that Captain Lee's boats carried more of this class than other lines of steamers which have not this accommodation.

"We were glad to get from a Southerner his views of emancipation, and in reply to the question how the negroes were getting on, he said, 'Well, right well—and I'm glad they are free. I fought in the war. You see the North were jealous of the South, and that was the cause of the war, but now it's all over I'm glad. I owned 264 slaves. Some of course are idle—and they do not know the use of money, but many are doing well. They are good servants, but you know they have no brains—they have nowhere to put brains.'

"There were seventy-five negroes engaged on this boat, lading and unlading at the various stopping places on the river. They were paid fifty dollars per month

and their board. We heard that at New Orleans they often earned 100 dollars with board. They are called up during the night at the various stopping places. We were greatly interested in watching the alacrity with which these men worked ; joyous, careless fellows, they would run up the steep banks of the river, roll the many iron-bound bales of cotton down, laughing and tumbling over each other. Many wore scarlet shirts or jerseys, and the contrast of black and scarlet was very striking. When the last bales were on board the whistle sounded, and the black men stretching themselves on the top of them went to sleep in the blazing sun, to be up again at the next stopping place."

Mrs. Allen continues the narrative :—

" We landed at Helena, Arkansas, took a carriage, and drove up to Southland College, where Calvin and Alida Clark are carrying on a most interesting work among the coloured people. This was commenced before the war was entirely over in 1864. Here we stayed a week or more, greatly interested, one day dining with Reuben Johnson and family. He and his wife had been slaves, belonging to separate masters ; when the war broke out he ran away and joined the Northern army, and for three years did not see or hear from his wife or know where she was. Now they are a happy united family, with some of the children grown up ; the eldest girl being trained as a teacher at the college, and several little black children playing around us. R. J. told us he raised almost everything for the table. They generally used corn (*i.e.*, Indian corn or maize) bread, buying only coffee and sugar. We had turkey and guinea-fowl for dinner, with custards, etc. We found Mrs. Johnson had been a cook in slavery days, and she evidently had great pleasure in preparing the meal.

“ They live in a farmhouse, built—as many are in the South—like two small one-storied houses, united by a broad covered passage, so that in hot weather one could be sheltered from the sun and get a current of air through. There were beds in the living room (in which we dined), and in the room opposite across the passage, all beautifully clean, with embroidered pillow covers. After dinner we visited a large shed where the cotton-gin was at work. The people bring their cotton as gathered from the fields, and it is passed through a machine with sharp teeth which separate the seed from the cotton; it was the invention of this machine which helped to bind the fetters of the slave more firmly, as cotton growing then became so extremely profitable. Notwithstanding, now that liberty is fully tried, it is proved that in the long run free labour is cheaper than slave labour.

“ While at Southland we had a good deal of social religious intercourse with the people. When speaking to Daniel Drew (a coloured Friend minister) of the many earnest Christians there were in the slavery days among these poor oppressed people, who were, for the most part, unable to read the Bible, as to how they came to a knowledge of Christ, he said, ‘ I often think that the Lord knew our sufferings and our longings for Him, and visited our hearts by His Spirit in a way that He did not others who had greater advantages. He in His love stooped to our low estate, and gave many of our people wonderful manifestations of Himself. Those who were Christians would steal off into the woods to pray and sing together of His love, and thus many of those rude yet deeply pathetic hymns were composed which are sung by our old people when they get together.’ We said we should like to hear some of them, but finding the students knew but few of them, as we were sitting one evening on the

balcony he gathered together some of the more elderly of their neighbours, and it was deeply interesting to listen to the sweet and plaintive singing. The hymns generally spoke of Canaan and longings to go, and of 'roaming through this unfriendly world.' At times one could hardly keep from tears, or at others from smiles, as they sang of 'hitching on wings and flying to glory.'

"The morning we left we were awakened by the sound of sweet singing at three o'clock. On opening the bed-room door I was almost startled at seeing four black men in the passage, but leaving it ajar we heard words—soft, low, and melodious—of several hymns which were sung; and then, as with noiseless footfall the singers withdrew, we heard the words,

" 'Steal away, steal away to Jesus.'

"This week, with sweet and hallowed memories, will ever live in our hearts, and we look forward to the time when we shall meet among 'the great multitude which no man can number of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, before the throne and before the Lamb clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, singing salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.'

"From thence we went to Nashville, and visited Fisk University, which is familiar to so many, as having sent forth the jubilee singers. Jubilee Hall, which was built from the proceeds of their most successful tour in Europe, is a fine building. In the reception-room was a print from Haydon's picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840, and when I remarked to the lady principal that one of the portraits was Richard Allen's, she was deeply interested. He was introduced to the students as an old anti-slavery worker. We dined with the family, numbering 190, at Jubilee Hall, and were also taken over

the buildings, and visited various class-rooms, the students being all shades of colour ; some looked as white as any English person, but had some taint of negro blood, others as dark as ebony. They were nearly all being trained for teachers or ministers. What interested me particularly was to notice that there were quite as many of the true negroes in the advanced classes as those who were of Anglo-Saxon parentage. As I remembered how Captain Lee had told us ‘they had no brains, no brains,’ I wished he could have seen these Greek and algebra classes, for the students not only had brains, but were making good use of them. After dinner all were assembled together, and sang some of their most touching melodies and hymns, and we had an opportunity of addressing them. The rapt attention while they listened to Richard Allen, as he entreated them to prize their liberty, and to use it to the glory of God and the good of their fellow-creatures, was very touching. Some of the elder ones had felt the galling yoke of slavery when young, and nearly all were children of slave mothers.”

The following notes of his address at the latter place were taken at the time :—

“My friends, I cannot tell you how glad I am to stand among you. For more than fifty years I was engaged in the anti-slavery cause, first for the emancipation of our slaves in the West Indies, and then for those in America. I felt it must come, but I little thought a few months ago, at my advanced age—just eighty—I should ever visit America. I am thankful that in the good providence of God I am here ; that I see what I do ; that I see those whose parents knew what bondage was *free*. And, my friends, I do long for you, that you may all know the Saviour’s love ; for, ‘ God so loved the

world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Thus every one of you may say, God *so* loves me. Oh! cling, cling close to your Saviour! You have grand opportunities of usefulness before you. Many of you are training as teachers; and the future of your people depends greatly on you. Study diligently the most of your time. And may the Lord bless you! I shall never see you again; but we may, through faith in that Saviour who died for us, meet above. My parting blessing is with you. May the Lord richly bless you!"

"Fisk University is about three miles out of Nashville; we were sent back to our hotel in the college conveyance, and learned from the coachman that he had been there four years. He said, 'One could not live long with such people and not get converted; they are such good earnest Christians themselves.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thy mission is
To make earth's desert glad
In its Eden greenness clad ;
And to level manhood bring
Lord and peasant, serf and king ;
And the Christ of God to find
In the humblest of thy kind !

WHITTIER.

“THE next day we left Nashville for Chattanooga, arriving there late at night, the hotel nearly full ; so that we had a wretched room. The landlady was a pro-slavery woman, and very bitter against the coloured people.

“We took a tram ride through the city and talked to the driver. ‘A good nigger is all very well, but a dirty, sassy nigger I can’t bear : we don’t want them here ; we don’t want them in this country.’ When we asked him how they came there, if it was their own doing, etc., he seemed thoughtful.

“About noon we left and travelled through a pretty undulating country, crossing the Tennessee River several times, and at five o’clock dismounted from the train at Concord. A number of stalwart black men were waiting for us. We met Laura Ensign, and, escorted by our coloured attendants with the luggage, walked to her cottage.

“At 6.30 we turned out, our hostess leading the way with a lantern, to a meeting with the coloured people,

to give an account of our visit to the Holy Land. It was a curious and novel sight, about forty present, all coloured excepting Laura Ensign and ourselves, in a poor room lighted with oil lamps. The rapt attention was most striking, though it was difficult to discern our audience, their almost jet black faces hardly visible in a dimly-lighted room, and only by the whites of their eyes and their teeth could we tell their whereabouts, for truly they listened with eyes, ears, and mouths open. The poor slaves had been used to sing of Canaan as heaven, and of being on the shores of Jordan as on the banks of deliverance ; but to hear of *one* as a country through which we had travelled and the *other* as a river at which we had quenched our thirst and bathed, was to them something new. We asked them to sing, and such singing I never heard. The majority of our audience were very big men, working in the marble quarries near. They had no hymn-book, but, rolling up their eyes and opening their mouths very wide, they literally roared out some droning hymns. The negro voice when trained, and singing some of their sad and plaintive tunes, surpasses for softness and yet richness anything I ever heard ; but I never wish again to hear such singing as we had that night."

Mrs. Allen writes—

"*Sunday, October 21st, 1883.*—Went to the coloured school at 9.30 ; took a class of grown people who could not read ; all had formerly been slaves. They were greatly interested in the wordless book ; the first page *black*, to represent sin ; second page, *red*, the blood of Christ ; third, *white*, the heart cleansed ; fourth, *gold*, heaven and glory. They told me the meaning, etc., some of them repeating texts illustrative of the various subjects and referring to hymns. The school-house is a simple

wooden building in the midst of a wood. We went through the Ensigns' garden, where sweet potatoes were growing in abundance, and through cornfields (Indian corn) now fully ripe, peach trees bordering the field; then we entered the pretty wood, lovely in autumn foliage. After school we went out for a few minutes, and at eleven o'clock reassembled for a religious meeting, L. V. Ensign and ourselves being the only white people present. At three o'clock we had a meeting for children, when I gave a Bible lesson on my little watch. The room was crowded, and more planks had to be brought in. Many men and women were present, and the greatest interest was manifested as they listened to the watch having to be taken to the watchmaker to be cleaned and have a new spring. Their faces lit up with intelligence, and they seemed to understand at once the necessity for each of us to go to our Maker that we might be cleansed from all sin, and have a new heart and right spirit, repeating texts after me illustrative of the lesson. In the evening we had a meeting at the white church (Presbyterian), where there were about 100 present;—Concord is a small place (not 400 population);—the coloured people do not meet with the whites either in schools or for worship at any places in the South, so far as we can learn. I expect this is best, as they are *supposed* to be such an inferior grade; perhaps they would not feel free or be able to develop so well under such a repressive influence. A white man with his wife and children attended the meetings we held with the coloured people at Concord, he belongs to 'the poor whites,' and, as a rule, attends no place of worship; neither he nor his wife can read. Indeed the state of education is still very low in the Southern States; even now, in country places, the State schools, which are free, are only open three months in the year.

In the State of Tennessee the school year only averages four and a half months.

“From Concord we were driven in a waggon to Friendville, where we also held some meetings, and visited the grave of William Forster (the father of the late Right Honourable William Edward Forster, M.P.), who died here when on a visit to the slaveholders on behalf of their slaves in 1854. Thence we proceeded again in a spring waggon through the woods, now rich in autumnal tints (such as can only be seen in America), to Maryville, staying with Professor William P. Hastings, and were greatly interested in the coloured college under his superintendence, one day visiting with him an old negro who was one hundred and seven years of age, being eighty-seven when set free, and such a bright Christian, his little curls of white woolly hair making a strange contrast with his black features. On leaving Maryville we had a lovely railway journey up the slopes of the Great Smoky Mountains (a spur of the Alleghanies) to Ashville, where we stayed a few days, revelling in the fine scenery and gorgeous autumnal tints, driving ourselves in a buggy to some of the charming spots that abound in this locality. Richard Allen would speak in glowing terms of the grandeur of the scenery, visited in its perfection of autumnal glory. The varied tints of the many species of oak, the bright yellow of the hickory, the maple, and many other trees and shrubs of the sunny south, appearing in the distance like some of the effective foliage beds laid out in our parks, only far more gorgeous—the sunsets, too, with their long and brilliant after-glows, left a deep impression. This charming region was an interesting contrast from the rich though somewhat monotonous luxuriance of the prairie states of the West. On leaving Ashville we stayed a few days at High Point, North Carolina, visiting the meet-

ings of 'The Friends' in this locality, and also, as was our wont, having religious services with the coloured people. At a large meeting to which all classes were invited to hear an account of our visit to the Holy Land, on noticing the white people in the audience seated on one side, and then some forms nearly empty, while the coloured people were seated in the far corner, Richard Allen invited them to come and fill up the benches, but was much pained at noticing all the white people immediately move to the further side, sooner than sit by their coloured neighbours.

"On the Sunday evening, as Richard Allen took the arm of the coloured minister to accompany him to his place of worship, the landlord and guests at the hotel assembled in the passage to watch them as they passed out. This colour prejudice was very trying to him, and as he spoke that evening in the crowded church, to an orderly, well-dressed, and devout audience (with only four white persons present), it was a comfort to know that 'God is no respecter of persons,' but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him. We proceeded from Maryville to Greenboro, where addresses were again given at the coloured college, schools, and church, and were greatly interested in visiting Warnersville, a suburb of the town, well built, and inhabited by a thriving number of coloured people. Shortly after the war it was difficult for the freed people to procure land on which to build and settle, but Yardley Warner, a remarkably active and philanthropic Friend, whose sympathies, like so many of his community, were drawn out for the oppressed, raised money and bought land here, which he afterwards sold in lots to them, letting them pay for it by instalments; a flourishing village or town is the result, and his memory is spoken of in terms of gratitude and respect.

We proceeded thence through Richmond, Virginia, to Washington, where Richard Allen was greatly pleased to meet again Frederick Douglass, who had been his guest nearly forty years before when a fugitive from American slavery. He is now a man of mark, and a prominent figure among the most distinguished citizens of the Republic. He was born a slave, and suffered its unspeakable horrors till his twenty-first year, when he made his escape. He became an ardent advocate for emancipation, pleading with the fervour of one into whose soul the iron had entered, and with an eloquence and genius all his own. For many years he occupied the position of Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia—which, strange to say, is the very office to which in slave-holding times was attached the duty of sending back escaped slaves to the dread prison-house of southern slavery. Personally and mentally alike, Frederick Douglass is a magnificent specimen of the *genus homo*, although for more than twenty years he was denied the name and the rights of man. On hearing that his old friend Richard Allen was in Washington he wrote as follows :—

“ ‘ MY DEAR RICHARD ALLEN,—Can it be that you are still alive, and, more wonderful still, in America? I could hardly believe my own eyes when I read your note this morning. It is true, and I am indeed glad to know that it is true. It will give me pleasure to call upon you at the Ebbitt House to-morrow at two o'clock P.M., or to have a call from you at my office in the City Hall at an earlier hour. I remember you well, and your kindness to me during my visit to Dublin. Your note brings to mind the Webbs, Haughtons, and other dear departed friends.

“ ‘ Very truly yours,

“ ‘ FREDERICK DOUGLASS.’ ”

We take the following from a letter to his friends at home :—

“ You will like to hear a little account of our visit to Frederick Douglass this morning. We found him waiting in the court, as he was summoned to give evidence on a trial, but on looking round he seemed to recognise me at once, and hastily leaving word that he would be in his office if wanted, after a very warm salutation we went with him, and had a most interesting time. He is now about sixty-seven, his hair very white, but he looks well. I easily recognised him as the Frederick Douglass of forty years ago. After some general conversation he began to inquire after his old friends in Ireland, and brought several to my recollection who have passed away, James Haughton, Richard Webb, Thomas Webb, and others. Then he travelled to England,—the Gurneys, Joseph and Edmund Sturge, the latter still living, some of the great stays in the anti-slavery cause, G. W. Alexander, Henry and Anna Richardson, Elizabeth Pease, now Nicol, and the Wighams; the Jennings of Cork, Richard Dowden, and Father Mathew. He is still a public character, and as we passed through the south we found his name a household word among his class, as he has been addressing large audiences lately in a powerful strain of oratory, urging them to show themselves worthy of freedom.

“ We asked him his opinion as to the effect of emancipation. He said we must take into consideration the circumstances under which freedom was declared—war and all its horrors; the exasperated feeling of the South on being deprived of what they considered their property, the mutual recrimination, the situation of the people thrown off without previous preparation, the planters telling their late slaves they no longer wanted

them, their helpless condition ; but soon it was found that they could not be done without, and now things were finding their level. Much is being done in the way of education, and he looked hopefully to the future. For himself he said he felt his altered position, that from being nothing he was now the observed one as he walked about. He spoke of Lincoln and Garfield as amongst his personal friends,—Lincoln the most determined, Garfield gentle, but both true men, who had done much for the coloured race. Grant he also spoke well of.

“Washington is a beautiful city. The plan established by Congress, that a clear space of ten miles square should be allotted for the district on which the capital should be built, distinct from the control of any individual State, has given a space which has enabled it to surpass every other city in the great width of its streets, the abundant room and wide openings so essential for the health of places where large masses are congregated.

“The Capitol is a noble building, the dome standing high above all its surroundings, the noble flight of steps which lead to its interior in strict conformity to its proportions. Two additions have been added, one on each side, but quite in harmony with the original design, with long avenues radiating from its centre. We spent a considerable time in examining the interior. Both the Houses of Legislation—viz., the House of Representatives and the Senate—occupy portions of the new building. The Supreme Court of Judicature is held here also, and the centre building contains busts of various prominent characters,—Lincoln’s, a masterly production executed by a lady ; Garfield’s is in process, but not yet finished. A large portion of the paintings on the roofs were executed by an Italian artist, and there are also imitations of

rich basso-relievo paintings, well executed by the first artist employed, but his death needed a new hand, whose skill is probably inferior. The library is very extensive, and has many readers. The most remarkable object which caught our attention was a beautiful illustrated copy of the Bible of the twelfth century.

"There were other public buildings of interest, but our time did not permit any examination except the exterior."

The following letter was received from F. Douglass by Richard Allen on his return home, in reply to a letter of congratulation on his marriage with a white lady. We copy it as showing the prejudice that exists with regard to colour, though F. Douglass' father was doubtless a white man.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 18th*, 1884.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am obliged for your letter of March 1st. It brought Brooklawn quite near me, and I could see yourself and Mrs. Allen comfortably seated at your warm fireside. What a blessing this mail service between friendly souls is! How good that we can speak to each other over the wide waste of waters! I thank you very sincerely for your kind congratulations and good wishes. My marriage has brought to me clouds, and darkness, and stormy criticism for offending popular prejudice, but there is peace and happiness within. I was unwilling to allow the world to select a wife for me, but preferred to select for myself, and the world is displeased with my independence. Dust will rise, but if well let alone will settle. It has already begun to do so in this case.

“I felt some concern for you and Mrs. Allen when you were about to set out for your wintry voyage homeward, and am very glad you reached home safely and in good condition. It was something of an undertaking to make such a tour as you made in the United States, and few men of your age could have made it in safety. Mrs. Douglass is just twenty years younger than myself, and is a noble woman, one who feels happy in being a helper to me. Having such a wife may yet embolden me to make some such journey abroad as you have made through the States, and may possibly yet bring me to Brooklawn to tarry for a night. There are many dear people in England, Ireland, and Scotland I would like once more to take by the hand. It does not much matter whether I do or not in this life. It will not be long before we shall all meet on the other shore. The margin of life is narrowing, and most of those we knew only a few years ago have passed away to their eternal rest. We are all within the hands of the Almighty—subjects; we can praise Him for blessings past, and trust Him for blessings to come.

“Very truly yours,

“FREDERICK DOUGLASS.”

At Baltimore Richard and M. A. M. Allen were the guests of Dr. J. C. Thomas and his wife (sister of Hannah Whital Smith), and greatly enjoyed attending the Friends' Yearly Meeting, visiting the Johns Hopkins University, etc.; a few days at Philadelphia and New York completing this most delightful tour. They were greatly amused and surprised, as they drove up to Brooklawn, at the horse being taken from the carriage, and the neighbours drawing

them under arches of evergreens to the hall door, while on the lawn opposite a large bonfire was blazing, and men, women, and children gathered to give a real Irish welcome home.

CHAPTER XXIX.

While I silently ponder this change that was wrought in me, I find no language equal to convey to another a clear idea of it. I looked upon the works of God in this visible creation, and my heart was tender and often contrite, and universal love to my fellow-creatures increased in me.—WOOLMAN.

FREQUENTLY Richard and M. A. M. Allen visited places in their own country to hold Gospel and children's meetings. Among these we may mention Coote Hill, Ballibay, Portadown, Lurgan, Brookfield near Moira, Belfast,—and nearer home, Wicklow, Greystones, Edenderry, and Mountmellick. From the latter place R. Allen was obliged to return hastily on account of a severe cold, March 1883, and the following describes the Sunday evening at Brooklawn when he was recovering, written by one of his nieces the next day.

“Uncle Richard is still confined to the house with a heavy cold. Aunt Ellen is staying here, and is at present sitting with him, as he does not get up to breakfast. There is such a sweetness over him, more so almost than any previous visit I have paid here. Last evening he read the first and second chapters of Colossians, as if his mind were entirely engrossed in them, and then said,

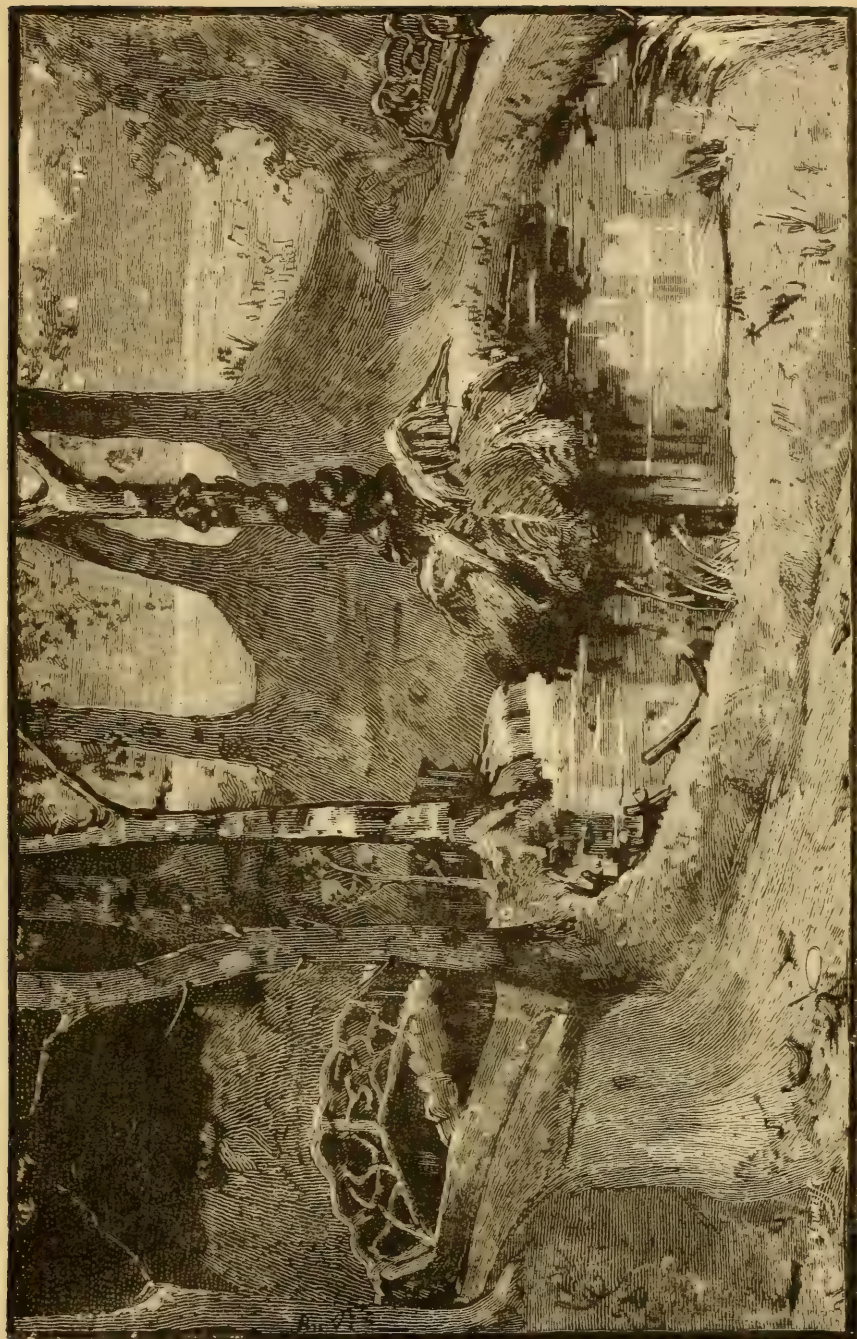
‘ Shall I read the next chapter ? ’ No one answering he then went on, ‘ If ye then be risen with Christ,’ etc., down to the last verse, when he remarked what beautiful chapters they were. We could not but be struck with the holy calmness which seemed over him. On being asked what hymn he would like, he said, ‘ Wonderful words of life ’ (though we had had it at the Gospel meeting in the house at four o’clock that day), but he seemed to wish for it again. When sung he remarked, ‘ Let us have some of those wonderful words of life *now*. ’ He then repeated John v. 24, and asked each of us to follow on with others, which we did, continuing it at least for half an hour, feeling we could not stop. The presence of the Lord seemed to fill the room, and dear Uncle Richard appeared like one who realised the fulness of His love ; sitting at His feet and communing with Him, he seemed to get a glimpse into the presence of the Lamb as one who stood on the threshold of those bright mansions, which our Lord has gone to prepare for His redeemed children. It was very interesting to see how bright he was, and what a knowledge he has of Scripture, ever ready, when it came to his turn, with some sweet text, either of salvation, or some precious promise to God’s children, and how quickly he corrected any of us who made a mistake.”

In 1884, after attending the Yearly Meeting in London, he went his last continental tour, with his wife, two of his sisters, and his niece Mary, visiting Switzerland, through the St. Gothard to the Swiss Italian lakes and Milan, returning home in July.

It was for some years the custom, when at home,

during the summer to take meals in the garden whenever the weather permitted, the rule being at breakfast that all should help in carrying out the many appurtenances. He was as active as any; indeed, unless the rest were quick, would do far more than his share. Some lovely days during this summer breakfast, dinner, and tea were all taken in the open air. Friends staying with him used to sit in the garden part of the day, reading and communing together in this way. He greatly enjoyed hearing Drummond's book, "*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*," or some favourite poem. Then he would take one of his brisk walks round the grounds, staying to make us listen to the songs of the birds, watching the lights and shadows, or the reflection of the trees in the brook, and in the early spring gather a sprig of the light green of the beech tree, and hold it up in the sunlight, that we might notice the delicate veins or the fine fringe at the edge of the leaves. For years it was his practice to bring in a small nosegay of flowers and lay on the table beside the breakfast tray, and the exquisite arrangement of colour and foliage was most striking.

It goes almost without saying that Richard Allen had a large circle of friends. Many have been already mentioned in connection with various branches of work. But his life would hardly seem complete without special mention of a few—Ben-



jamin Seebohm, James Backhouse, Peter Bedford, Joseph Sturge, whom he regarded with warm love and admiration, Thomas Harvey, a beloved friend and almost lifelong correspondent, James Clarke, of Street, Isaac Brown, of Kendal, much loved, Jonathan Grubb. Then there was T. B. Smithies and Joseph Cooper, to whom visits were always paid when Richard Allen was in London.

A much loved and valued friend was Miss Holmes, whom Richard Allen frequently visited in the west of Ireland, warmly sympathising with her work among the peasantry of Connaught, and to whom he would delight to listen by the hour, as she poured forth out of the stores of her experience narratives at once touching and humorous of the people she knew so intimately. Then there were the American friends, not only the Anti-slavery group, but in later times numbers of ministers and others belonging to the Society of Friends, few of whom were in this country without visiting Brooklawn, and to many of whom a warm attachment resulted; also ministers of other denominations, who were his guests at the Christian conventions and other times, with whom warm friendships were formed.

Then there was the large inner circle of his nearest relations of different generations, brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces; great nephews and nieces, upon whom was poured out a wealth of love, and who gathered round him at Christmas and other

times in the enjoyment of intercourse that will be a prized, life-long memory to many.

Richard Allen felt strongly the privilege as well as the duty of giving of his means to the Lord's work, that he was only a steward, and he was often troubled that some Christians seemed to look upon giving as a burden, that if any one asked them for a subscription they felt it "a bore," and that some who thought it needful to retrench began at their charities.

Hearing the Friends' Foreign Mission funds were very low, he dictated the following letter from his sick bed in the autumn of 1885:—

"I have been deeply stirred by H. S. Newman's letter in last month's *Friend*, and it has kindled something like a feeling of shame at our backwardness in the Foreign Mission field. I fear we often take more praise for our liberality than we deserve, for, notwithstanding the increased work, there is no increase in the subscriptions. The appeal must be made to *all*. Surely we must see how clear and emphatic are the words of our Saviour in Matt. xxviii.:—'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore and teach all nations.' Now let us look at John iii. 16:—'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The message is wondrous; spoken nearly nineteen centuries ago, it has come down in all its fulness to each successive generation, and surely all who love the Saviour should feel it not only a *duty*, but a *privilege* to spread that blessed message. All are not

called to leave their homes to labour personally in the Foreign Mission field, but all are commanded to help forward the work, a command which none can disregard without doing themselves and others a wrong.

“Now if the work is to progress, it is evident the subscriptions must be largely increased, and I hope those who have not heretofore given will help, while I would press on those who already contribute, to give *according to their means*. We must remember that under the Old Dispensation the people were commanded to give a tenth to the Lord ; surely we who live in these glorious Gospel days should feel the obligation still stronger. ‘There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth ; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.’ I have proved this to be a truth.

“I have dictated this from a sick bed, for I feel so strongly on the subject that I want my friends to look at it prayerfully ; for surely if we ourselves know the preciousness of a Saviour’s love, we shall esteem it not only our *duty*, but our *joy*, to do what we can to make Him known to those who ‘sit in darkness and the shadow of death.’”

During this time he one day remarked, “I do not take a shadow of credit to myself, but I do feel reverently thankful to my heavenly Father that during health I did not close my lips, but spoke of his love in Christ Jesus, and also that I did not close my pockets against His cause.”

Richard Allen’s mind was wonderfully young and fresh, and this continued to the very last,—capable always of enjoyment when anything beautiful came before him, whether the beauty was physical, mental,

or moral, always ready to adopt new methods and ideas when they commended themselves to his judgment. This was the old age of which Wordsworth speaks, not going down into the mists of the valley, but rising up towards the mountain tops, where breathes a purer air, where rests a serener light, where broods a holier silence.

CHAPTER XXX.

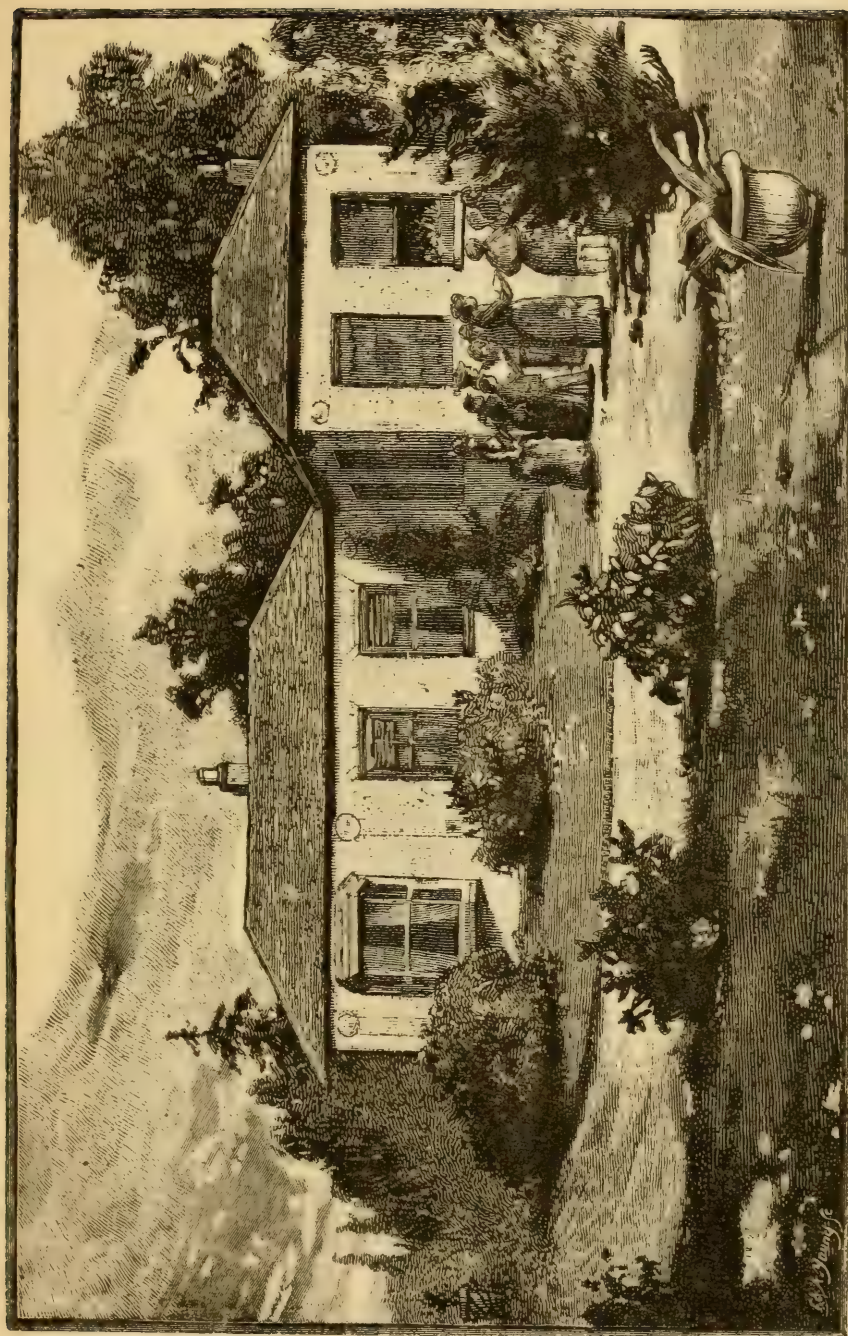
Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and, drawing near to the city, they had a more perfect view thereof.

In this place the children of the town would go into the King's gardens, and gather nosegays for the Pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection.—“*Pilgrim's Progress.*”

IN the year 1885 there was no continental journey. Richard Allen, with his wife, attended the “Yearly Meeting” in London, feeling that for him it was the last time. A few weeks at Bournemouth with some relatives were much enjoyed, but he had not been very well in London, and after the return home in July he was very seriously ill. Many thought that the messenger then had come for their beloved friend; but it was not so, he was to remain a little longer on this side the river. For some time he was confined to his bed, but as he recovered a little he would lie with his window open while the sweet breeze was wafted in laden with the scent of flowers, and the people who came to Brooklawn for a Gospel meeting in the grounds on Sunday sang some of his favourite hymns, and he addressed them through the open window in a few earnest, beautiful words on the happiness

of knowing Christ as their Saviour, entreating none to put off seeking Him. Then, too, the children from the Sunday School held in the house would stay and sing as they passed his room on their way home. Those who were privileged to visit his sick chamber can testify of the joyful peace that brooded over it. No words can describe it unless it be the words of Bunyan about the land of Beulah : " Whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through, and they (the pilgrims) solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day ; wherefore this was beyond the valley of the shadow of death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle." That this was true of Richard Allen a few notes taken at this time by his wife will testify.

" *July 26th, 1885.*—My dear one had a comfortable night's rest, and as our faithful Ann was tidying the room he said, ' We are all a day's march nearer home, nearer our heavenly home. I trust all are journeying there, Ann and all of us.' After breakfast his three sisters came in to family worship and we read 1 John v., when he remarked on the fulness of the promises, quoting the text, ' He that hath the Son *hath life.*' When Dr. McDowell came, whose visits and conversation he much enjoyed, he asked him if he knew the hymn,



SINGING HYMNS AT RICHARD ALLEN'S WINDOW DURING HIS ILLNESS.

[To face page 40.]

“ ‘A day’s march nearer home,’

and then repeated nearly the whole of

“ ‘Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life.’

He greatly admired a beautiful basket of grapes sent by Mrs. Bewley, of Willow Park, with ferns tastefully trailing over the handle.”

“*July 28th.*—As we were having breakfast together, he, propped up with pillows in bed, clasped his hands, and said, ‘I can now say with more fulness than ever Christ is all and in all;’ and later on, ‘I am glad I was given a few words for my Saviour when in health.’ Afterwards, as we were bringing in flowers and arranging his sick room, he said, ‘I do love to have my room pretty.’ To his niece Edith, who called during the day, he said, ‘Thou seest a sick man, but I say God bless thee. The more thou knows of thy Saviour’s love in thy heart, the happier thou wilt be,’ and then repeated with great emphasis, ‘*The happier thou wilt be.*’ Some of the scenes in the sick room at this time will remain as pictures in our minds while memory lasts. One day, as he was sitting up in bed, his Eastern-looking dressing-gown and long white beard reminding one of the patriarchs of old, his little nephew, Alex Harrison, three years old, who had just arrived, was lifted on the bed to kiss him. He gently stroked the child’s head, and, while so doing, poured out his soul in prayer that he might early serve the Lord, and grow up to be a blessing to his parents and the world; the quiet awe of the little one and the radiant countenance of the aged saint, as his mother and others stood by, seemed like a consecration service. The next morning Alex’s little cousin Connie came in to breakfast, and as the dear invalid was now somewhat better, the family,

with the servants, adjourned to his room for morning worship ; one child sat on the bed the other on a stool at his mother's feet, while the rest made a half circle each side. After Bible reading, and hymn, and morning portion, his voice was heard in prayer for a blessing on the children present, on the coachman's children, and on each family represented there. On scenes like these memory loves to dwell."

"*July 30th.*—When I re-entered the room after breakfast, I found him speaking to his dear sister, Lucy Taylor, on the passage, 'He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.' He turned to me and said, 'I was speaking of the sufferings our Saviour endured, and endured *voluntarily* for us—for He said of His life, 'No man taketh it from Me, I lay it down of myself.' For the joy set before Him He endured the cross, despising the shame, the joy of saving souls ; His physical sufferings were nothing to what He endured mentally when 'His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground.' We should speak of these things very reverently. After a while he said, 'I have been thinking of those lines of Keble's we repeated this morning—

" 'New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;'

and the last verse,

" 'Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.'

"Then he said, 'Rest, that is what *I don't want*. Rest was Robert Hall's idea of heaven, for he was a great sufferer, my idea of heaven is love and service. Oh, if I might be a missionary angel, and go and whisper to desponding souls the wonders of a Saviour's love !

We have the text, 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?'

"Fearing he was talking too much and needed sleep, I read to him—

" 'Saviour, more than life to me,
Keep me clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power,
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.'

"He added, 'The sense of our impurity, our unworthiness, makes us almost afraid to ask such a fulness of blessing. He then dictated a letter to my dear Uncle Isaac Brown, and seemed almost overpowered, with a sense of God's love.

"The following prayer was taken down one morning at family worship. We had read John xvi. 'O Lord, surely Thy word pours forth consolation, humble us under a sense of the comfort Thou givest us. Give us more and more to know our blessings. Thou hast surrounded Thy poor unworthy servant with so many friends. Give me to tell to those around, to those who come to see me, the consolations Thou art able to give to those who put their trust in Thee. Give us more and more to love Thy holy name, and enable us to tell of a Saviour's love. Be with the sufferers,' mentioning by name some of his friends who were ill. 'Thy tenderness is not as our tenderness, Thy love is not as our love, but infinitely greater. Give them to realise that their sufferings are but for a moment compared with the glory that is laid up for them. Help us to glorify Thy name through Christ Jesus.'

“The next morning, when John xvii. was read, he prayed: ‘O dear Lord, wilt Thou look down on us and bless us? Thou knowest how Satan tries to depress us when he cannot exalt us. Give us to realise the glorious truth that Thou lovest us, and to remember that Thou hast called on those who love Thee to proclaim Thy glorious word. Give us to understand more of that love that led Thee to give Thy Son to die for us, and may we know more of the indwelling of Thy Holy Spirit. Enable us more and more to glorify Thy ever-blessed Name, through Christ Jesus. Amen.’

“Another morning he prayed: ‘O Lord, we bless and praise Thee for the wonders of Thy love—a love far above our comprehension, a love which extends to all the world. O Lord, so fill the hearts of Thy people with that love that they may desire to tell it to others; that they may go forth as Thy messengers, as Thy ambassadors, to make it known that Thou desirest that all should be reconciled to Thee. We ask Thy forgiveness for our slowness, our dulness. Oh, grant that we may be able to comprehend more of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of Thy love in Christ Jesus. Look down on the sick and suffering wherever they are, and oh, hasten the day when Thy kingdom shall come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. We ask it reverently for our Saviour’s sake. Amen.’”

Enabled thus to cast himself and his dear ones on the love and care of his heavenly Father, he was at leisure to enjoy perhaps more perfectly than ever the beauty of the world around him. He delighted, too, in living over some of the scenes of his early life, and to tell of the stirring times in which he and many dear to him had lived. Those who listened

to his vivid descriptions will not easily forget them, still less the impression of perfect serenity and happiness which his conversation, his looks, and whole manner conveyed. One day he was talking about the beauty of the world, and especially of the flowers he loved so dearly, and seeing in all this an evidence of God's love to man, said, "Why was the world made so beautiful? Look at the flowers; God does not need their beauty—the animals cannot enjoy it—surely all was made for man. *God does want him to be happy.* And what a wonderful power God has put into his hands in developing the beauty of plants, and what a pleasure it is! The fuchsia, when first introduced, was a very simple flower, and how many and what beautiful varieties have been developed by cultivation. The same with the dahlia and many other garden and greenhouse plants. How I am surrounded with blessings! Look at my flowers, purple, white, and scarlet, all so beautifully arranged, and how I am surrounded with love, so many friends, and such a dear wife ministering to me in so many ways. And how blessed it is to remember that our Saviour is the centre of love, that from God in Christ all love emanates. God is Love, and love in Christ is eternal. Think of the last verse of the 13th of 1st Corinthians, 'But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.' When we are with Him faith will be lost in sight, hope will not be needed, we shall have the

fruition ; but love is boundless, and will go on ever increasing as our hearts become enlarged. We never can get to the depths of His love. We have never got to the bottom of that one word, 'God so loved the world ;' and then it is '*whosoever.*'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

With the patriarch's joy
Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;
I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust ;
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs :
All weight in this—oh, let me live to Thee !

YOUNG.

IN September, to the surprise and delight of his friends, Richard Allen was able to drive out and to meet with them for worship, and there was a little more work for the servant to do before "the Post" came from the Celestial City to summon him to his Master's more immediate presence. In December he went with his wife for a last visit to Brookfield school, near Moira, where they had spent so many days in past years. Again there was intercourse with the children and sweet communion with their friends, visits to the cottages round, where good words were spoken for the Master, and kindly greetings given and received.

On his return to Dublin he was very bright and well, and attended various meetings connected with the Society of Friends ; some on Temperance and other subjects he also attended and spoke at ; and had his usual social enjoyment among the many

relatives and friends who constantly gathered round him.

On his last birthday, the 8th January, a few friends spent the evening at Brooklawn, and enjoyed his conversation, which was bright and happy as ever, recalling past events, and relating them with the utmost clearness and interest.

As they sat by the tea-table he read one of his favourite chapters, 2 Cor. v., and a verse was read from one of the birthday cards—

“ May God, who hath thy steps sustained
Until this day from year to year,
Support thee till the time ordained
When ended is thy mission here.”

No one then thought the time would be so short. The following day he drove a considerable distance to visit his sisters, and afterwards went to a representative meeting in Dublin to welcome a lady who was about to commence a Gospel Temperance Mission, where, as President of the Hibernian Band of Hope Union, he gave an effective address. The following day, Sunday, was the last he was to spend in the company of members of the Church on earth. His words were a trumpet call to the younger people to come forward and take up the standard of the Cross. “Some of us,” he said, “are very old; we cannot long labour amongst you, or speak of God’s love in Christ Jesus. There are those here who *must* come forward and take their right places

for the Lord and His service." He concluded by referring to "the home above, where, through redeeming love, all the Lord's children shall be gathered "to be for ever with the Lord."

The following evening, on retiring to rest, he was seized with violent pain, which, however, subsided on the application of remedies, and he was able to be with the family at intervals during the following week, and even one day to walk in his garden—the garden he had loved so well, and where he had so often realised the Psalmist's words, "My meditation of Him shall be sweet, I will be glad in the Lord," and those of his favourite poet Cowper—

"One spirit—His
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain
Of His unrivalled pencil."

One cannot but think gladly of the comfort that John Sterling sent to his mother when she was near the close of her earthly pilgrimage—"God has other flowers for the gardens of His other mansions." One day during this week he almost startled his friends as he repeated those beautiful lines of Montgomery on the death of Joseph Brown—

" ' Spirit, leave thine house of clay ;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath ;
Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death ! ' "

Thus the guardian angel spoke
As he watched thy dying bed ;
As the bonds of life he broke '
And the ransomed captive fled.

' Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome, from a world of woe ;
Welcome to a land of rest.'

Thus the guardian angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high ;
While with hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky !"

going through the whole of the piece with the description of how the Lord

"Sent the chariot of His Son
To convey His servant home."

These lines he repeated several times during the week, also one day "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

On Monday, the 18th, he saw several of his friends, and among them some little grand-nephews from the north, to whom he spoke about the flowers, and then taking their hands he said :—

"My little boys, I am very glad to have seen you, and just before you go I want to tell you, you are not too young to know the love of God in your hearts, and I want you every morning when you awake to say, 'God loves me, Jesus loves me.'" They then sang a hymn, and bade him farewell.

Early in the evening he talked with a friend who

was staying in the house about his youthful days and the great anti-slavery struggle. About ten his nephew, Henry John Allen, conversed with him on several subjects of mutual interest. That very day he had earnestly prayed that if it were the Lord's will his mind might remain clear and unclouded to the last, and this was graciously granted. After Bible reading and prayer he retired to rest, when again his voice was heard pleading for a blessing on some meetings that were being held in Monkstown, and also on the Shoreditch Mission in London, in which he had so long been interested; he then concluded with committing his "dear wife" to the care of the Lord, and a little later repeated the 23rd Psalm, saying at the last verse, "Surely goodness and mercy *have* followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." No words could so beautifully have epitomised the story of his life's course, and the glorious assurance that brightened its end.

An attack of pain came on, not very severe, for he dozed at intervals, and about four o'clock A.M., January 19th, 1886, the spirit passed quietly away, and the voice of prayer and praise that fell on his dying ear was replaced, we do not doubt, by the voices of the heavenly host as he realised the perfect fulfilment of those glorious words of the writer to the Hebrews: "Ye are come to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innu-

merable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Looking up the glorious vista, and beholding with the eye of faith our friend entering in, we may well say with Bunyan, "which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

APPENDIX.

REMINISCENCES OF RICHARD ALLEN FROM 1840—49.

BY E. CONSTABLE.

My remembrance of Richard Allen and his wife dates from early childhood, as we used to see them occasionally in Belfast, and frequently different members of our family paid them visits at High Street, and brought back bright reports of the pleasant life there, and of the kind, genial host and hostess, who always made their friends so welcome.

I remember hearing of the deep interest Richard Allen took in the temperance cause, and in the efforts made to overthrow slavery all over the world, and then we heard with extreme delight that he was one of those who had presented the petition for the abolition of the term of apprenticeship in the West Indies to our young queen in 1838. In these interests he was closely associated with R. D. Webb and his brothers, and with James Haughton, Richard Allen being the last survivor of this band of philanthropists. At the present time our young people have no idea of the anti-slavery enthusiasm of those past days, nor how much good it did to those who entered into the movement heart and soul—raising them above the petty selfishness and worldliness of the times. In 1840 was held in London the “World’s Convention” to promote the abolition of slavery. Richard Allen and

his friend J. H. Webb were appointed delegates from Dublin (there may have been others, but I am not sure of this), and I can vividly remember the enthusiastic letters and the glowing accounts in the newspapers which we received of the proceedings of the Convention. Unfortunately, one great mistake was made. The Convention refused to admit some lady delegates sent from America, and William Lloyd Garrison, when he arrived, refused to sit in the assembly, because the women were excluded from it. It was a great pity that this took place, and it certainly shows what an advance there has been since then in the cause of Women's Rights. Such an exclusion would not take place at the present day. After the Convention was over, and our friends had returned to Dublin, there was a succession of distinguished Americans who visited the Allens and the Webbs, and found in both houses the most cordial welcome and the greatest appreciation. There was William Lloyd Garrison, the great leader of the Abolitionists; there were James and Lucretia Mott (the latter being one of the rejected lady delegates), Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, Mr. Collins, and our coloured friends Charles Remond, from the United States, and M. L'Instant, from Hayti, and a number of others whose names I cannot recollect. Subsequently there were Frederick Douglass, Henry Clarke Wright, and the Hutchinsons. These last were a party of four brothers and a sister, members of a family possessing great powers of song, and who used to sing anti-slavery songs at the beginning and close of the meetings. I mention them here because both Richard and Anne Allen were exceedingly pleased with these talented young people (who rejoiced in the names of Jesse, John, Judson, Asa, and Abby), and highly enjoyed their gift of song, which was then thought quite a

forbidden article amongst Friends. I think the World's Convention and the subsequent intercourse with so many busied minds, had a strong effect upon our philanthropic Friends. Many of the Americans who visited them had broken with the beliefs of their childhood, and had left the churches whose ministers defended slavery out of the Bible. Americans, too, go greater lengths, we know, than the more sober natives of these isles, and some of them had strange and unsettling ideas on many points. But I do not think Richard Allen, though a good deal shaken out of the old ruts and conventionalisms, ever really lost his belief in the great and blessed truths of Christianity; and looking back now to the time when I used so often to be at his house, I cannot recall ever hearing him say anything on the subject of religion or of the Holy Scriptures that was not reverent and appreciative.

It was in June 1843 that I first went to Dublin, and at that time the American visitation was a little abated. I remember well the delightful days spent at High Street, when I could get away from my duties as a teacher, and the cordial, kindly welcome that ever greeted me there. It seemed like a glimpse into a happier land that pleasant home in High Street, with so many beautiful things around one, and nice books to read, and stimulating interesting conversation to hear. We often heard from the Allens about their continental experiences, a yearly trip to foreign lands having become their customary holiday. Travelling on the Continent was rare then compared to what it is now, and it was intensely interesting to hear of those famous places, and pictures, and sculptures from those who had really seen them. I remember meeting Henry Clarke Wright * more than once at High Street,

* The author of "A Kiss for a Blow."

and being strangely fascinated by his kindly, gentle manners. Joseph Sturge, too, I remember regarding with much reverence. At the Yearly Meeting High Street was a centre of hospitality, and many were the pleasant groups that used to meet there. I recall now Dougan and Asenath Clarke, ministers from Carolina, telling us about slavery, and the Bennetts from London, and Irish Friends from the north and the south. One more reminiscence connected with those days, and I will draw to a close. In 1846, strange to say; Richard Allen and myself were fellow-students in Phonography. Mr. Pitman had lately brought out his new plan, and had been lecturing on it in Dublin, and a class was formed of a few Friends, who met at the house of Richard Allen's sister, E. Tolerton. The class consisted of Richard Allen and some of his sisters and nieces, and myself and two pupils. We all enjoyed it highly, Mr. Pitman being an excellent teacher, and exceedingly interesting in conversation. I remember how thoroughly Richard Allen threw himself into the subject, taking as great an interest in it as the youngest in the group. I don't think, however, we carried it on often, for we all found the difficulty of reading our short-hand writing so great that we soon got discouraged with it.

It has been strange to me unfolding a leaf in my life so long laid aside, and yet interesting to look back to those old days again. I think that our dear friend Richard Allen threw his whole mind into everything he took up, and that the earnestness with which he embraced the anti-slavery cause, the temperance work, etc., afterwards culminated in that intense love to his Lord and Saviour, which was indeed the prevailing motive of his subsequent life.

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